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IRELAND—A STUDY IN ORIGINS.

BY BRIAN P. O'SHASNAIN.



WHEN a small and geographically limited area of the earth's surface is inhabited by several races with antagonistic religious and economic faiths; when none of these races have succeeded in submerging the others, and when all are passionately aware of their identity and importance, it is evident that a problem is created which cannot be solved by the rough and ready method of military conquest by the dominant race. Such a problem is Ireland. Its military conquest by England in ages past resulted only in intensified and embittered resistance, until now the whole world seems likely to learn the dimensions of the Irish question.

The English expedition of Henry II., which passed into Ireland in the twelfth century had no corroding doubts as to the future. Here was a land ready to be taken. The matter was really very simple. The invaders first received sanction from a Pope, who happened to be an Englishman. Then was assembled a company of gentlemen adventurers, each followed by his retainers—and the rest was a matter of fighting. It was an age of freebooters.

The English adventurers found a civilization radically different from their own. Already in England the Norman Conquest had imposed the continental feudal tenure on the native

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Saxons. Each man under such a system held his land only by virtue of service rendered to the order higher than his own. The King was the keystone of the social arch. In Ireland, however, the Gaelic commonwealth was based on tribal ownership of land. The Chief might call upon his men to follow him into a military adventure. He and his clan might take the lives of the neighboring tribesmen, but without appropriating the lands of the tribe to which they belonged. That was a community possession. The "common" of English towns and of our own, represents the last vestige of this tradition. An American who studies the tribal civilization of the Indians can observe the same tenure in an even more primitive form than that of the Irish. Tribal communism makes war for prisoners, slaves, horses, in fact for all the products of human industry, but, except where an inferior tribe is annihilated and altogether displaced, the victor does not usually appropriate the tribal lands of the vanquished. Irish civilization, limited in area to one homogeneous community, had evolved a basic land system which was pre-feudal and a code of laws, called the Brehon laws, which were defined and carried out into meticulous detail by an ancient and highly venerated corps of judges and lawgivers.

This Irish tribal civilization allowed much room for individual adventurers. The population was kept down by inter-tribal wars and by struggles with viking corsairs. Four provincial kings in Ireland however acknowledged the overlordship of a high-king, who for centuries had ruled from Tara, and a triennial council there had given promise of developing into a permanent legislature. The country, however, had suffered much from Danish incursions and from the mad ambitions of big and little chiefs. The invaders from England had little that was good to say about their new home, but that was to be expected. They could not help paying tribute to the physical development of the Irish. On that score we have the words of Giraldus Cambrensis, who was with the little army. He found grievous faults in Ireland. To him it was the wild west, uncouth, uncivilized, needing to be brought to order by the Norman nobility and organized after the manner of England. He was horrified at the gay, disorderly, fighting, singing country that he found. The civilization of the Irish seemed mere barbarism to this gentleman adventurer, this scribe in

armor, but man, in Ireland, compelled his admiration. He wrote: "In Ireland man retains all his majesty. Nature alone has molded the Irish, and, as if to show what she can do, has given them countenances of exquisite color, and bodies of great beauty, symmetry and strength."

With such material the Irish chiefs believed themselves ready for war. They could hardly realize that a more formidable foe than the Dane was at hand—the Northman, disciplined by five centuries of continental warfare, who had become first Norman and was now becoming English. He had learned to build stone castles in France. It went hard with the country that was once dotted with these impregnable fortresses from which horsemen, completely clad in mail, could issue at any time to overawe a whole country. The Saxon had submitted to them and had girdled England with the moated keeps of his new lords. There the conquest was completed within four or five years. In Ireland it was hardly complete in five centuries.

The Irish tried the edges of their axes and spears on the Norman mail. They found it desperate work, and the native, whose dislike of body armor made him willing to fight in a linen shirt, had at last to admit that he was no match for horsemen armed in proof. King Henry's knights received the submission of those Irish chiefs that his men fought and conquered. The others paid no heed to the English King or his men. Though newcomers were tolerated, as the Danes had been—a hard necessity—the hope survived that a united Ireland would presently cast them out. Thus for centuries following that first landing, the tide of conquest ebbed and flowed. The assimilative power of the native life closed around the invaders. England was far away from them—farther in days' journeyings than America is today. The children of the settlers necessarily learned to speak Irish from their native nurses and playmates, and the second generation were likely to be hunting or hawking or playing chess in Irish, taking a full share in the life of the rough, but attractive, land they had come to conquer.

Sober statesmanship across the Channel was horrified at this. The Crown had the title to Ireland, but the title had little reality. The King's Writ did not run in most of the country, while the people carried on their affairs according to the

ancient communal laws. Only a small district around Dublin, called the Pale, was permanently secure, and even this on occasion was raided by the wild Irish. Ireland was not civilized by this conquest. Rather it was de-civilized. A foreign chaos was superimposed on the native disorders.

So matters stood until those struggles that history calls the Wars of Religion changed the map of Europe. Then a new bitterness came to Ireland. King William III. completed a real military conquest of the whole island in 1691. The economic base was cut from under the tribal system of landholding by enormous confiscations. The native Irish by the hundred thousands were dispossessed. They could only return to their homes as despised tenants. Hundreds of thousands had been slain, deported to the West Indies on slave ships or driven to the wild lands of Connaught to pick up a wretched living from lonely glens and barren hills. This was the foundation of the modern Irish problem. Ireland could, to a certain degree, assimilate the Normans who were few in numbers and held the same Catholic faith as the natives. She could not assimilate the enormous disciplined armies of land-hungry soldiers, lawyers and parsons which Protestant England flung upon her now.

The Gaelic communal land system was thus destroyed, but the Gaelic culture and tradition survived among the people. Ireland was conquered in a military sense, but the great mass of the people still spoke Irish and the conquerors were further away than they had ever been from a meeting with the will of the natives. Also the peasant had a new passion in addition to old grievances. He wanted his land back.

The Protestant aristocracy, to whose ruling the country was now entrusted, created in Dublin a Parliament in which a working majority of the seats were carried in the pockets of a few great Protestant families. The Irish, who were five-sixths of the country, were Catholics and, therefore, totally unrepresented. The status of the native Irishman was defined by the Penal Laws which Burke has called "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance; and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."¹

¹ Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, 1792.

It was from such a Parliament that Pitt bought for cash the majority he needed for the Act of Union in 1800—an Act which merely removed the political scene from Dublin to London, leaving the Catholic Irish five-sixths in their inferior status as before, and leaving the land question untouched. The condition of Ireland between the conquest of William III. and its Union with England was so deplorable that Green, in his *History of the English People*, says: "The history of Ireland from its conquest by William III. up to this time, is one which no Englishman can recall without shame. Since the surrender of Limerick every Catholic Irishman, and there were five Catholics to every Protestant, had been treated as a stranger and a foreigner in his own country. . . in other words, the immense majority of the people of Ireland were simply hewers of wood and drawers of water to their Protestant masters, who still looked upon themselves as mere settlers, who boasted of their Scotch or English extraction, and who regarded the name of 'Irishman' as an insult."

As to the methods by which the Union was brought about, Green says: "The assent of the Irish Parliament was bought with a million in money and with a liberal distribution of pensions and peerages to its members."

It was, perhaps, a century and a half before this time that a hero landed in Ireland whose influence was bound to outweigh all the achievements of legendary chiefs and kings. The Potato was that hero. Modern history is increasingly concerned, with the profound, but generally unnoted, influence on human affairs of economic and geographic factors. The Spaniards are believed to have discovered the potato in cultivation in the Andes, and we may be sure that to them it was just one more vegetable. Gold was the thing worth seeking. What would they think if they could know that the value of a single season's potato crop in the United States is greater than the worth of all the gold taken from all the mines of Spanish America since the discovery?

The Irish peasantry, their best lands taken from them by the Confiscations, or what they retained burdened by enormous rents, found the potato a godsend. They could live off potatoes while selling grains, dairy products and meats to earn the money due the landlord for rent, while, perhaps, investing a wee bit for improvements. Between 1801 and 1841 Ireland's

population increased from 5,395,456 to 8,175,124. The population of Scotland increased in even greater proportion. Both countries were sharing in the growth made possible by the industrial revolution that had come to pass through the introduction of machinery on a great scale. But since the Irish peasant depended almost exclusively on the potato for his food, when this crop failed, the country was smitten by the most awful famine of modern times in Europe. Francis Hackett, in his *Ireland*, says: "Experts had predicted the Famine. It had been foreseen; it had even been reckoned inevitable." The Government, however, with fatal ineptitude, failed to make adequate provision for the coming hunger. Between 1845 and 1849, 729,033 people died of starvation, and yet during the same period Britain allowed the export out of Ireland of 572,485 head of cattle, 839,118 sheep, 699,021 pigs, 2,532,839 quarters of oats, 1,821,091 hundredweights of oatmeal, 455,256 quarters of wheat, 1,494,852 hundredweights of wheat meal.

After the famine came the Great Exodus, the like of which Europe had not seen in centuries. While every other European country gained in population, fertile Ireland lost nearly 4,000,000 people in sixty years. English liberal thinkers have always contended that a government in the interest of Ireland would have forestalled such a national disaster. In a series of articles written for the *Daily Mail* and the *Morning Post* in 1907, Sidney Brooks, an English publicist, wrote: "And the failure still continues unbroken. What indictment of British rule could be more damning than that preferred by the emigration figures. In sixty years the population of Ireland has fallen by all but 4,000,000, and the drain goes on unceasingly."

The Famine broke the back of the tenacious Gaelic-speaking culture. Poets, singers, harpists, and old people of all sorts, who were the repositories of the ancient wisdom, perished by the thousands of starvation and fever. With their dying passed the musical speech of the Gael—the speech that the Roman legions first heard from the lips of the proud warriors in Gaul, and which was once spoken over nearly all of Europe. It passed from the last large area which it held in modern Europe. It was to return again, painfully learned, in later years, with the revival of nationality by the Gaelic League and Sinn Féin.

After the famine came the Land Agitation, which finally

led to the passing of the Land Bills. At a cost of £185,000,000 the peasants were to buy out the landlords. A good part of this sum has been paid by now, and tenant farming is rapidly passing. *Væ victis!* Ireland, having paid all the costs of conquest, is now buying out the conquerors' descendants!

The condition in which the receding tide of conquest leaves Ireland cannot be more vividly stated than in the following tables:

	<i>Population</i>	<i>Per Square Mile</i>
Ireland—1911	4,390,219	135
Scotland—1911	4,760,904	160

Ireland's share of defectives is the highest of the three kingdoms:

	<i>Ireland</i>	<i>Scotland</i>
Insane (1911)	24,394	18,636
Blind (1900)	4,263	3,253

The poverty of Ireland, as compared with Scotland, is illustrated below:

	<i>Ireland</i>	<i>Scotland</i>
Income Tax (1915)	£ 2,182,000	£ 1,326,000
Gross Income (1913)—		
Houses	5,419,000	21,202,000
Land	9,699,000	5,713,000
Railway Receipts (1913) ..	4,902,000	14,900,000
Postoffice Savings (1913) ..	13,161,895	8,008,985
Trustee Savings (1913) ...	2,652,018	20,114,443

The government of Ireland is enormously expensive, judged even by American standards. With a population of 4,300,000 the country has to support a Lord Lieutenant, who with his household receives an appropriation of £45,000 per year. The Lord Chancellor receives £6,000 per year, the Lord Chief Justice £5,000, the Lord Justices £4,000 each, the Justices £3,500, Judicial Commissioners of the Land Commission £3,500 and £3,000. The Royal Irish Constabulary, which has no parallel in England, Scotland or Wales, accounts for £1,500,000 per year. "The Constabulary," says a Permanent Under Secretary for Ireland, "is really an imperial force. It is a semi-military force and it may be almost considered as an army of occupation rather than as a police force." The people of Ireland do not appoint this force nor have they any say as

to its discipline or disposal. It is a permanent army of conquest.

Ireland's Ulster problem is similar to the problem of the revolting American Colonies in 1776. The Continental Congress had to face the fact that virtually the entire official class were loyalists. It is estimated by Tyler, in his *Literary History of the American Revolution*, that one-third of the people of the Colonies were loyal to England, and that before the war was over 2,000,000 loyalists had gone into exile or died. It is a singular fact, however, that Ulster has twice organized for armed revolt during the modern history of Ireland—once during the war with the American Colonies when the people of Ulster led Ireland in arming a force of 100,000 volunteers, and wrested from Parliament the legislative independence of Ireland. The second time was during the period between 1911 and 1914 when the Imperial Parliament at Westminster was preparing to pass the Home Rule Bill. Ulster, under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson, a Dublin lawyer, prepared to resist this legislation by force of arms. There was a brisk trade in arms with Germany in those exciting days.

Captain Craig, an Ulster Unionist M. P., wrote to the *Morning Post*, London, January 9, 1911:

There is a spirit spreading abroad which I can testify to from my personal knowledge that Germany and the German Empire would be preferred to the rule of John Redmond, Patrick Ford and the Molly Maguires.

The Irish Churchman (Protestant), in its November 14, 1913, issue, printed the following:

It may not be known to the rank and file of Unionists that we have the offer of aid from a powerful Continental Monarch, who, if Home Rule is forced on the Protestants of Ireland, is prepared to send an army sufficient to release England from any further trouble in Ireland, by attaching it to his dominion, believing as he does that if our King breaks his coronation oath by signing the Home Rule Bill, he will by so doing have forfeited his claim to rule Ireland. And should our King sign the Home Rule Bill, the Protestants of Ireland will welcome this continental deliverer as their forefathers under similar circumstances did once before.

Major Crawford, a prominent Ulsterman, said:

If they were put out of the Union . . . he would infinitely prefer to change his allegiance right over to the Emperor of Germany or any one else who had got a proper and stable government.

On September 24, 1913, a Provisional Government was formed in Ulster. Volunteers were enrolled and a completely equipped army, supposed to number 100,000, was built up. Sir Edward Carson said:

In the event of this proposed parliament being thrust upon us, we solemnly pledge ourselves not to recognize its authority. I do not care twopence whether it is treason or not!

On March 14, 1914, General Gough and fifty-seven officers resigned from the British forces. They had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness for disarming Ulster. Their resignations were not accepted, but there was no move made against Ulster.

On April 6, 1914, the Home Rule Bill passed its second reading. On April 24th 35,000 rifles and 300,000 cartridges, bought in Hamburg, were landed at an Ulster port and distributed to 12,000 men. Then southern Ireland, believing the Government incapable of protecting Home Rule, began to arm. Also James Larkin, the Dublin Labor Leader, and James Connolly, his associate, created the Citizen Army, a labor organization, which drilled to protect the status of the Dublin workers. Thus, in the summer of 1914, there were five armed forces in Ireland, as follows: The Ulster Volunteers; The Irish Volunteers; The Citizen Army; The Royal Irish Constabulary; The British Regulars.

Is it any wonder that the German military authorities believed in the civil war that seemed imminent in the British Isles? The summer of 1914, which found Ireland an armed camp, passed in a long foreboding until that day when the Great War burst on the world. When England declared war Redmond offered the southern volunteers to the Allied cause. He offered a blank check which the Government was to fill, in the proportion that it won the confidence of Ireland. Red-

mond believed that the Home Rule Act should be at once put into operation, placing Ireland by England's side as a willing volunteer. This was not done, and in the recruiting campaign which followed there were blunders. Old suspicions flared up. "At the most critical period of the War," declared Lloyd George, "some stupidities, which at times looked almost like malignance, were perpetrated in Ireland and were beyond belief. It is very difficult to recover a lost opportunity of that kind where national susceptibilities have been offended and original enthusiasm killed." Recruiting, which had begun auspiciously for the British, died down in south Ireland after a year or so.

Sinn Fein, which had sprung up as a cultural movement designed to secure independence within the Empire, developed into a militant force, and a union of its energies with those of the Citizen Army precipitated the Rebellion of 1916 in Dublin, but the republic which it proclaimed was quickly suppressed. The ideals of Sinn Fein, however, were such as to touch the imagination of Ireland, and the country outside six counties in Ulster has within the past few years organized an immense nationalistic conspiracy to replace the British movement by a free and sovereign Irish state. The sentiment for a republic was revealed by the following figures from the General Election of December, 1918, when the question of a republic was the issue before the people: Constituencies won: Sinn Fein, 73; Nationalist, 6; Unionist, 26. Total votes cast: Sinn Fein, 971,945; Nationalist, 235,306; Unionist, 308,713.

The Nationalist Party was thus almost wiped out in favor of the Sinn Fein—or, to put it more precisely, the ideal of a republic had displaced the ideal of a limited self-determination within the Empire. In this election the half of Ulster, in area, was captured by Sinn Fein or Nationalist, leaving six counties or parts of counties standing pat for Union.

In 1919 and 1920 armed forces of Sinn Feiners began to drive the Royal Irish Constabulary from their barracks all over southern Ireland. As the police retired to the big towns, their former barracks were burned and the arms found, confiscated. By summer of 1920 a large area of Ireland had passed from under the English law and was being administered by Sinn Fein courts and police. It was then that the English Government began to recruit a body of auxiliary

police, men who were said to be paid the high wage of a pound per day for the desperate work of reconquering the areas lost to the Crown. These are the Black and Tans, so called because of a peculiarity of their uniform. The resistance of the Sinn Fein Volunteers to these Black and Tans brought about the burnings of villages, towns and cities, as well as the destruction of manufacturing plants and coöperative creameries as reprisals for the losses of the auxiliary police. In the struggle between these two armed bodies of desperate men there is danger that Ireland will be reduced to a desert, her towns burned, her manufacturing establishments and creameries destroyed by reckless mercenaries, her people driven from the ways of peaceful production to the business of killing and pillage.

Recent developments in Ireland have only intensified the passion of her people for self-determination. The whole world is now applauding the little nation that can offer such magnificent resistance to an all-powerful oppressor. The roll of national heroes grows longer week by week. America is impressed by the proportion of educated men—poets, teachers, professors, who have suffered the ultimate penalty for the sake of their country. The latest official murder has struck down the mayor of Limerick—brutally slain in the presence of his wife, at night, at a time when the English-enforced Curfew prevented aid from reaching him. These are deeds that make the sensitive Englishman hang his head in shame. But no shame can penetrate the pitiless brutality of the Imperial Parliament which on every occasion votes overwhelming confidence in the Government which is now responsible for a programme of sheer bloody terror without parallel since the days of '98.

An English member of the Peace Council, John Maynard Keynes (who has since written an illuminating book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*), describes the members of the present Parliament as a set of hard-faced men who look as if they had made the most they could out of the War—and surely their ferocious attitude toward Ireland justifies him in this judgment penned nearly two years ago. Unless the majority of Englishmen realize that the world is judging them by Ireland, unless some means is found of healing the flow of blood there, of stopping the blind brutality of the mercenary

troops, the reputation of England will be fatally impaired throughout the world. In the last analysis the English system of Empire depends on a certain prestige, a belief that even if the system is bad, it is better than other systems. But how long will Englishmen be able to sustain that tradition when the news from Ireland goes into all the market places of the East, when the brown men learn that there is insurrection at home and that the Prime Minister is barricaded behind sand-bags and barbed wire?

When will England learn that Freedom cannot be suppressed in Ireland or elsewhere today after the methods of the eighteenth century. The great instrumentalities of the telegraph, the wireless, the printing-press and popular education have made it impossible to commit political crimes without exposure. There could be no such thing as a partition of Poland today by even so formidable a trio of monarchs as once committed that crime. There can be no partition of Ireland in any real sense. The hard-faced Parliament and the facile Prime Minister have these things to learn. Meanwhile on a high stage, in view of the whole world, in the cold and pitiless publicity of a hostile press, England is playing the tragic and brutal rôle of policeman and jailer of those who dare assert their right to the liberties that half a million Englishmen have died for. This contradiction is too great for nature to sustain; it is too great for the Empire to sustain. Thus Ireland is for today the test of the reality of the English claim to an enduring and humane civilization. Judged by that test the reality is not there. England, as represented by her Government, is neither civilized nor humane.

Let us hope that before it is too late, there will be a change of heart, a change of policies and that Ireland will walk the path of freedom and self-determination, a sister nation with England. Then we may hope to witness once more a revival of that ancient Gaelic spirit which has done so much for Europe, and which has kept alive, even through the arid years of modern material civilization, somewhat of the ancient feeling of reverence for nature and of respect for human freedom.

THE COIGN OF VANTAGE.

BY L. WHEATON.

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

—*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene 6.



WHATEVER excellence may be in purely academic criticism, it is not rash to say that only the Catholic can penetrate the innermost meaning of literature, can pluck out the heart of the mystery of art, or can interpret history truly,¹ because to *know* Christ in the Breaking of Bread is to have power to discern all things in relation to Life. If it should be found that we who have so much to give, give so little, that we do not exploit our own capacities, that a portion of the Catholic world is still mentally narrowed to eighteenth century conditions, then that state of things must seriously hamper the education of those eager young minds which find themselves far more at home in their own century and atmosphere.

These are they whose faith is so often shaken in the first agonizing encounter with modern intellectual difficulties. The unimaginative girl of "common sense" (and such sense is only common after all) is easily provided for and safeguarded in the sphere of social work and general usefulness; but the girl of keener intelligence, whose interests and pleasures are intellectual and artistic, this more valuable yet more vulnerable product of modern civilization, is too often unprepared for the disintegrations of sensible faith, possibly occurring

¹ This paper was written some months before Mr. Hilaire Belloc's admirable articles on the teaching of history appeared in the *Tablet* of September 18th and 25th, 1920.

under the influence of attractive non-Catholic social intercourse and the abundance of rationalistic literature to be found in any library. It is true of all life that only by exercise can it be kept healthy. A law-abiding attitude towards the commandments of God and the Church is a necessary condition of our Catholic existence; but, to certain types of mind, a right reasonableness should be opposed to wrong rationalism; illumination is needed as well as information—a lighting up of dry facts.

The intellect clamors for its own uses along the line of clearer vision, for a more vivid realization of what the soul owns and believes, for the “sense of something far more deeply interfused” than the bare formularies of religion. The growing girl is pining to get into the light from the shades of her prison-house; to discover the relation of the splendid humanity which she feels to be her own, and recognizes in those she loves best, to that supernatural life which is so glibly talked about and left so unillustrated; and she speechlessly appeals to us to dig again the wells the Philistines have filled. She already knows *about* the Way and the Truth and the Life from the study of the Gospel; but this most inviting and interesting part of her syllabus is only too anxiously connected with the ensuing examination and seems to be correlated to little else in her education. She knows so much more about Our Lord than she knows Him. This defect, which again is an outcome of our conventional eighteenth century Catholicity, should be met and dealt with, as far as may be, by the teacher of literature. She holds the important field of first impressions. These impressions must be true and, let us use the magic word, practical; for it must be owned that sensible as we are in relation to matters that pertain to time and the things that belong to it, we are most impractical in that important part of education which bears strictly on eternity. If we can secure the mental confidence of our pupils, not only during the period of unawakened youth, but for those later unprotected years which follow, then we are, in the deepest sense, successful. That was a happy moment in a nun’s life when she read from the letter of an old girl: “Thank you above all for making me love those two best things: St. John’s Gospel and Poetry.”

Yet it is in the teaching of literature that there have been many most manifest failures. Lord Byron wrote in a letter to

a friend who expostulated with him for sending Allegra to a convent:

It has always appeared to me that the moral defect in Italy does not proceed from a conventual education, because, to my certain knowledge, they come out of their convents innocent even to ignorance of moral evil; but to the state of society into which they are plunged on coming out of them. It is like educating an infant on a mountain top, and then taking him to the sea and desiring him to swim.

The absence of all sense of humor in this solemn (and not particularly grammatical) estimate from the greatest satirist of his age, is only perhaps less obvious than the lack of humor in quoting it! Yet, with that curious sanity of judgment which Byron shows in detached moments, he has stated the case, not so much for the morality of our time as for its mentality.

The exigencies of the War and of later social conditions, the swift march of the feminist movement and all that goes with it, have schooled the present-day girl to know and ward off the perils to which her active share in external work exposes her; she may or may not have lost much of what was called her "bloom," and with it, something of her charm, but she is quite able to take care of herself if she chooses. The thoughtful, book-loving girl, however, is indeed too often brought from her mountain height, thrown into the sea, and told to swim. What can be done to prevent the young misery which so soon encompasses these unseasoned minds? Cannot we introduce a mental swimming-course into our mountain system of education? Such exercise, carefully conducted by the guardians of these cloistered heights (and they must be good swimmers themselves or they cannot know the art) will ensure a certain mental experience which may anticipate the first shocks of later surprises and frustrate their effects.

This cannot be achieved by impossible scrutiny of the army of negations that makes up the infidel creed (for, by a sort of paradox, denial of faith becomes faith in denial), but by a vivid presentment of the great Affirmations of Life, so that these precious souls may *feel* and *know* the Realities so vitally and profoundly, that the spaces of the mind and imagination are already filled with substantial Truth and Beauty before the negations can force an entrance. To quote from an illum-

inating article² in *The Dublin Review* on the most affirmative of modern poets: "Affirmation is the health of life." The fault of the unpreparedness that leads only too often to a failure in affirmation, lies less in the teaching of doctrine than in the teaching of literature, which is, after all, truth in terms of art, thought in relation to life—and life is what matters. A girl will listen to her religious instruction with a kind of detached attention that divides the Sunday from the week. She is interested, reverent, but is unconsciously pigeon-holing this half-hour as a thing apart from the rest of her day. This is the ultimate result of that spirit of the Reformation, of Puritanism, which we have noted as still influencing our Catholic attitudes. It is the special province of the teacher of literature to break down the artificial barrier and bring religion and life into their normal conjunction. Her lesson must come out of the light and warmth and vision of her own heart or it will be mere moralizing. To point the moral and adorn the tale is to defeat the lesson's own ends. The correlative method (instinct is a better word) should belong to the earlier years of a child's education. Familiarity with stories of pagan myths will help to preclude the unnatural Protestant ideal, so paralyzing to a living sense of art and beauty and life in its affirmative aspects. Father Martindale's *Goddess of Ghosts* and some of the lovely chapters of *In God's Nursery* can be made to older girls a liberal education, and a mental emancipation of a most Catholic character.

The naturally or traditionally pious girl may not need this appeal, she has her own beautiful gift; but to one in whose veins flow the diluted currents from a soul-starved ancestry, who needs every intellectual, as well as supernatural, help to keep her heart and her faith happy, whose imagination is alert and responsive: to her—and she is the type of thousands—the right approach to literature, especially to English literature, is of paramount importance. This is where, above all, we must be practical in the widest and deepest sense of the word. I once attended a lecture given in a great English university by a woman whose profession was literature, but whose cult was Theosophy. In this particular university, as perhaps in any other, it is bad form to introduce religious or even spiritual points of view in the strictly aca-

² "Coventry Patmore," by Osbert Burdett, October, 1919.

demic lecture, and anything like Catholic insinuation, even in ordinary conversation, is proscribed. I, therefore, concluded that this lady was breaking bounds, when, in a lecture on Matthew Arnold, she gave us to understand that as he was intellectually and spiritually superior to "*nous autres*" (there were present three nuns and several Catholic girls) his ideas were not to be ignored. She made this so significant that we were obviously snubbed. "If only," she said regretfully, "he had lived into our time he would have found what he wanted." This would seem to be the Theosophy of the twentieth century. She proceeded to read, slowly and solemnly, "Obermann Once More," closing the book, without comment, at

And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

It was sententious in spite of the assumed detachment of voice and manner. Still, I glanced uneasily round the room. One of the French nuns, I noticed earlier in the hour, had put down her pen indignantly and refused to take any more notes; the "Syrian stars" caused her to turn and give me a look of blazing, affirmative Breton wrath. The attitude of our girls, too, was disapproving; yet, I wondered whether the destructive, though weak, appeal had not done some harm. The student who sat next to me exclaimed enthusiastically: "Isn't Miss ——— adorable? She lectures so charmingly." I replied that she was certainly fluent, but I thought she did not altogether understand some important aspects of her subject, and that it seemed to me bad taste to introduce her religious ideas into a lecture. "Oh, but Matthew Arnold is her strong point, you know—isn't he fascinating? so cold and so classical?" She was a sweet young creature, and I hardly think she took it very seriously. "Dr. C—— calls him a 'sentimental chap,' and I think he is right," I replied unconcernedly as we separated. There is a rather interesting sequel to this little conversation, too long for insertion here, but I realized vividly by that morning's experience that it is for us to be first in the field and to give the true interpretation and the right impression before such an episode could have the chance of dimming, even for a miserable moment, the shining contentment of a young girl's faith. It has been a real advantage that such a book as Matthew Arnold's second series of *Essays in Criticism* has been

set for Oxford Higher Local English of 1920. The chapters on "The Study of Poetry," on "Amiel" and "Tolstoi" force the Catholic teacher to offer something real and affirmative in place of such propositions as these:

"The future of poetry is immense . . . There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry, the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion . . ." The best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us as nothing else can.

So much of this entire essay is true that the false part carries greater weight. I think that a determined encounter with this particular author can be made an excellent seasoning of the young mind, as well as an education to the teacher; for he is often right in his perceptions; and his fastidiousness, his love of excellence, his high and true estimate of the immense importance of poetry, will help us to perceive and to slay the Philistine who has made himself far too much at home within our own gates. Poetry *is* important. I am convinced more and more that a love of it will keep our intellectual girls happy and interested and informed in a more vital sense than can the study of any secular subject. For Poetry is not secular; it belongs to regions of inspiration and the exclusiveness of God's individual gifts.

It need not be difficult to emphasize what is true and what is false in the writer we have been discussing. The message of his prose has a definite value as far as his high standard of art and criticism is concerned, but his poetic message never gets beyond the doubtful comfort of "Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well." Seated on the brow of the hill that rises beyond Ferry Hinksey and commands one of the loveliest views of Oxford, one naturally reads *Thyrsis*, looks down upon the dreaming spires and falls under that spell of aching sweetness and regret—of that sense of the past which clings to the gray walls like their own ivy. But because it *is* a spell, the thoughtful gazer peers into its meaning to discover the secret of its lovely unreality. The soft haze resting cloud-like over

the "adorable dreamer" is like a veil over a beautiful face, enhancing rather than hiding its charm; yet one's healthier instinct is to question this very charm as an illusion, and with clearness of vision to see it as it is.

Twilight and evening-star have their lure, but *life* and *growth* belong to the day and the unmitigated sunshine. The clear azure of perfect Truth, the definiteness of Light, the persistent emphasis of the present, with its practical spiritual obligations, may not have, in a human way, the subtle fascination of the dreaminess of things; but one is manifestly glamour, the other belongs to reality. Oxford, as she is, embodies all that is best and most attractive in Protestant and Agnostic England. The delicate half-tones of half-truths, the brooding mists, the fine incompleteness of her later meaning and message—all the haunting delight of the gloaming—all this must have been hard to relinquish for those whose vision and conscience beckoned them to the Faith from whose high noon of truth Oxford drew her first life. One who knew her as perhaps none other has known her, who felt the seductiveness of her thrall, has written in the bitter sweetness of his memory of her as the embodiment of that *Via Media* which had kept him far from home:

O mother of saints! O school of the wise! O nurse of the heroic, of whom went forth, in whom have dwelt memorable names of old to spread the truth abroad, or to cherish and illustrate it at home! O thou, from whom surrounding nations lit their lamps! O virgin of Israel! wherefore dost thou sit on the ground and keep silence, like one of the foolish women who were without oil on the coming of the Bridegroom?

"Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness, and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits." . . . O my mother, whence is this unto thee that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thine arms? . . . Thine own offspring, . . . who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence; at best

thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them "stand all the day idle" as the very condition of thy bearing with them.

This passionately tender indictment stands over against the mild apostrophe of the apostle of culture as a living voice in contrast with a delicate echo:

Beautiful City! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play!" And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantment of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? . . . Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! Who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines: home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves? . . . Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?

With the iteration peculiar to him the apostle of culture rings the changes on the hateful word and beats his insistent message out in a mournful message all his own. In a small octagonal room of the oldest house in Oxford a quiet warfare for Truth in its literary and historic aspects is being waged by sons of the University who are of the ancient Faith. The lectures delivered in the "Octagon" are an evidence that the heart of the original Oxford still beats true in secret.

For there are Philistines and Philistines, and there is a deeper culture of Sweetness and Light than that which belongs to the circumscribed realm of human art and intelligence. The poet of the "wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old world pain" never moved out of the gloaming of his own mild, pessimistic sentiment. That other son of Oxford, who had scented afar the fragrance of life, because he longed and prayed for its fullness, determined at no matter what heart-aching cost,

to tear himself from the twilight spell, and to live in the vulgar radiance of the noonday sun which alone gives fruitfulness. "Dover Beach" and "Lead, Kindly Light!" are both poems written in the dark, yet one leads to that terrible portal over which is inscribed,

Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate,

while the other guides us out of the dark wood "to see again the stars."

It may be by some such sharp contrasts as these that the girl of imagination and deeper feelings can be stirred to some vision of her own, and a first impression made that at least tends to be constructive.

It might not be out of place to quote here some passages from the letter of a nun, who after a long sojourn in England, returned to the United States: "There is a noticeable increase in the manifestations of Catholicity since 1907. Then it was becoming more and more conspicuous and important; now it is popular and powerful. I discovered this while I was waiting in the Custom House dock for inquisition and judgment. I was not long left in suspense. A gold-braided official took me respectfully under his wing and, in an unmistakably Celtic accent, promised me he would 'see me through it all.' I was passed from one to the other of a succession of Catholic officials while my weary fellow passengers gazed at me in my lightning progress with eyes of envy. By a miracle of ingenuity one of my religious sisters passed through the barrier and I was companioned in my difficulties, if such they could be called now that the Communion of Saints was so helpfully illustrated. The only delay was caused by the question of my 'residence' as I had been in England twelve years. 'Well, indeed then, Sister dear,' said my chief protector, 'it's hard to tell what you're a resident of at all. Come here, Mr. —, and tell Sister what she's a resident of and get her paper signed, quick now.'

"Another plenipotentiary conducted me past that long line of wistful passengers to some holy of holies on the other side of the barrier. All inspection ceased while mine proceeded under the auspices of the presiding genius (also of the one true Church) and the mystery of my residence was solved—how, I never knew—my first aid-de-camp had by some sleight

of hand produced the supreme master of my fate who merely chalked my luggage with a magic mark and never examined anything. 'Father of Our Fathers, Holy Faith,' I murmured to my companion: the place was full of it and, as an ardent porter seized upon and bore off my effects, the words which I had been demolishing with my class last term beat upon my memory with a sort of ironic iteration:

'Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back and fling
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.'

"The gay affirmative whistle of our co-religionist, the porter, announced a taxi which he disentangled from a labyrinth of vehicles, while tired eyes from the still long queue looked with envy on our luck. 'Now, then, Sister dear, you're all right.' My *preux chevalier* had indeed seen me through, and all because, though personally unknown, I wore the religious habit.

'The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy long-withdrawing roar.'

The sturdy whistle was finishing in the distance its interrupted tune. I am sure that man had made his Easter duty and kept to his Sunday Mass, and perhaps much more. At any rate, I felt the convincing affirmation of that rich Irish brogue that stands for a faith imperishable and divine, which, far from

'Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world,'

has broken like a great tidal wave of living, fertilizing water upon the shores of the New World, now so largely Catholic from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego.

"And I waxed eloquent within myself and thought: O blessed land of Erin, what would the world be without you, after all? You are God's missionary to the new countries of the globe. If you had been more comfortable, you would have

been less austere; if you had found a fuller natural existence, you might have lost your curious nearness to the supernatural; if you had rested in your own willfulness, you might have relinquished your strange and passionate adherence to the Will of God; if you had been better governed, you might have stayed at home and would not have been driven by famine and hardship to carry the Faith to other lands! Where would be now the splendid living Catholicity of the United States, of English-speaking Canada, of Australia, of much of South Africa, if it had not been for Irish emigration? The blood of Spanish Franciscans and Dominicans and of French Jesuits had indeed first moistened the untilled soil of the Americas, but the solid establishment of the Church is the work of poor Irish toilers whose tithes from scanty livelihoods built the thousands of tabernacles which proclaim the life and fertility of their faith; wherever they go they carry the Life of the Sacraments, the Truth of the Gospel and the Way of the Cross. It was not for nothing that their Celtic speech was absorbed into English; that very misfortune as they now feel it to be, has been the means of their world-wide apostolate. And those who love them best and see in the perspective of history what they have meant to the world in their poverty and purity and faith, may wonder with affectionate anxiety if, in the days of their own will, God's kingdom may not suffer!

"I was not as consecutive and eloquent as this in my musings, for our most serious thoughts jump about our mind like grasshoppers and I have tidied them in collecting and recording these; but is it not all *obviously* true? And you know that, cosmopolitan as I am, I haven't a drop of Irish blood in my veins (more's the pity), so I am not being patriotic."

And yet how lovable and precious is that sister island whose glorious literature might be a challenge to the statement that only faith is truly vital, for Irish letters lag behind her in variety and interest and distinction. Yet half the charm of modern English poetry lies in its wistfulness; the sense of loss, of something missed and longed for, haunts the poetry, the novel, the essay of the nineteenth century from Shelley onward; or, if not the sense of loss, the spirit of joy at some rediscovery as in Browning and Wordsworth. In Ireland, faith is not a problem to solve, but a principle to live by, and there is not so much to talk about. She knows Truth as clear sunshine

and has no sympathy with the preference for the compromise of day and night, with its brooding sentiment and mystery and indecision that make up the mental atmosphere of England's art and religion.

The essential trouble between the two islands is that one does not recognize the supernatural superiority of the other, and that other scorns her for the loss of which she will not understand the exceeding pathos. For England did not deny her faith: it was, little by little, stolen from her: and she has kept those splendid natural qualities of truth and good will and self-control which distinguish her among nations. She never lost her soul because she kept her conscience and her religious sense, however grave her loss of the Life in her midst; her character did not deteriorate as did that of her kindred country—her companion in the Reformation—because in the midst of mistakes and muddles and irritations her essential goodness was not extinguished. And when the persecuted of other lands asked for hospitality, she generously sheltered them, to her own spiritual benefit, all unknowingly. But be this as it may, she did lose the Incarnate Presence which was practically banished from England by Act of Parliament. This Expression of Himself, God's Incarnate Word, could not be brought back in the Mass save under penalty of death to the priest. Life must live. The *Word* was forbidden to England, so she was driven to language, to *words* that belong to earth, as her expression of the modified life left to her. This is the secret of the richness and variety of her literature—that splendid modern spiritual literature which is her best possession and, as she stands religiously, the best legacy to her children.

Bitter, indeed, is the indictment of the precocious Anglican lad of sixteen whose attack upon the English Public School System was nowhere more severe than in his reproach that there was no place or time for English literature in the curriculum. Alec Waugh is right when he assigns to poetry the cleansing and uplifting function denied to his boyhood when an exclusive athletic ambition and a false code of honor held his soul in bondage. That strange and painful book, *The Loom of Youth*, is the cry from the vexed heart of a schoolboy for the remedial life of the Sacraments, and for the best that a great poetic people has garnered of her song "to haunt, to startle and waylay;" to lift the mind out of the clod into the

star. His astonished and resentful world waited for a sequel, but it has not yet come. There was, however, orientation in the setting of a painful tale.

As Matthew Arnold is more or less the burden of this paper, it might be of interest to recall to the reader his account of a visit to Lacordaire's school at Sorèze, where he was struck by the relation between masters and pupils and the presence of something that did not exist in the great English Public Schools. Not now, indeed, for the Life has gone from them, but the Eton of Henry VI. was full of that same Presence and the great critic, with his usual lack of humor, lacked also the corresponding sense of proportion.

But what is our Coign of Vantage? Raphael's famous fresco, called erroneously, by eighteenth century engravers, the "Disputa," illustrates, I think, the answer. The fresco represents not a dispute, but a great truth. The monstrance containing the Sacred Host stands in the midst of heaven and earth as the Centre of the Universe. From the realization of that Fact proceeds all true estimate of things as they really are. Realization, in the words of a writer who has passed out of the shadows and imaginings into the Truth, "is that gift which enables the very few to *see* what they are looking at; to *hear* what they are listening to; to *feel* what they are touching, and to *understand*, in part, what they know"—this modern definition is only an appropriation of Our Lord's words on the subject.

Yet why should the number be limited to the very few when there are opportunities for the many? Is it asking too much, above all, of ourselves as religious teachers, since even the most ignorant (and oftentimes the least respectable and well-behaved) mediæval artist could make his faith vivid upon his canvas? What was his possession? Why does such art endure and defy imitation and still impress us spiritually? A schoolgirl once remarked with regard to English pre-Raphaelite painters: "They make you want to stay on earth, but the Italian ones make you want to go to heaven." A more complete criticism in one sentence could hardly be imagined. What is the secret of that ineffable something that these men put into their work which is so vitally convincing. The art of the past, its ecclesiastical architecture so obviously created for the Real Presence, and its greatest literature were the ex-

pression of the *realization* of the Incarnation—the central Fact—the burning Heart of the universe. It was not part of religion—it was Life—something taken for granted—always there, whether men were bad or good, careless or devout; it was not a subjective idea, it was an objective concrete Reality, and the natural, subconscious awareness of this stole into all the work of their hands and made them give living expression to living facts. It is just that mental attitude in ourselves that alone can furnish the constructive antidote to the cheap destructiveness of negative art and literature; and can produce in our children a certain right sense of values without formal emphasis; for youth resents religious insistence; is easily bored by enthusiasms not its own, and is restless under moralizing. The impression made by the classroom lesson should be that of the mediæval canvas, a profound sense of the inevitable Fact unconsciously imparted by one who *knows* the Incarnate Wisdom not only in the daily act of union, but in the morning study of His mind, His tastes, His heart, which forestalls all the mental life of the day and directs its currents.

This is not mere faith, nor is it piety, that separate gift so often denied us; it is a certain *recognition* of the Presence in our midst in a way not apart, not religious, but as the life we live, the air we breathe. This is not a privilege reserved for saints, but for everyday people like ourselves, as imperfect in some respects as one of the mediæval artists we have been mentioning. This is that coign of vantage from which we have the right and power to look out on the world with its problems, its art, its misery and its beauty, its agony and its love, its thought and its achievement, and to weigh and value all in the only relation that counts.

We are in dire need of a handbook of English literature from the Catholic point of view; not necessarily a formal chronological treatise, but an informal collection of interpretations, suggestions, hints—illuminating rather than instructive. If it is academic and graceful, so much the better—a sense of form is part of all interpretation of art; but it must be *alive*. No one writer could accomplish such a task, because no single mentality could compass the spirit of the different movements and tendencies so pronounced in our world of letters. The literary history of England from Milton onward is the history

of her soul as a nation. Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, except Spenser, are the outcome of the preceding centuries; their *joie de vivre* and intensity, their vital sense of the laughter and tragedy of life, were an inheritance, not a renaissance. These, and their Catholic forerunners may, for the present, be left aside for the more spiritually significant writers of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries who illustrate the trend of English thought and aspiration in more modern times; although, incidentally, most teachers would be grateful for a Catholic annotated edition of Pope's *Essay on Man*.

There are, indeed, gems of essays and interpretations scattered about in chance periodicals, or as prefaces to classics. Some of these are too separately precious artistically to be included in any general collection, even if that were possible—but they should be made accessible in some way or other. Already one or two priceless volumes are available—and there is that treasury of facetious, but right-minded, suggestions and appreciations, *The Victorian Age of English Literature*, by G. K. Chesterton, who seems, by a sure instinct, to choose the coign of vantage for his loved mansionry, or to take even a momentary perch on the right jutty.

It is for some enterprising spirit to provide for a present and pressing need, and one that touches very nearly the faith and perseverance of our most highly gifted youth. Looked upon in the light of a real apostolate, such service must sooner or later appeal to the zeal and conscience of one who will inevitably succeed in doing some good and preventing some evil.

One thing is certain, the coign of vantage is ours, and ours alone—and it is for us, temple-haunting martlets, guests of summer as we are, to utilize our vision for our precious charges, and from that height of delicate air to see for ourselves and show to them things as they really are in the Sun of Truth.

THE GREY NUNS.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.



UCH has been said and written about the great and fruitful labors of the Oblates in the vast mission field of western and northwestern Canada; little or nothing has, hitherto, been made known to English readers of the equally great work of their valuable auxiliaries, the Grey Nuns. That omission has now been supplied.¹ This moving record of heroism and heroines is worthy of the most heroic epochs in the history of the Church. From personal and first-hand knowledge of their self-sacrificing lives, the author depicts, in a vivid narrative, a thrilling picture of human suffering and endurance, none the less human because inspired by supernatural motives, by burning zeal for the salvation of souls and the purest charity, "the charity that endureth all things."

The writer outlines in a few pages the origin of these Sisters of Charity. Like all great works of this kind since Christianity dawned upon the world, its beginning was marked by poverty, simplicity, and the sign of the Cross. Its foundress was Madame d'Youville, a descendant of the celebrated De la Verandrye de Varennes, the first explorer of the Red River and the Assiniboine. Widowed in 1730, after an unhappy marriage, she desired to devote herself to the poor, the sick and prisoners under the guidance of a Sulpician priest, Father Normant de Faradon—her two sons had become priests. She had simply in view a small group of pious and practical co-workers; three formed the *pusillus grex* who were to expand into a great Order, with branches extending from the Atlantic to the Arctic Ocean. The foundation was laid when, on All Saints, 1738, they assembled in community in a rented house in Montreal. Their simple rule was to live in common on the fruit of their own exertions, and with no other bond than mutual charity. Charity has ever remained the distinctive note of the Grey Nuns, and undoubtedly they have practised it in

¹ *The Grey Nuns in the Far North, 1867-1917.* Translated from the French of Father P. Duchaussois by Rev. T. Dawson, O.M.I., Inchicore, Dublin.

every form to the heroic degree in the wild wastes of the great Northland.

For seven consecutive years the cross of physical suffering lay heavily upon them. The mother of the little community had to keep her bed, suffering from a knee disease, brought on by much walking in the snow, on the way to hear Mass or to visit the sick. Their first house was burned in 1745. They were insulted, hissed, hooted and calumniated. It was said they gave strong drink to the Indians, and were jeered at as *sœurs grises*; the latter word meaning, in French, tipsy, as well as gray. Like the Divine Master, Mother d'Youville "embraced the Cross, despising the shame." When she had to decide upon a religious habit, she selected the gray color. Thus what was applied in derision as a mark of contempt has become a mark of honor and distinction.

In 1747, they were given charge of the hospital of Ville Marie, then decadent. It was burned down in 1765, and one hundred and eighteen persons were left homeless. The foundress, kneeling amid the ruins, said: "My children, let us kneel down and recite the *Te Deum*, to give thanks to God for sending us this cross;" adding, as she rose, like one inspired: "Be of good heart, it will never burn again"—a prophecy which so far has been verified. On June 15, 1775, the new sisterhood received the episcopal approbation of the Bishop of Quebec; two months later, on August 25th, they appeared in their parish church, wearing, for the first time, their religious habit. Mother d'Youville died of apoplexy on December 23, 1771, aged seventy. On July 30, 1880, her Institute was solemnly and finally approved by Leo XIII., who, on March 27, 1890, signed the formal document preparatory to the beatification "of this valiant woman, who was all on fire with zeal and charity in the service of the poor."

For twenty years Monseigneur Provencher, the saintly pioneer missionary of the Northwest and first Bishop of the Red River, or Saint Boniface, had sought in vain for nuns to be shepherdesses of the little lambs of his Indian flock. Someone said to him: "Try the Grey Nuns; they never refuse." He did. "When leaving the Red River," he told the thirty-eight Sisters he found at the Mother House in Montreal, "I said: 'O my God, You know my need of the help of nuns. Vouchsafe to lead my steps into some place where I can find them.' Then

I set out in confidence that my prayer would be heard. Would any of you be willing to come to the Red River?" All volunteered. The four who were chosen set out on April 24, 1844, reaching the Red River at Saint Boniface on June 21st after a continuous journey of fifty-nine days. It was the beginning of as arduous and trying an apostolate as was ever undertaken by strong men, not to speak of the hardships it imposed upon physically weaker women. A long journey into the Great Lone Land was very different then from what it is in our days of luxurious Pullman cars. Now the traveler is whisked by steam over the 2,200 miles it formerly took four months to traverse.

In 1844, when the nuns journeyed 1,400 miles to the nascent Red River settlement, they encountered more than fifty rapids, eighty portages and many other impediments, having to pass through the territories of uncivilized, pagan Indian tribes, some of them, like the Sioux, very fierce, the only signs of civilization being crosses marking the graves of pioneers who had perished on their adventurous journeys. They had to climb mountains and pitch their tents in the midst of serpents. "I have embraced the Cross as my portion, and I mean to cling to it, even until death, in the spirit of our holy Rule," wrote one of these courageous women, Sister Lagrave. During their first winter at Saint Boniface, the thermometer in the little house assigned to them registered seventy-two degrees below freezing point. They were marooned by a great flood in 1852 from April 27th to June 6th in a new house to which they were transferred. The water rose so high that they had to quit the ground floor, and Mass was said in the gallery, the chapel being flooded. In 1861 Saint Boniface was again flooded, and on May 13th of that year when Sister Valade (the superioress of the little band of nuns) died, there was not a single foot of dry ground to receive her mortal remains; Monseigneur Taché, who carried the coffin, having to walk and stand in water knee-deep. Notwithstanding these early trials, the first convent in the Northwest has since become a Provincialate house, with seventeen other dependent convents and two hundred and forty-four nuns.

Until 1862 the Red River was only the threshold of a diocese which reached to the Rocky Mountains and the Polar Sea. In that vast expanse of 1,800,000 square miles there was but

one bishop, Monseigneur Taché, successor of Bishop Provencher who, dying on June 7, 1853, after thirty-five years of apostolic labors, thirty-one of them spent in the episcopate, left his coadjutor in sole charge. When he appealed to the Sister Superior in Montreal for Grey Nuns to look after the Indians and halfbreeds at the five missionary posts in the northern part of the diocese, the Mother General said: "We are quite sure the Fathers will not see our Sisters starve; we ask only food and clothing." "Sometimes," replied the Bishop, "the Fathers themselves have not enough to eat." "Well," said the Reverend Mother, "in that case our Sisters, too, will fast, and will pray God to come to the help of both communities."

Three nuns accompanied Monseigneur Grandin, who had been consecrated assistant Bishop, to Ile à la Crosse in October, 1860; reaching it after a difficult journey of sixty-three days, twice escaping what seemed to be certain death. The nuns were huddled together in a corner of the overladen boat along with a squaw and her children, swarming with vermin. The Convent at Ile à la Crosse, the fruit of years of labor and self-sacrifice, was totally destroyed by fire at the beginning of March, 1867. "Nothing whatever has been spared, not even a handkerchief to wipe away our tears," wrote Monseigneur Grandin. The new orphanage, raised in the ashes of the old, was undermined by a flood, and had to be abandoned. In 1905 ten weeping Sisters departed; the Indians entreating them not to leave them and their children, and even trying forcibly to restrain them. In 1909 Bishop Pascal, O.M.I., of Prince Albert, wrote to the Mother General: "The other nuns who came were not able to stay, where your Sisters for fifty years lived under less favorable conditions. God Almighty seems to be telling us that the Grey Nuns of Montreal are, *par excellence*, the predestined missionary Sisters of the Northwest, and that they alone are capable of filling posts demanding such self-sacrifice. The Indians remain inconsolable since the nuns went." He did not appeal in vain. The Grey Nuns returned to Ile à la Crosse, where a second convent was founded in 1917.

Other foundations followed. At that time the country formed the hunting ground of the Crees, a branch of the great Algonquin race. They were thus described by the late Bishop Laflèche: "The Prairie Indians, that is, the Blackfeet, the

Assiniboines, the Crees, and in considerable number, the Sau-teux, are an abject race. I think it is no exaggeration to say that in them we find the very lowest type of humanity." It was the work of the Grey Nuns to help Christianize and civilize these debased creatures. It called for the patience and faith of the saints to do such a work, and involved years of self-denying labor.

Saint Albert, or Edmonton, now forms for the Grey Nuns a separate province from Saint Boniface, with seven convents and over one hundred nuns. They had been working for twenty-three years at the Red River and for six years north and west, when, pushing farther north in response to the appeal of Monseigneur Faraud, Vicar Apostolic of Athabasca-Mackenzie, a group of volunteers left Montreal on September 17, 1866, for Fort Providence, past Great Slave Lake, which they reached on August 28, 1867. On the golden jubilee of that foundation, Father Grouard, who became Monseigneur Faraud's successor, said: "I said to myself, what hardihood! Providence! But we ought not to tempt Providence. If the Sisters ever arrive, how will they be able to live through our terrible and long winters, without bread, without anything? We can sometimes snare or shoot a hare or a muskrat. What will they do? Thus I said to myself. But the Sisters came. They managed to survive. And now they are keeping their golden jubilee at Providence! Surely Providence has watched over them in a most special way, and has blessed all their works." The Mackenzie country, in the heart of which this mission is situated, is the most northerly part of the American Continent. A land eight times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, its lakes and rivers are frozen for eight months out of the twelve. Intercommunication between missions, two hundred miles distant from each other, is by means of dog-sleds.

The Indians, scattered through the Mackenzie woods, belong to the Déné family, of whom the missionaries speak favorably. Still their pagan traditions, including some inhuman customs, are so firmly established that some traces of them remain even after sixty years of Christian teaching. They were much addicted to polygamy and cruelty to women and children. A father thought no more of his daughter than of his dog, or perhaps less; killing little girls was not regarded

as blameworthy. They beat their wives, kept them without food, and laid heavy loads upon them. To humanize these callous savages, the Grey Nuns penetrated into the Far North. Except a very inadequate capitation grant to the Indian Industrial School, the Catholic Missions have only two resources from which to supply their growing needs—the charity of individual benefactors and the manual labors of the Grey Nuns and the Oblates. The nuns cleared the soil, dug and delved, and on the surface of the earth (which always remains frozen on the surface) they grew whatever they were able to save from the frosts of summer nights, and the dry heats and locusts of July days. Fish, however, is the principal food of the North, the chief fishermen being the Oblate lay-brothers; but when the nets are swept away by storms or the boats are ice-bound, they have to be content with eight thousand fish instead of the twenty or twenty-five thousand required for one mission-house with its community, schools and orphanages. Sister Michon, who was learning to play, as there was no one to accompany the singers, wrote from Providence in 1892: "I am handier with hatchet or saw, in household work, and cabin-building, than with a note of music."

Bishop Grandin, following the course of the Mackenzie River for forty miles, pitched upon a wooded headland as the site for a central Mission, and planted there a large cross. "I have called the place La Providence," he wrote to Monseigneur Taché, "for I believe it destined to be the Providence of our northern Missions." He built the first house to shelter the nuns during the winter of 1863-4, bringing the necessary wood, with the dogs as carters, from an island in front of the headland; driving in the first peg and Father (now Bishop) Grouard the second. Bishop Faraud, in 1865, made the furniture. The five missionary Sisters, who spent the winter of 1866-7 at Saint Boniface, set out, on June 8, 1867, on their nine hundred and ten mile journey to La Providence, Sister Lapointe saying: "We wanted to be on our way to our own poor home whose destitute and desolate conditions had more attraction for us than all the rich and pleasant places of the world." It was a long and toilsome journey in springless bullock carts, crossing hundreds of torrents and streams, when the carts had sometimes to be taken to pieces and turned into boats. There was torrential rain lasting for ten, twelve, even

fifteen consecutive days; ceasing only for some rare moments when a scorching sun seemed to be heaping coals of fire upon their heads. They slept often on bare marshy ground, their blankets, cloaks and other belongings being saturated with rain. Yet they were none the worse for what the Sister Superior calls their "little sufferings and privations."

After a few day's rest at Lac La Biche, midway, they resumed their journey on August 3, 1867. Hitherto they had to contend with mud; now they were to encounter rivers, lakes and dangerous rapids, and to follow an unexplored route; sometimes to make their way through a dense forest, at other times over steep river banks, sinking in the mud at every step; having to cross multitudes of tributary streams, or losing themselves in thickets which showed no way out. Bishop Faraud had to go before them, hatchet in hand, clearing a pathway, cutting down trees, and throwing temporary bridges over the ravines. They had to walk until breathless from fatigue; the only surcease being a night's sleep in a tent while the rain poured down, lightning flashed, and thunder shook the earth beneath them. In the morning they arose with aching sides and stiff and feverish limbs, trembling to think of what might still be before them.

One of the things before them was to lend a hand to tow a barge, harnessed in couples to it. "This was 'portaging,' indeed!" wrote one of the Sisters. "As the bishop had charged us not to pull hard, lest we might hurt ourselves, no harm was done, though we were fatigued; and the boatmen gayly complimented us on not having broken our collars. But I should have liked some of our Montreal friends to see us. Five Grey Nuns in harness! What a pretty picture!" They took everything as it came, light-heartedly. Some of them professed to enjoy shooting the rapids, though at times they thought otherwise when it seemed rushing to certain death. Once when the iron cutwater, striking a rock was broken in pieces with a loud noise, the boat was shaken like the branches of a tree, and they were suddenly plunged into the whirling waters, while their hearts beat rapidly and the perspiration streamed down their faces. Some of the Sisters were so hurt that for half an hour they could hardly breathe.

Three happy days *en route* were spent at Nativity Mission, Fort Chipewyan, the oldest mission in these northern parts.

There they were sacristans at the consecration of Monseigneur Clut, O.M.I., as auxiliary to Bishop Faraud who conferred episcopal orders upon him. "How touching it was," wrote one of the nuns who took part in the ceremony, "to be the witness of so solemn an event, in a place where a few years earlier the name of God had never been heard, and where now there was a good number of Christians, owing to the zeal and perseverance of the missionary Fathers!"

At Salt River they were much moved at seeing the Indians assembled to welcome them, gathered round their bishop in their humble chapel assisting devoutly at Mass, at which they sang in their own language. Two more days and nights brought them to St. Joseph's Mission, Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake, an inland sea. It was the last stage of their journey, and when they reached, at long last, their destination, they were welcomed by another crowd of Indians, cheering and firing off volleys as a salute. They responded by intoning the *Magnificat*. "We were ashore, in a strange, though longed-for, land, in our new country, our home, our tomb," wrote one of the nuns to the Mother General. "Never since our arrival, have we regretted coming; never for a moment have we been unhappy. That does not at all mean that we have all that we can wish for! There are, in truth, many sacrifices to be made. But it was in order to make them that we came here. . . . Adieu, dearest Mother! This paper, happier than ourselves, will find its way into the bosom of our loved community. We can only follow it in spirit. Or, rather, we shall go before it, for our thoughts fly back more quickly there. Adieu, good and dear Sisters all! Most probably we shall never see one another again in this world."

In the last fifty years many other Grey Nuns have made the same journey towards the North Pole. Mother Charlebois, who visited Providence Mission in 1880, wrote: "It is a terrible experience for nuns." Mother Piché, who made her visitation of the northern convents in 1912, wrote: "If it were not to help in saving souls, surely no one could face the difficulties which our self-sacrificing Sisters do face so willingly." Mother Stubinger, in 1893, on her return journey, was saved from starvation by a few famished hares, snared in the night. Trials of all kinds abounded. Dearly bought goods were sent to the bottom of some lake in transit; boats were dashed to pieces on

the rocks, nuns barely escaped being drowned. One of the Grey Nuns, Sister Marie Marguerite, was on her way to Providence Mission in 1870 in company with Bishop Clut and Father Foure,² when the guides ran away, leaving the little company to its fate. The Bishop set out on foot to look for help. A month elapsed before he could get back, and by that time the bad weather, weariness, hunger and fever had brought the poor nun to death's door. She died in another week at Lake Athabasca.

The journey northward was very trying, but the work before them on their arrival was still more trying. One of them, writing in 1867, draws a harrowing picture of what they had to face in their efforts to uplift a race sunk in the deepest depths of barbarism. It was a general custom to kill, and sometimes to eat, orphan children, especially little girls. A mother, looking contemptuously on her newly-born daughter, would say: "Her father has deserted me; I am not going to feed her." She would thereupon wrap up the infant in the skin of an animal, smother it, and throw it into the rubbish heap. Another unnatural mother would say to herself: "My child's father is dead; who will now take care of it? I am hardly able to support myself." Then she would make a hole in the snow, bury her child there, and unconcernedly pass on. An Indian father lost his wife and two or three children during an epidemic; only one child, still in arms, remaining. For two or three days he carried the little survivor, then left it hanging on the branch of a tree, and went on his way. Here is where the presence and work of the nuns came in. These savages would rather have given their children to their care than have killed them or let them die.

Among other good works undertaken by the nuns was educating the Indian or half-breed children so that they might be able to spread a knowledge of the Catholic religion among their kindred; and the personal care of the sick in their convent, which became known as the Sacred Heart Hospital. They also visit and tend the sick in their own huts. One obstacle in the way of doing so much for the orphans and the sick was the utter poverty in which the nuns themselves had to live. In 1899, when the present convent of La Providence

² Now the venerated Oblate chaplain of the Grey Nuns at Notre Dame de la Providence.

was opened, one of the Sisters had to sleep on a table on the ground floor; and for a long time in the beginning, the nuns' gray habits were made of canvas. Talking of those hard times, a Sister who had been at Providence since 1884, said with a smile: "But we did not let them know at the Mother House; we were afraid of being called back."

A crisis was reached in 1881-82, when an order reached them to abandon the convent. The nuns, greatly distressed, wept; the Indians and half-breeds said they could not allow those who nursed their sick and were mothers to their orphans to go. All the Protestants of Fort Providence, too, were deeply grieved. Preparations for their departure were made and delayed. The nuns could only say: "There will be another letter from Montreal, ordering us to return without fail." "No," said a friendly Protestant gentleman, Mr. Camsell, chief official of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Simpson, "all letters pass through my hands, and no such letter shall reach you." Father Ladet, on being asked to help in packing up, said: "No! God Almighty will not permit your departure. The Sisters are doing too much good here; their going away would be too great a misfortune; they cannot go, and I am sure they won't go; I will pack no boxes." Meanwhile the nuns stormed Heaven with prayers that the sentence might not be carried out. "We had suffered so much in our frozen North," one of them afterwards said, "and we were so much attached to our poor orphans, that we thought we could not now be happy elsewhere."

Long before the boats were due, everything was packed and ready, and the walls of the convent were bare. One evening in March, 1882, the fateful letter was delivered. The Superior held it for a while unopened in her trembling hands. "Open it," said an Oblate Father; "I am sure it brings good news; we have all prayed so much." It did. The nuns were to remain, and their number was even to be increased before long.

It is pleasant to read of the friendly relations between the Catholic missionaries and the Protestants, as if fellowship in well-doing and remoteness from civilization had drawn them together. At the Nativity Mission, Lake Athabasca—founded in 1847 by Father Taché and picturesquely situated on the cliffs overhanging the lake—they had Midnight Mass at their

first Christmas, when the children sang beautifully, their parents shedding tears of joy. "Who, indeed, could fail to be moved by those angel voices hymning the praise of the Divine Child in the Crib?" wrote Father (now Bishop) Paschal. "Our little church was crowded that night. All the Protestants of the Fort were present, including the schoolmaster. They remained also for the second Mass."

This Mission, the oldest and still the most important of all the Missions in the Northern Vicariates, had suffered much in the beginning. It made slow progress for nearly thirty years until the Grey Nuns from Providence founded there the Convent of the Holy Angels in 1874. They began in an old shed, where there was only one room, one table and one pallet, and where they had to improvise a dormitory out of a garret. Their food was as scanty as their resources. When they were ordered by Mother Dupuis to leave Athabasca, Father Grouard said: "I will go on my knees, if necessary; I will not return without getting approval of what you have done" (opening a school without the approbation of the Mother General). He pleaded so successfully in Montreal that the new foundation was accepted and three additional Sisters were sent out. When the two communities were dependent on the success of the Indians in hunting and fishing, what must have been their state in times of famine, when some of the Athabasca Indians became cannibals!

In 1848 the Montagnais sent a deputation to Father Taché who, voicing the sentiments of one of the oldest men of this Indian tribe, said: "Make haste to come, for my head is now white, and I do not want to die without hearing the good words from your lips." The result was the foundation, in 1852, by Monseigneur Faraud of St. Joseph's Mission, Fort Resolution. The Fort is the rendezvous of a great many Catholic Indians. The nuns began their work here in 1903 in greater poverty than any of their Sisters. When they arrived, there was only the framework of a house, and they had to be content with a borrowed garret. "We could not have begun in greater poverty. Is it not a good sign?" wrote Sister Boisvert. The hovel in which they were lodged had been the place in which the harness for the dogs, the sledges and various implements were kept, as well as the storehouse for dried meat, fish and other provisions, and was swarming with mice. It was only four

feet high, and they had to go down on their knees to reach their little pallets. But the ever-useful Oblate Brothers were not slow in building for them a small wooden house, twenty by thirty feet. This for six years served as a hospice in which they gathered the ragged and dirty little Indian children, Crawling with vermin, to wash and clean and teach. It accommodated five nuns and twenty-five children for the first three years; but when there were nine nuns and forty-five pupils, they had to build a new convent and a house for the bishop in 1909.

The year, 1910, was rich in crosses for St. Joseph's Mission. "We cannot take more children, not being able to feed them," the Sisters wrote to the Mother House. Their provisions were exhausted; the storehouse was empty; even the mice seemed to mourn. Only the fishing of the priests and lay-brothers kept them alive. After much suffering nobly borne, the convent is now a completed building with a handsome mansard roof and belfry surmounted by a white cross. The ten missionary Sisters are educating a hundred children gathered out of the woods bordering the Slave River and the Great Lake.

Other foundations were made between 1914 and 1916. At Fort Smith, on the Slave River, near the northern boundary of Alberta, at the foot of the last of the rapids that hinder navigation towards the Arctic regions, was established the Montagnais Mission of St. Isidore on the threshold of the Mackenzie Vicariate Apostolic, the most northern of the dioceses. There the Grey Nuns, as usual, started their work with a hospital and a school, a small lean-to-shed being their first "convent." Here again opposite creeds came into friendly contact.

In 1916 the Grey Nuns arrived in Fort Simpson, in the heart of the Mackenzie district, a central position between Fort Smith and the Arctic Ocean and the most distant mission of the Grey Nuns. In 1911 the Canadian Government established an Indian Agency, the first agent being Mr. Gerald Card, "a gentleman," says Father Duchaussois, "whose justice and friendliness to the Catholics are an honor to the Protestant body." He provided the timber, and rendered many other services, when, in 1912, a General Hospital for the Indian tribes of the Lower Mackenzie was erected; obtaining from the Ottawa Government the means of furnishing it.

When, in 1906, the development of the natural resources of the MacMurray region, at the northern extremity of the long chain of rapids on the Athabasca River, attracted commercial speculators, and a consequent increase of population led to the establishment of a permanent Catholic Mission, the parishioners—a very mixed crowd of whites and Indians—clamored for a hospital and nursing Sisters, a school and teachers. It was three hundred miles distant from physicians or surgeons. Once again it was the Grey Nuns who became the nurses and teachers.

These heroic women reflect honor upon the Church, the fruitful parent of heroic souls from the dawn of Christianity; upon their sex, in showing of what sublime self-sacrifice it is capable when it realizes its true place in the human economy as the helpmate of man in the spiritual, as well as in the natural order, as ministering angels, as a visible Providence to the poor, the sick, the suffering and to helpless childhood; and upon themselves as brave pioneers in the onward march of civilization, bringing the glad tidings of salvation to the most abandoned races on the face of the globe.

Thirst for souls and for suffering, love of the Sacred Heart and of the Cross give them fortitude for self-immolation. It enables them to labor and endure and to be happy, light-hearted and even joyful in the midst of trials and tribulations. "We believe," writes Father Duchaussois, "that there is not one of the Grey Nuns who would not be bitterly disappointed if, on reaching the Mackenzie Missions, she found that the sufferings of the early days were all past and gone. One young nun, among the first who were sent to Great Slave Lake, thus expressed her feelings: 'Evidently it is our Divine Lord's wish that all our missions should have the Cross in their foundation, so that we may be the true children of Mother d'Youville.'"

ST. CATHARINE.

BY J. A. SCANLAN.

Love, Catharine, love;
O'er the dark deep thy white keel is gliding, gliding;
With eyes above,
Peer thro' gloom mists abroad on the moaning sea;
Watch the blue tint from His light aguiding, guiding,
List for His call in the wind's soft symphony:
"Child, follow Me."

Fast, Catharine, fast;
Close in thy wake hostile guides are howling, howling
The world's shrill blast—
Siren-like anthems, wild hollow shrieks of woe.
Crazed as spied wolves in still thickets prowling, prowling
Harpy-winged traitors envenomed charms bestow:
"Child, do not go."

Pray, Catharine, pray;
Calm rolls the sea; the swift breeze is blowing, blowing
The mists away.
Passed is night's gloom; ahead are the fervid sands
Spangled with touches of Love's fire glowing, glowing.
Angels are chanting with white robed virgin bands:
"Love God's commands."

Love, Catharine, love;
Jesus alone on His cross is dying, dying.
Where's His white dove?
Swift as a seraph, ply to His bleeding breast;
List to thy Crucified Love asighing, sighing:
"Catharine, My Virgin, to soothe My soul oppressed,
Heed My behest."

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.



R. LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE is the only English poet who is a skeptic. By which I do not mean that all other English poets have been orthodox Christians (indeed, very few have made any definite religious profession); but that all other English poets have lived by philosophies which had this at least in common—that they were positive—whereas Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie lives by a philosophy that is negative.

Coleridge muddled himself with German metaphysics, but he was not a skeptic. Shelley boasted of being an Atheist, but he was not a skeptic. Swinburne adopted the title of Pagan, but he was not a skeptic. Even Davidson could only be written down formally as a Materialist: his intuitions inclined incorrigibly towards mysticism. Abercrombie stands apart from all these—doubting the existence of Truth, questioning whether Reason is serviceable to any other end save that of *Enjoyment*.

There is a skeptic who says that God may exist, but is undiscoverable. There is a skeptic who denies the existence of God, while affirming the existence of a discoverable absolute Truth to which his denial bears a relation. These are the simple skeptics. But the true, the complete, the subtle skeptic finds the notion of final, immutable absolute truth incredible. Such a skeptic is Mr. Abercrombie.

Having given in his dialogue between *Science and the World* (where the objective reality of science is rudely treated), the familiar example of grains of sand taking pattern under the influence of music, he asserts that “this world of sand *plus* pattern exists nowhere but in the scope of man’s knowledge of his own being, and exists only for that knowledge. ... Man decides on the truth of your conclusions. Science, by

deciding whether he *likes* them or not: that is whether they shape in accordance with the inherent formality of his deep desires. . . You may be quite easy beforehand about the truth of your rhythmic world; it will be true enough for man, because he will certainly like it." Reason has the ground cut from under its feet.

It may be a sort of an explanation of the world to say that the world cannot be explained, or it is a useful substitute for an explanation. Here is the inverted *Nirvana* of skepticism where bliss is to be found in the widening radius of the subjective, the sharpening of the edge of a delusive consciousness. I leave it at that for the moment—to return to it later. It is only necessary to say at this point that Mr. Abercrombie's metaphysics color his verse throughout, and that both the metaphysics and the verse are magnificent matters; but that in order to appreciate the one, we must understand the other.

In many ways Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie is one of the most interesting poets who have written in English. The profundity, power and flexibility of his thought mark him off from all his contemporaries, and indeed in these qualities he is only to be matched by two or three of our greatest poets. We are obliged to admire his gigantic intellectual force, and the range of his literary equipment. The star of his destiny has endowed him with nearly all the qualities that go to the make-up of supremacy—nearly all the qualities—all, in fact, except the most important, sympathy. A tragic punishment has fallen upon him. Because the thinker has made conscious desire the rock of his artistic philosophy, his feelings are atrophied. I suspect that it is because Mr. Abercrombie is aware of this disability that he has strained himself to breaking point, striving to conquer on the ground where he is most vulnerable. Because his emotions are chilly, he recklessly spends his vast resources of metaphysics in order to try somehow to infuse them with warmth.

The heroic attempt has failed. Mr. Abercrombie is not a great poet, but he has so much of the great poet in him that the greater philosopher succeeds in concealing his weakness.

It is noteworthy that in a lyrical age Abercrombie is almost alone among his contemporaries in his inability to write a lyric. It is not through want of trying. His overweening pride

insists that he shall snatch the laurel. But he cannot wear it. We must admit, however, that some of his abortive lyrics contain exquisite lines. The best of these are to be found in Judith's song before Holofernes:

Balkis was in her marble town,
And shadow over the world came down.
Whiteness of walls, towers and piers,
That all day dazzled eyes to tears,
Turned from being white-golden flame,
And like the deep-sea blue became.

And coming to a pool where trees
Grew in double greeneries,
Saw herself, as she went by
The water, walking beautifully,
And saw the stars shine in the glance
Of her eyes, and her own fair countenance
Passing, pale and wonderful,
Across the night that filled the pool.

I have carefully selected my quotation. These are the best lines of Lascelles Abercrombie's best lyric; the remainder does not come up to this level. Again, the central verse of Margaret's song in *The New God*:

Would now the tall swift mists could lay
Their wet grasp on my hair,
And the great natures of the hills
Round me friendly were—

though good, is no better than hundreds of such verses that Mr. Drinkwater has written. And the finest lines of all occur in an otherwise poor poem, as its solitary but splendid touch of distinction:

When Spring
Loitering down wet woodways
Treads it sauntering.

This poverty in lyricism is of considerable importance, as it indicates a poverty in emotion which even the elaboration of Mr. Abercrombie's dramatic work can barely conceal. For if we take the trouble to analyze this writer's plays, we shall, I think, find that they may be more correctly classified as

Speculative Dialogues. In almost every case a certain incident or set of incidents has been accepted to give a dramatic framework for what is to be set up. This framework is then covered by the philosopher with a number of sweet sounds and striking images. But the result is not drama. Except for *Blind* and *The Adder*, and parts of *Judith*, Lascelles Abercrombie is not writing plays at all, but simply accepting the dramatic form for the sake of its convenience. In the first piece of *Emblems of Love* two men are standing at a barricade in some prehistoric twilight, waiting for the onslaught of the wolves. As a play it should obviously begin with the first rush of the wolves. That is just the point where it has to end. Even barbarians cannot discuss love and fight for their lives at the same time.

As for Vashti, she puts all her cards on the table, so to speak, with the first couple of sentences she utters. There is no movement, no life. The central ideas are static.

And where there is an exception to this rule we are given not drama, but melodrama. We are asked to accept a girl who falls in love with the head of a rebel which she sees for the first time stuck upon a gate in Carlisle. I do not believe in her.

Neither do I believe in the Methodist woodcutter who worships an adder which he keeps in a box, because so long as that adder lives his own sins are safely contained within its body. Neither will I believe that such a man would murder his daughter with a bite from the adder to prevent her possible seduction by the dissolute penny-dreadful squire. All these plays contain fine writing, but they are constructed out of the rankest melodrama, else why should Judith feel herself so sullied by Ozia's offer of marriage, that she could cast herself to obscenities before Holofernes?

The fact is that Lascelles Abercrombie has weaker dramatic inclinations than any other writer I can think of. He has no sympathy with his characters; and he goes on the principle that any old plot will do, so long as it can be made to serve a philosophical purpose.

This criticism, though I believe it to be generally correct, is, I gladly acknowledge, incorrect if applied to any one of two or three particular instances. And this large admission falls with special force to that very remarkable play, *The Sale*

of *St. Thomas*. It is not a play that could be acted (to do Mr. Abercrombie justice only *The Adder* was written for stage production); it is hardly more than a dialogue; but it cannot be dismissed, as I have already dismissed some pieces of external similarity to it, as a *Speculative Dialogue*. The poet is interested in his characters. There are thrilling moments in the play whose whole movement is psychological. The sea captain, the foil of the Apostle, is vividly drawn. We can taste the quality of his grim humor and his relish over the hesitations of the Saint, whose plausible argument against trusting merchandise so precious as the Gospel to the Indian seas, whose recognition of the magnitude of his task and of his insufficient powers receive their final answer in a noble passage of poetry from "The Stranger" Who is the Lord of Apostles:

"Now, Thomas, know thy sin. It was not fear;
Easily may a man crouch down for fear,
And yet rise up on firmer knees, and face
The hailing storm of the world with graver courage.
But prudence, prudence is the deadly sin,
And one that groweth deep into a life,
With hardening roots that clutch about the breast.
For this refuses faith in the unknown powers
Within man's nature; shrewdly bringeth all
Their inspiration of strange eagerness
To a judgment bought by safe experience;
Narrows desire into the scope of thought.
But it is written in the heart of man,
Thou shalt no larger be than thy desire.
Thou must not therefore stoop thy spirit's sight
To pore only within the candle-gleam
Of conscious wit and reasonable brain;
But search into the sacred darkness lying
Outside thy knowledge of thyself, the vast
Measureless fate, full of the power of stars,
The outer noiseless heavens of thy soul.
Keep thy desire closed in the room of light
The laboring fires of thy mind have made.
And thou shalt find the vision of thy spirit
Pitifully dazzled to so shrunk a ken,
There are no spacious puissances about it.
But send desire often forth to scan
The immense night which is thy greater soul;

Knowing the possible, see thou try beyond it
Into impossible things, unlikely ends;
And thou shalt find thy knowledgeable desire
Grow large as all the regions of thy soul,
Whose firmament doth cover the whole of Being
And of created purpose reach the ends."

I shall have something to say about these words of Christ, before I conclude this article. For the present I leave them to point out of what excellent blank verse Mr. Abercrombie is capable. He has grave faults, a deliberate stiffness at times, a determination, it would appear, to make the reader break his neck to discover how the lines scan. These lines are never without vigor, but they are frequently unnecessarily rocky, not easy to be traversed. To pick out a haphazard example: "Tawny or purple, green, scarlet or blue" seems to have been twisted into awkwardness for the mere sake of being difficult. It would have done quite as well in the smoother, "Tawny or purple, scarlet, green or blue."

At its best, however, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's blank verse is astoundingly good. The awkwardness of which the reader may legitimately complain turns into accomplished dignity, made manifest in masterly power. The late Edward Thomas did not hesitate to assert that "there is only one English dramatist who has gone beyond this poet in making blank verse, the march or leap or stagger or crawl or hesitation of the syllables correspond to varying emotions with thrilling delicacy." That is, at all events, an interesting judgment, and though (with, I trust, all due modesty) I cannot entirely assent, I will readily concede that Mr. Abercrombie often manages to get out of blank verse an energy of rhythm that is peculiarly his own. A great number of passages could be quoted by way of illustration. These lines from the play, *Judith*, will do as well as any:

"There are no words may turn this deed to song:
Praise cannot reach it. Only with such din,
Unmeasured yelling exultation, can
Astonishment speak of it. In me, just now,
Thought was the figure of a god, firm standing,
A dignity liked carved Egyptian stone;
Thou like a blow of fire hast splinter'd it;

It is abroad like powder in a wind,
 Or like heapt shingle in a furious tide,
 Thou having roused the ungovernable waters
 My mind is built amidst, a dangerous tower.
 My spirit therein dwelling, so overwhelmed
 In joy or fear, disturbance without name,
 Out of the rivers it is fallen in
 Can snatch no substance it may shape to words
 Answerable to thy prowess and thy praise.
 We are all abasht by thee, and only know
 To worship thee with shouts and astounded passion."

In conclusion, I return to the philosophy of this poet; because that philosophy is worked out so elaborately through poem and play it is of too obvious an importance to be ignored. It would take too long to analyze the poems and plays until we discovered in each their central notion that Truth is not the end of man, but a means to man's enjoyment and to the widening of his consciousness. Truth is not even relative, he says in effect, because a Relative implies an Absolute Truth. But what may be accepted as Truth is anything that delights the spirit's intellectual lust. This is the idea of the whole of *The Sale of St. Thomas*. He is condemned by his Lord for "refusing faith in the unknown powers within man's nature;" but he is not condemned because he refuses faith in the whole point of his apostolate—the *known* Power *outside* man's nature. He is told—not to carry the Gospel to India—but to explore his "knowledgeable desire."

This brings me to remark that I was once reprov'd for an essay on mystical poetry in which I called Mr. Abercrombie an "egoistic skeptic." It would be well for me to explain that I used the term not abusively but by way of definition. It is only the limitation of space that prohibits me from quoting page after page of what I venture to think is Lascelles Abercrombie's ablest book, his *Speculative Dialogues*, in triumphant proof of my definition's accuracy. Here the content of his metaphysics is boiled down, and so made accessible. What I mean by "egoistic skeptic" will be made clear and, I hope, justified if I bring forward instead the climax of "The Fool's Adventure," which is taken from *Interludes and Poems*:

- Seeker.* Thus has Sin done with life,
Beseech thee, pen him close, far off, O Lord.
- Within.* That would be hard to do.
- Seeker.* Yet surely thou
Hatest this foul-tought grimly Sin?
- Within.* Sometimes
Full bitterly I hate him, and sometimes
He is my friend.
- Seeker.* O my hurt soul, thy friend?
But thou hast power over him?
- Within.* It may be.
- Seeker.* And good and bad, these are thy mongery?
- Within.* They are, as I have said.
- Seeker.* None else controls them?
- Within.* None else controls or portions Good and Bad.
- Seeker.* Then thou art God?
- Within.* Ay, many call me so.
And yet, though words were never large enough
To take me made, I have a better name.
- Seeker.* Then truly, who art thou?
- Within.* I am Thy Self.
-

ERRONEOUS THEORIES CONCERNING THE FUNCTIONS OF THE STATE.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



THE ultimate end of the State in the temporal order is the public good, or public welfare. The proximate end comprises all those lawful means that contribute to the attainment of the ultimate end. They consist of political actions and institutions, proceeding from the three great departments of government: namely, the legislative, executive and judiciary. It is these means that we have in mind when we speak of the functions of the State.

Concerning these functions political writers have advocated three different theories. Of these the first two are extreme and mutually opposed; the third occupies a middle ground. Not without some inaccuracy, the first two are commonly known, respectively, as individualistic and socialistic. The third theory has no fixed designation.

Inasmuch as the State operates through the political organization called the government, discussion of the State's functions is necessarily discussion of the functions of government. Hence the task before us is to describe, in outline, the kinds of activities which the government may properly perform in order to attain the end of the State; that is, "to promote the welfare of the people as a whole, as members of families, and as members of economic classes." This task can be most satisfactorily undertaken by considering successively the three theories noted above.

THE INDIVIDUALISTIC THEORY.

The individualistic theory may be defined in general terms as that which would reduce government functions to a minimum. It frequently finds expression in the assertion, "the best government is that which governs least." It conceives government entirely, or almost entirely, in terms of restraint. Governmental acts are thought of as restrictions upon individual

liberty. Government and its operations come to be regarded as little better than necessary evils. Between this theory and anarchism, the difference is one of degree rather than of kind. While the various defenders of the theory differ somewhat in their conceptions of the proper limitations of governmental action, the great majority hold that it should merely preserve order, enforce contracts, and punish crime. Hence their doctrine has been called in derision "the policeman theory of the State." A more general name is the *laissez-faire* theory, which denotes in particular its attitude toward government supervision of industry.

The roots of the individualistic theory are partly political and economic, partly philosophical, and partly industrial. Politically, it was a reaction against the excessive and harmful restrictions of individual liberty by the governments of Europe. The civil freedom of the masses was throttled in the interest of the privileged classes. Commerce and industry were hampered by a multitude of restrictions that had long outlived whatever usefulness they once possessed. The latter half of the eighteenth century witnessed a formidable reaction against these restrictions. In France it found expression in the writings of the Physiocrats and in the principles of the Revolution; in Great Britain it was championed by Adam Smith and other economists with such extraordinary success that it was translated unmodified into acts of Parliament.¹ "All systems either of preference or restraint being thus completely taken away," said Smith, "the simple and obvious system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord."² In the United States of America, the political philosophy of the day, the revolt against the petty restrictions imposed by the British Government, and the natural individualism of a pioneer people inhabiting a land of exceptional opportunities, combined to make our Government from the beginning a more thorough exponent of the individualistic theory than those of England and France.

In the realm of philosophy, the two most influential promoters of the theory are probably Immanuel Kant and Herbert Spencer. The Kantian principle of individual rights and

¹ Cf. Ingram, *History of Political Economy*, pp. 89-93; Toynbee, *Industrial Revolution*, pp. 11-26; Hammond, *The Town Laborer*, chs. vii. and x.

² *The Wealth of Nations*, Book IV., ch. ix.

liberty is this: "Act externally in such a manner that the free exercise of thy will may be able to coexist with the freedom of all others, according to a universal law."³ Hence the proper and only function of the State is to protect men in the enjoyment of their equal spheres of liberty. In practice this was assumed to mean that men's rights of person and property should be safeguarded against violence and fraud.

The principle of individual rights and liberty laid down by Kant is substantially the same as that formulated by Herbert Spencer: "Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man."⁴ However, Spencer arrived at this formula without being aware of the similar maxim which Kant had enunciated many years before.⁵ The inference regarding State functions which Spencer draws from his principle of individual rights and liberty is substantially the same as that deduced by Kant. "The greatest prosperity and multiplication of efficient individuals will occur where each is so constituted that he can fulfil the requirements of his own nature without interfering with the fulfilment of such requirements by others."⁶ Hence the sole duty of the State is "to insist that these conditions shall be conformed to;" in brief, the State should not go beyond the task of "maintaining justice." By induction, as well as by deduction, Spencer arrives at the conclusion that "the primary function of government is that of combining the actions of the incorporated individuals for war, while its secondary function is that of defending its component members against one another."⁷

Both Kant and Spencer conceived the functions of the State in terms of coercion. Government has no other duty than that of protecting rights and repressing injustice. It should not go outside this province to promote the welfare of individuals or classes by positive measures of State assistance, whether in the field of religion, morals, education or industry. While very few political writers and no governments any longer consciously subscribe to the theories of these two writers, a large section of the people, educated and unedu-

³ *Einleitung in die Rechtslehre*, pp. 31, 68; Cf. Meyer, *Institutiones Juris Naturalis* I., 525; II., 305.

⁴ *Principles of Ethics*, II., 46.

⁵ *Idem.*, Appendix A.

⁶ *Idem.*, p. 221.

⁷ *Idem.*, p. 207.

cated, is still considerably influenced by them on account of the place which they have obtained in political, philosophical and general literature. Kant, especially, gave a strong impetus to the political and economic liberalism which was formerly very powerful, and which is still dear to the hearts of the bourgeois.

The industrial contribution to the individualistic theory is to be found in the interests and influence of the capitalist classes. Reference has been made above to the part played by the economists in popularizing the doctrine and promoting its enactment into law in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. More powerful even than the economists, was the new capitalist class which arose during the Industrial Revolution.

So influential were the capitalists in shaping legislative policies at this period that the Combination Acts, passed at their dictation, "remain the most unqualified surrender of the State to the discretion of a class in the history of England."^a "Let alone" by the government, the capitalists were enabled, through "free" contracts with the laboring population, to employ children under the age of ten in factories, to require women and children, as well as men, to toil for twelve, fourteen and even sixteen hours per day, to injure the bodies and the health of the employees through unsafe and unsanitary work places, to pay starvation wages, and, in general, to exploit the workers to the utmost limit of human endurance. Since they were greatly and notoriously superior to the workers in bargaining power, they were obviously interested in having the labor contract unregulated by legal statutes. This attitude has been taken by the employing classes of every industrial nation. As regards government regulations of industry in the interest, either of the laborer or the consumer, they have been in great majority champions of the individualistic theory.

So much space has been given to the origins of the individualistic theory because the interest in it is now mainly historical. In the form advocated by Kant and Spencer, it has never been adopted by a modern State. Not even in the first quarter of the nineteenth century England, nor in the first half of the nineteenth century America, did the State confine its activities to the protection of life and property and the en-

^aHammond, *op. cit.*, p. 113.

forcement of contracts. There was always some regulation of industrial affairs in the interest of some class, some government operation of public utilities, *v. g.*, the postoffice, some public provision for education, and some State protection of public health and morals. With the exception of about half a century of reaction, brought about by the political, economic, philosophical and industrial factors above described, the policy of all nations has been out of harmony with the individualistic theory, and if the signs of our own time can be trusted, this theory will command less respect twenty years from now than it commands today.

From the side of reason and experience the arguments against the individualistic theory are overwhelming. They are drawn in part from the nature of man, and in part from the defects of the individualistic assumptions.

The most extreme of these assumptions is that government is merely a necessary evil. Government is conceived entirely, or almost entirely, as a check upon individual liberty, and, therefore, as regrettable if not abnormal. Now the truth is, that the State and government are as natural as human association. Men cannot live in isolation; in society they cannot live reasonable lives nor pursue self-development without the State. This is a fundamental, normal fact of human nature, as evinced by universal experience. It is a fact that the Catholic Church has always recognized and proclaimed. She teaches that the State is a necessary, not a voluntary, society, and that it is as natural to man as the family or as organized religion. The exponents of the individualistic theory proceed from a false viewpoint and a false assumption concerning the nature and needs of man in relation to the State. Were they to estimate the facts of life without these prejudices, they would realize that the State is a necessary means to right living and human progress.

Their conception of government functions as almost exclusively restrictive, is false in itself and false in its implications. Taking the latter point first, we perceive that the curtailment of liberty is not necessarily nor always an evil thing. It is not even a lesser evil. Not infrequently it is a positive good. Individual liberty is a means, not an end. When it is directed to evil purposes, to objects inconsistent with the true welfare of its possessor, it is a bad thing for him. When it

inflicts injury upon the neighbor, it is likewise irrational. And these perversions of liberty are sufficiently frequent to require constant restraint by an adequate social agency. Such an agency is provided by government. While negative in form—"thou shalt not"—its regulations are ultimately positive and constructive. It assures to men a larger measure of opportunity for right life than would be possible in its absence. The limitation of liberty, is quite as normal as the exercise of liberty. Hence due limitations, imposed by the State, are in no sense an evil, nor even abnormal. It must be acknowledged that the restrictions of individual liberty by many European governments in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were tyrannical and destructive of human welfare; but this fact does not warrant the inference that restriction itself is only a species of necessary evil.

More serious, however, is the first point mentioned above, the conception of governmental functions mainly in terms of restraint. This viewpoint is gravely misleading, even as regards regulations which are purely prohibitive. While a law of this character is universal in form, requiring *all* persons to refrain from the forbidden actions, it rarely, if ever, interferes with the *actual* liberty or desires of the whole community. The law forbidding theft applies in form to all the citizens, but it actually affects only a small minority; for the great majority have no desire to steal. The liquor prohibition law curtails the desired liberty of as large a proportion of the population as any other restrictive statute, since a very numerous section of the community wants to consume intoxicating drink; nevertheless, a very large number, if not the majority, attaches no importance to this freedom. The latter are not practically affected by the prohibition law. Their liberty is only hypothetically, not actually, diminished. The law forbids them to do something which is outside of their desires. The repeal of the law would give them a kind of liberty that they do not regard as of any value. When we turn to the industrial field, we find a very striking difference between the hypothetical and the actual diminution of liberty. Laws which prohibit the exploitation of child labor by employers, and the imposition of extortionate prices upon consumers by a monopoly, restrict the potential or theoretical liberty of all persons, since they carry no exemption for any class. Nevertheless,

the persons whose freedom is actually lessened, constitute a very small section of the population. The overwhelming majority could not or would not do the things which the law forbids. In their case the law is no restraint upon actual liberty.

Therefore, the first defect involved in the conception of government as an agency of restraint consists in assuming that restrictive legislation curtails the actual or the cherished liberty of the whole community. The second defect is even more serious and more delusive. It consists in the failure to appreciate the positive aspect of prohibitive legislation. In form, such legislation is negative, inasmuch as it declares that men may not lawfully do certain things; but it has positive objects and positive effects, inasmuch as it increases the actual liberty and opportunity of all those persons who could not or would not exercise the liberty which the law forbids, and who would be injured through the exercise of such liberty by others. For instance, child labor legislation increases the opportunities and welfare of children; anti-monopoly laws are calculated to increase the opportunity and welfare of the majority of the population.

When men denounce industrial regulations of this sort as restraints upon individual freedom, what they really demand is that one class of persons should be left free to oppress another, usually a larger, class of persons. In all such situations the real conflict of desires and interests is not between the government and the whole body of citizens, but between two classes of citizens. Hence the reasonableness of government interference with individual liberty cannot be determined by the bare, technical fact of restraint. It is to be sought in the effects which the law produces upon the rights and welfare of the various classes that make up the community. How superficial and misleading, therefore, is the conception of governmental functions mainly in terms of restraint!

So much for the assumptions and prejudices underlying the individualistic theory. Let us now consider its supreme political formula; namely, that government should merely prevent and punish violence and fraud and enforce contracts, or that its sole function is the protection of rights. In passing, it may be noted that the exponents of the theory are not

willing to have their formula applied in its full extension. For example, the claim of the laborer to a living wage is in the present industrial system one of man's natural rights.

Yet the individualist would deny that the enforcement of this right, by a minimum wage law, is a proper function of government. In any case, the formula itself has no basis in reason or in experience. If the end of the State is to promote the common good, why should its benefits be restricted to one class of goods? Men need protection against injustice, indeed, but they have also a great variety of other needs. Religion, morals, education and health, are at least as vital to human welfare as physical integrity and private property. And the inability of the individual to safeguard his welfare in respect to the former goods, is frequently as obvious as in the case of his corporal and property rights. Nevertheless, the individualist would not permit the government to make adequate provision for man's welfare as regards religion, morality, education or health. Such legislation he would condemn as outside the legitimate province of the State. Surely this position is artificial and illogical.

The individualistic principle of equal freedom is likewise artificial. Moreover, it is impossible. It holds that the individual should be free to do anything that he wishes, provided that he does not interfere with the equal freedom of others. But this principle is gratuitous and palpably false. Translated into governmental policy, it would permit adultery, fornication, the teaching and propagation of obscenity, deception, usury and all other forms of extortion. It would provide a paradise for every species of economic oppressor. The man who desired to commit any of these crimes, could logically claim immunity from governmental interference, on the ground that he conceded the same liberty to everyone else. This principle would be of great advantage to men who were exceptionally vicious, exceptionally cunning and exceptionally selfish. It would put at a disadvantage all those who did not wish to exercise this kind of individual "liberty."

Nor is this all. At first sight, the principle of equal individual liberty seems to authorize, or at least to permit, governmental repression of such crimes as theft, assault and homicide. In reality, it does nothing of the kind. For it is not

based upon nor determined by *objective* considerations, such as the safety of society or the maximum amount of human welfare. Both Kant and Spencer express the principle in subjective terms. The will of the individual is to determine the limits and the application of the principle. "So act," says Kant, "that the free use of thy liberty can coexist with the liberty of everyone else according to a universal law." In Spencer's formulation, "every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." Therefore, each individual is the authoritative interpreter of the principle in his own regard. The man who steals does not violate the principle, so long as he does not ask the State to deny the same liberty to his fellows. The murderer is likewise safe from interference, if he will concede to other men the right of universal homicide. As pointed out above, this principle should be peculiarly gratifying to the exceptionally vicious and exceptionally cunning; also to those possessed of exceptional physical strength. Many, if not all, such persons would welcome a régime of unrestrained competition in fraud and violence. With immunity from legal restraint, they would be willing to take all the risks of competing in criminality with their less "efficient" fellows.

Admirers of Kant may question this interpretation of his principle. They may claim that the phrase, "according to a universal law," is an objective limitation upon the subjective and arbitrary interpretation and exercise of individual liberty. The claim cannot be allowed. The "universal law" which Kant had in mind was not the moral law, nor the civil law, nor the divine law. It was simply the universal law of liberty. It could be violated only by the man who refused to grant to others the liberty that he claimed for himself. Such a man would be acting according to a *particular*, or exceptional, law of liberty. But the man who was willing to concede the same liberty to others, could indulge in wholesale acts of injustice without violating the Kantian principle. Nor is it relevant to object that such conduct, if universalized, would destroy human society; for the Kantian principle does not recognize any objective standard or consequence as the determinant of individual freedom. Each individual is authorized to apply the principle according to his own desires and conceptions, unhindered by any consideration of social consequences.

THE SOCIALIST THEORY.⁹

According to the programme of International Socialism, the State would assume several new and very important functions. These are mainly economic, but they also include a large extension of State control over the family and education.

The Socialist theory holds that the State should own and operate substantially all the means of production; that is, all land used for commercial and industrial purposes, all mines, all but the smallest farms, and all except the very small industrial establishments and instruments of production and distribution. The great majority of individuals engaged in agricultural, industrial and commercial pursuits would be employees of the State. The only kinds of business, whether in town or country, owned and carried on by individuals, would be such very small concerns as could be managed by one person or, at most, by one person with the assistance of one or two employees.

From both the individual and the social viewpoint this would be an undesirable extension of State functions. The individual would be dependent upon the State throughout his whole life, not merely for protection and economic opportunity, but for his occupation and his livelihood. His only source of income would be his salary, and for that he would be dependent entirely upon the State. He could not choose between that condition and the management of a business of his own. At least, such would be the lot of the vast majority. On the other hand, everything that entered into the individual's consumption would have to be bought from the State. At present the purchaser of goods can make a choice among competing dealers. If he does not like a certain dealer or a certain kind of commodity, he can supply his wants elsewhere or otherwise. In a Socialist régime he would be compelled to select from the small number of standardized articles provided by the State. In a word, the State would be the only seller of goods, as well as the only buyer of labor. Even if men obtained a better and more secure livelihood in a Socialist society than they now obtain, this advantage would not compensate them for the lack of freedom in their economic contracts, and the lack of that social power and that self respect which are provided by private property.

⁹ Cf. Hillquit-Ryan, *Socialism: Promise or Menace?* Skelton, *Socialism, A Critical Analysis*. Cathrein-Gettelmann, *Socialism*.

The combination of political and industrial functions in the State would place the individual entirely at the mercy of bureaucrats and majorities. Human beings could not be trusted to exercise justly this tremendous power. While the people would, indeed, have the legal right and power to remove any set of officials at the elections, we must remember that "the people" is never a simple entity, having only one set of interests and acting unanimously. In political affairs, "the people" that determine policies is never more than a part of the whole population. It is at most a majority; sometimes it is only a well organized minority. A national administration that possessed the economic and political power conferred by Socialism would be much more difficult to dislodge than one possessing merely the authority conceded by our present political system. Under Socialism a government could be maintained in office indefinitely, through a combination of the workers in the principal industries, and would be able to subject the rest of the population to unlimited economic oppression.

The common good would be enormously impeded by the attempt of the State to own and manage the means of production. In the words of Pope Leo XIII., such an industrial organization would produce universal "misery and degradation." The main reason is that the State would be unable to command either the incentives or the discipline which are necessary for efficient production. Under Socialism both the directors and the directed would be remunerated entirely by salaries. There would be no elastic and indefinite gain held out before men as a stimulus to initiative, hard work and efficiency. In the present system substantially business men and a large proportion of those who are compensated by salaries and wages, have some reason to hope that their rewards can be increased to an indefinite extent through their own efforts. In a Socialist system this hope would all but disappear. Even though increases in salaries and wages might be appointed for those who exhibited a certain degree of productivity, the arrangement would necessarily be operated in such a rigid and routine fashion, and recognition of merit would be so slow and halting, as to stifle incentive at its source. The promptness with which efficiency is now rewarded would be almost entirely wanting.

Not only adequate incentive, but effective discipline would be impossible. The great majority of men are lazy. To a great extent they are kept working through the stimulus of fear. They are afraid of losing their jobs. In a Socialist régime the directors of industry would not have sufficient power to discharge lazy and incompetent workmen, since their own positions would be finally dependent upon the votes of those under their direction. The only alternative is a militaristic organization of industry which could not long survive in a democratic State.

The Socialist programme includes a large extension of governmental control over the family and education. Indeed, the majority of Socialists regard the child as belonging primarily to the State. They look with favor upon a loosening of the marriage bond, and the continuation of the marital union only so long as the two parties think they love each other. The disastrous effects upon the welfare and progress of the race which would follow State usurpation of most important parental functions, and State encouragement to a system of free love, are too obvious to require formal or detailed descriptions. And State monopoly of education would be a most subtle and destructive assault upon individual liberty.

The distrust of the State which underlies the individualist theory, would be entirely justified if political society had an inherent tendency toward the Socialist State. Happily, there exists no such tendency. Indeed, it is only when the State is prevented from exercising and developing its normal functions that the danger of perversion into Socialism can become considerable. The true and rational conception of State functions avoids the vices and the extremes of Socialism no less than of individualism. This conception will form the subject of another article.

ST. COLUMKILLE, PATRIOT AND POET.

BY JAMES F. CASSIDY.



IN the person of Columkille there is a striking refutation of the fallacy that true Catholicism is a poor soul-mate of patriotic instinct and poetic inspiration. For his saintliness the seer of the North is best remembered, for no son of the Gael ever bestowed upon the conscience of the race a more abiding impression than did this noblest son of the Hy Neill clan. But essentially interwoven with this reputation for sanctity is the tradition of his undying love for the land of his fathers and his quenchless thirst for the lore begotten of the bards. He loved his Creator first, but in that sublime affection he beheld every reason for loyalty to the sacred cause of his native land and the literature that its genius created.

Though we intend to devote our thoughts in this paper to his passion for country and letters, we cannot proceed to our subject without paying him the homage of a few words of praise for his preëminent work as the spiritual regenerator of his people. So great was to be the significance of his coming to the Celt, that tradition has it Heaven itself revealed to St. Patrick the wondrous worth of this giant in the army of Christ. The Apostle, at the dictate of an angel, saw with prophetic vision the great one who was destined to add lustre to the work which he had begun. Looking to the northern home of the saint of the future, he beheld a luminous object symbolic of the great teacher from Uladh emitting a light that searched all the recesses of the land of Erin. He witnessed "a light, rising, not great at first, but waxing and rending asunder the darkness, so that all Erin blazed therewith."

Thus did tradition dower the lips of Patrick with a tribute to Columkille that conceded to the latter a Christianizing potency as fundamental and complete as his own. And Patrick's tribute was not destined to be futile. The Church of our Saint's time was essentially monastic in character and, as such, its life was completely molded by the genius of Columkille. The monks throughout Celtic Christianity followed the

rule of the "Dove of the Church," and their adherence to his discipline, according to the Venerable Bede, an Englishman, endured for a century and a half and held the barriers of the West against the Latinism of Benedictine monasticism. A modern writer, the scholarly Montalembert, would still further extend the period of the Irishman's occidental sovereignty and give to his religious sceptre the controlling direction of the policies and character of the Celtic Church for the space of two centuries.

But the man was far from being submerged beneath the saint. There always remained in him that magnificent human outlook that never failed to find a magnetism in the cult of the patriot, and a glamour in letters only second to that of religion.

No Irish heart has ever been more closely wedded to the mother heart of Eire than was that of Columkille; no name was fated to be more jealously guarded within the sanctuary of national recollection than the name of Uladh's royal Saint. The glamour of his memory was destined to hold for fourteen centuries as powerful a sway over the imagination of the Gael as ever belonged to the names of Patrick and Brigid. In the words of Montalembert, the saintly trio have been always "inseparably united in the dauntless heart and fervent, tenacious memory of the Irish people." And the reverence he won was not greater than he deserved, for his love for his countrymen was dearer to him than life. It is he himself has told us that the fire of patriotism that consumed him might prove the undoing of his mortal frame. "Should sudden death overtake me," he said, "it is for my great love of the Gael."

As a prince of the royal house of Niall, everything within the territory over which his fathers ruled spoke to his heart with that strong appeal of ancestral tradition always so welcome to the heart of the kin-loving Gael. As within his monastery, so also without it, his authority had the collateral aspect of the patriarchal, as well as the monastic, and clansman vied with monk in paying him the homage of a subject, as well as the reverence of a Christian.

Though all the land of Erin was very dear to his heart, Ulster, the home of his ancestors, had a special appeal for him as a tribesman as well as an Irishman. Unlike some Ulstermen of today, who would pretend to put their province before

their country, the tribal attitude of our Ultonian Saint enhanced rather than injured his sense of nationalism. In being an orthodox tribesman, he was but a wholesome factor in a system which was the bed-rock on which Gaelic consciousness of the spiritual and corporate individuality of the race was founded. The tribal unit had all the elements of a rounded and complete governmental and social system, yet what it cherished in an especial way was the property of the congeries of tribes, the nation. The preservation of the record of the past was its dearest care, and this was brought to the knowledge of the nation which held it in honorable remembrance, as the product of an integral part of itself. In like manner the laws, customs, learning and religion of the clan, through the machinery of tribal life, became the mental acquisition of the entire people, and proved to the race that these products of many political units were in substance the life-expression of a nation, single and undivided in spirit.

That Columkille loved especially those places associated with his kin, we know from an abundance of evidence. A few items from that evidence we shall produce here. An incident replete with human gentleness has been transmitted to us to show how true a child of the Gaelic clan great Colum was. We take it from a sixteenth century life of him by O'Donnell. Once he was faring by his dearly loved Assaroe and the dearth of fish by the "winding banks of Erne" caused him grievous pain because it was an affliction for those whose blood was his. To relieve their sorrow, tradition would credit him with the performance of a great miracle. In the words of his biographer: "Him it seemed great damage . . . to his own dear kinsmen in especial to the which he bare great love, to wit, the clan of Conall Gulban that there should not be abundance (of fish) in the waterfall (of Assaroe) and the whole Erne. . . And it was by reason of all this that Columkille blessed the waterfall. . . And by reason of that blessing of Columkille's it is the best river for fish in Erin today."¹

Though the white heat of his passion was for Ulster, a fire of affection but little inferior to that burned within him for Leinster. When the monarch, Aodh, wished to wreak vengeance on the latter province and sought to win the favor

¹ *Life of Columkille*, by Manus O'Donnell, Ed. A. O'Kelleher and G. Shoepperle, p. 135.

of the Saint for his enterprise, he failed, for the golden threads of maternal affection endeared the folk of that kingdom to him. "That is difficult for me," was the Saint's reply to the king, "for my mother was from Leinster."

But where no such obstacles intervened and the honor of Uladh was at stake, he always prayed for the success of its arms. Peaceful though the life was which he had chosen for himself, the latent fires of his Celtic impetuosity would sometimes burst through the barriers of saintly instinct and place his zest for battle in the ascendant. Such eruptions were frequent enough to make his name an intimate part of the warp and woof of the war-like traditions of Ireland. Even those who have but a tyro's knowledge of Irish history are aware of the fierce conflict he caused for the sake of a book, and the dire penance of perpetual exile he endured as an expression of sorrow for his deed.

But story is not content with limiting his interest in the clashing ranks of warriors to the days of his mortal life. It places to his credit a post-mortem anxiety for the welfare of the battling Ultonians, whom in life he loved to see riding proudly on the wings of Victory. For centuries after his death, he was supposed to give to a sacred reliquary of his, that was treasured by the O'Donnells, a kind of talismanic power that carried with it victory for the army that observed the necessary ritual associated with its use on the eve of battle. This noted relic was called the Cathach. But tradition was not content with maintaining that the Saint's influence upon the fortunes of war was always, as in this instance, merely indirect. It sometimes conscripted into the service of his province his departed spirit and pictured it, as in the Battle of Allen, making itself visible to the warriors to hearten them in the conflict. Here his presence was most urgent, "for, above the battalion of Leinster, he saw Brigid terrifying the hosts of Conn's Half."² This was so strikingly tribal a conception of Gaelic sainthood that the distinguished scholar, Whitley Stokes, could not resist comparing it to that of the Greeks which brought their tribal deities into the field where mortals battled. As the Greeks of Homer's time considered their gods so much part and parcel of their tribal life as to imagine them partaking in their struggles, so the Gaels made the memory of

² *Revue Celtique*, vol. xxiv., p. 53.

Columkille such an intimate part of national tradition that they made him an interested director of the clansmen's efforts to win an earthly, as well as a heavenly, victory. If the desire for their success was so enshrined in his heart during life, surely, they thought, his departure for Paradise could not make him oblivious of his kin when victory or red rout faced them on the field. But they remembered, too, that his aid could only come when justice was on their side, and the greatest boon he willed them was the reward of a just war, the victor's peace. It was his heart's desire "that there should be peace forever amongst his kinsmen, the clan of Conall Gulban, and that they should put away the folly and the madness that were in them."

That glowing admiration of his for the "*vinculum sanguinis*" that so forcibly governed his attitude towards war, had a kindred influence upon his conception of monastic government. Every great monastery that owed allegiance to him was a centre of family relations and served as a school or asylum for all who claimed his kinship. This was most strikingly in evidence in the great home of the monks at Iona. Anyone who takes the trouble to consult the genealogical table of the early abbots of this monastery, can see that the abbacy was, with a few exceptions, limited to a branch of the Tircconnelian family. Besides abbots were preferably selected even from the narrower circle of the founder's kin. This has been ascertained about all the successors of the Saint with the exception of one whose pedigree is doubtful and one whose descent was from another house. As if to show that this was the natural thing to expect, all those who exercised the spiritual jurisdiction of the founder of Iona retained "Successor of Columkille" as their most jealously-guarded title. It embodied a dignity that was more potent than anything abbatial, for it called on the monk for an allegiance that was as much a product of the clan system as of the atmosphere of the monastery.

Just as the warrior in him gave his character an intensely Irish coloring, many of the great deeds, by no means war-like, which he is supposed to have performed, make us think of the days when the druid was in power. As if to prepare the people for the coming of a man who would harbor in a Christian heart many of the pagan's principles of action, pre-Christian Ireland

took unto itself the privilege of foretelling his advent. "Not alone was it the saints of Erin and the patriarchs having the spirit of prophecy of God that did foretell the coming of Columkille, but druids and such as had not the faith foretold a long time ere his birth that he should come."³ When he came many of the things he wrought seemed to justify this pagan interest in him.

When, for instance, he arrived for the first time at Iona, he told his followers of the need of rearing his church upon the blood of some of them. Such words more fit the lips of a druid than of a Christian missionary, yet story did not hesitate to give them to him. In the same spirit it would represent him as raising from the dead a pagan craftsman, Connla, to give the finishing touches of a skilled hand, that no living Christian could impart, to the shrine. Tradition would even have him unearth the lost materials of Erin's ancient epic, the Cattle Raid of Cooley, through the agency of the old Red Branch here, Fergus MacRigh, long gone from earthly scenes. At his summons Fergus came back from the realm of the dead to recite the stirring tales connected with the Raid, that Irishmen might have a deathless record of their heroic past.

But it is only when we hear Colum, the exile, speak that we receive the most sublime and human expression of passion for his country. It has been said that human beauty garbed in sad robes can possess a far greater appeal than when arrayed in smiling habiliments. We cannot help thinking that this was true of the patriot heart of Columkille when he mourned. Never does the glory of his affection for his land so powerfully manifest itself as when it was mated with the pang of exile. The sorrow that seized him on being divorced from the land of his fathers threw a gloom o'er his life that was never dispelled. When the love-bonds that fastened him to Ireland were about to be broken, and his little boat was ready to put out for Scotland, a wave of utter dereliction swept across his soul, and, as the wail of the people of Conall and Owen burst in upon him, he told in bardic fashion of the depth of his woe:

Since I am to leave mine own kinsmen,
I shall give them to know of my secret:

³ Manus O'Donnell, *op. cit.*, p. 27.

A night shall not pass, I conceal not,
That tears shall not come to mine eyes.

Since my leaving the folk of the Gael,
On whom I have set my affection,
It is naught to me though but one night
Were the length of my life days thereafter.

As replete with the wine of human feeling are his thoughts
of his beloved Derry, where kindly heart and fascinating oak
won the homage of his man and nature loving soul.

Derry of the oaks, let us leave it
With gloom and with tears, heavy-hearted;
Anguish of heart to depart thence,
And to go away unto strangers.

Great is the speed of my coracle,
And its stern turned upon Derry;
Woe to me that I must on the main,
On the path to beetling-browed Alba.

The humblest monk that left Iona for the shores of Ireland
he regarded as highly privileged.

On a certain occasion he sent Baithen to consult with his
kinsmen in Erin, and poignant was his grief that the lot of
his messenger was not his. Before he dispatched his envoy,
the thoughts that arose within him he expressed in a poem
which told of his love unto death for his fatherland, its abso-
lute claims on himself and all his glory, and the pangs that
exile caused him:

O man that goeth westward to Erin,
My heart in my side is broken;
If sudden death overtake me,
It is for the greatness of love of the Gael.

To the Gaels myself,
To the Gaels my honour,
To the Gaels my learning,
To the men of Erin my glory.

My blessing on thee, western island,
My heart in my bosom is swollen,
Lamenting the seed of great Eogan,
Lamenting the children of Conall.

But in death, if not in life, he was determined to be united to the land of his fathers, there to wait the judgment hour with the men of the Gael.

They shall bury me first at Iona;
But by the will of the living God,
It is at Dun that I shall rest in my grave
With Patrick and with Brigid, the immaculate,
Three bodies in one grave.

Like every patriotic Irishman, Columkille| cherished a deep affection for his country's national culture. This culture utilized poetry as its most characteristic mode of expression, and it was in this phase of its activity that the Saint was most interested. He was a special friend of the bards and many stories of his association with and admiration for them, survive. On a certain occasion, as he was going to cut wood for the church at Derry, there came to him a poet asking for a gift. The Saint, having nothing with him, told the bard that if he returned home with him he would give him what he desired. This the latter unreasonably refused to do, and threatened to satirize Columkille. So greatly did the Saint dread the national disgrace of being the target of bardic invective that a heavy sweat streamed from his brow, which a miracle turned into gold to preserve untarnished his good name amongst the companies of the poets of Erin. When, finally, the conduct of bards became so insolent, that the nation rose in its wrath and threatened to expel them from the land, their old-time friend intervened to save them. He could not see the devotees of the poetic art condemned to eat the bread of exile, and he saved them by the might of his influence at the Convention of Drum Ceat from the bitterest sorrow that a true Celt could endure.

Had he not intervened, the class that gave such sweetly sad and nationally stimulating ideas to Ireland, from the sixth to the seventeenth century, might have been banished and their country sentenced to an irreparable misfortune. For the favor conferred on them, these poets were overflowing with gratefulness. In recompense for what they had received, they bestowed upon Columba the most treasured gifts they possessed, laudatory poems. The old writer tells us that so strongly did this typically bardic act appeal to the Celtic

nature of the Saint, a glow of pride filled his heart and merited for him a rebuke from a holy companion. It was, however, only one of a multitude of similar acts which merited for Columba the reputation of being "weak in indulging bards and poets on account of their art and because of the praises which they made for him."

This admiration for the professionals of the poetic art was intensified by the fact that Columkille himself was a poet. He is regarded as truly representative of the saints of Erin in this sphere as is Ossian of the Fianna. Besides three Latin poems, there are numerous productions in the Gaelic tongue attributed to his pen. Twenty-five of these have been edited and a far greater number are hidden in manuscripts awaiting similar treatment.

In all these poems, as in his other activities, there is observable a decidedly Celtic strain. Despite the appeal which Latin, with its great cultural history, must have possessed for him, he decided to use his native language as his favorite medium of expression. The Celtic element in him rendered him largely oblivious of Latin traditions when he sought to express his ideas on national themes. He has the supreme merit of being the first writer of non-classic literature who has dealt with patriotism and exile. His poems are replete with the themes and modes of thought so characteristic of Gaelic writers. He revels in the beauties of the physical world, and uses in abundance that austerity and simplicity of scenic coloring in which Irish writers excel. For the wild sea, with its message of freedom and purity, he has a marked predilection:

Delightful to be in Benn-Edar
Before crossing over the white sea,
(To see) the dashing of the waves against its brow,
The bareness of the shore and its border.

Derry he loved for its peaceful oaken retreats and the sweet thoughts of his God that stole into his soul as he strolled through its bird-haunted ways. With vehemence of soul, he prayed for its welfare and safety:

My Derry, my Derry, my little oak grove,
My dwelling, my home and my own little cell,

May God the Eternal in Heaven above
Send death to thy foes and defend thee well.

In another poem, vibrant with emotion at the thought of exile from Durrow, he tells with a pen as truly steeped in the nature atmosphere of Celtic literature as ever bardic quill had been, of the pain that severance from its peaceful retreats had caused him. Fondly, he dwells on music-laden place-names, the voice of the swans, the weird sea-notes of the gulls, the playing of the harpist-winds upon the elms, the meditative sounds of grazing cattle on the dew-sprent fields at dawn and the elusive, spirit-like notes of the wandering cuckoo:

It were delightful, O Son of my God,	with a moving train,
To glide o'er the waves of the deluge	
fountain,	to the land of Erin;
O'er Moy-n Rolarg, past Ben-Eigny,	o'er Loch Feval,
Where we should hear pleasing music	from the swans.
The hosts of the gulls would make joyful,	with eager singing,
Should it reach the port of stern re-	
joicers,	the Dewy Red.
I am filled with wealth without Erin,	did I think it sufficient,
In the unknown land of my sojourn,	of sadness and distress.
Alas, the voyage that was enjoined me,	O King of secrets,
For having gone myself	to the battle of Cuil.
How happy the son of Dima,	of the devout church,
When he hears in Durrow,	the desire of his mind,
The sound of the wind against the elms,	when 'tis played,
The blackbird's joyous note,	when he claps his wings:
To listen at early dawn in Ros-Grencha,	to the cattle;
The cooing of the cuckoo from the tree,	on the brink of Summer.

With this love of nature he also coupled that other striking characteristic of Gaelic poetry, the note of prophecy. The future has always appealed to the Celt as a subject for speculation, because as Renan tells us "the essential element in the Celt's poetic life is the adventure, that is to say, the pursuit of the unknown, an endless quest after an object ever flying from desire," and unborn time is an apt sphere for such a hunter. Such a quarry did our royal Saint seek. As a man of great sanctity, he was credited with an extraordinary insight into the future; as a Gael, by nature curious and anxious to probe the things yet hidden beneath the veil of futurity, he

often sought to test his supernatural prowess in this respect. Prophecies in countless numbers have been placed to his credit, and his name is yet treasured in Ireland as that of one in whom ability to solve the future's secrets seemed an inseparable property of saintliness.

Dear as is his memory to the Gael of today, it should be a much more vital force in his national life than it is. To very many Irishmen it is a name—and nothing more. It should be intimately known to all the sons and daughters of Ireland, that their greatest saintly patriot's life may still more confirm their loyalty to religion and fatherland.

A SAINT'S PORTRAIT.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

I THINK of music strong and quiet . . . so quiet.
There was a great war once; and suffering
In darkness has eliminated youth
And easy gladness from her countenance.
Some natures are transparent, and as light
Attain their heaven. But the ivory
Of her most noble face is deeply lined—
The necessary anguish is revealed
That brought her to the peace now surely hers.
There is decision in those calm yet burning eyes
And in the steady purpose of her mouth.
I know this fine decision has been won.
Her passions were too vast to lead or guide—
She met these foes, and fought them day and night,
For many years, oft horrified, but never
In despair. She learned herself; . . . and God
Who loves true courage, watched and fired her zeal,
And has rewarded her. O loving, lovely,
And so lovable! In her, benignity,
Long-suffering and deep humility,
Make music that is only heard on high
When a great soul is lifted up to God.

FROM THE DARK AGES.¹

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S.



IN the dark ages of criticism of the Catholic Church, if indeed the term criticism can with justice be applied to such proceedings, it was common to cast any and every accusation at that venerable institution without troublesome regard to its truthfulness or the reverse. The work with which we are dealing is a fine sample of the mid-eighteenth century dark ages to which we allude. It is true that the date 1919 alone appears on the title-page, which gives no indication that this is a second or later edition. But other evidence in the book makes it obvious that it was written, we may suppose, prior to and published in 1874, so that it is not exactly in the first freshness of its youth.

Having regard to the date just mentioned and to the ordinary passage of human life, we seem entitled to assume that the author of this work has departed to another world where he will have discovered, what we gather from the preface and indeed other parts of the book, he never suspected during his life, namely that there were things as to which he was quite ignorant. No editor's name is attached to this edition; perhaps it had none. If editor there was, he had, when confronted with his task, several alternatives before him. He might, for example, have issued his book with some such foreword—the fashionable term today—as this: “This is a curious and historically interesting example of the customs and criticisms of a bygone day which cannot but be valuable to students of archæology and, as it is republished in their interests, it has been reprinted with all its burden of inaccuracies on its shoulders.” Or he might have appended a series of notes, pointing out the errors and their necessary corrections, though to be sure this would have meant a pretty big book. Or he might have omitted the mistakes which would have left quite a small one. Or he might have endeavored to

¹ *The Conflict Between Religion and Science.* By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1919.

re-write the passages which were out of date or inaccurate, but such a piece of patchwork would have been a parlous task in the case of a fabric whose warp is prejudice and whose woof is ignorance.

None of these expedients has been adopted and we regret it, for surely no competent editor would have allowed a number of the statements to pass without some comment. For example, to select one from many instances, he would not have omitted to warn his readers, when allowing a long quotation to appear from a work on Human Physiology published in 1856 (!) that, though the pen that wrote that work was the pen of Dr. Draper, physiology is a science which has made huge strides in seventy years and no part of it huger strides than that which the quotation refers to, namely the physiology of the nervous system.

The author of the book seems to have felt at variance with almost every form of religion and with most leaders of these forms, though he makes no secret that his heart is with the heresiarchs of all kinds and the more heretical the better. He would like to love Luther, "a sturdy German monk," but Luther said some uncivil things about science as he was apt to do about anything which did not follow his *sic jubeo*. Of course, the real villain of the piece is the Catholic Church, to which the author, like others of his kidney, pays the real but quite unintentional compliment of seeing that it is the one religious organization which knows its own mind; which has a clear idea of its own commission; which is not afraid to lay down principles, and which never swerves from them when once they have been laid down.

Again, in true conformity to type, he is ready to embrace anyone however heretical, even non-Christian, Mohammed for example, whose "form of God was perhaps more awful than that of paganized Christianity," by which flower of speech he indicates the Church of Christ. And this, although a line lower down he is constrained to tell us that the Mohammedan heaven is a "palace of Oriental carnal delight" and was "filled with black-eyed concubines and servants"² whom, it would appear, are not in any way incompatible with the awfulness of the deity whose heaven they adorn.

Averroes is one of the objects of his admiration, and he is

² *Ibid.*, p. 86.

quite ruffled because the Lateran and Vatican Councils anathematized his teachings, which, he comforts himself by stating, are "still held to be true by a majority of the human race." Here, we take it that the author is alluding to pantheism, in which, as we well know, all false philosophies, including the Draperian variety, end. But we note that his admiration for Averroes has not led him to mention some of the less admirable teachings of that philosopher, such as that there can be two kinds of truth, scientific and philosophical, an enormity which we have recently seen saddled upon Scholastic philosophers, who would have protested vigorously, as they did indignantly protest against it, when its Arabian formulator brought it before the learned world.

Nestorius again was a man much to be admired, and his opponent, St. Cyril, was everything that was bad. "This was that Cyril who had murdered Hypatia."^a Let us pause a moment over this statement. When a writer is attacking an institution, especially one so venerable, so beloved by, and so great a consolation to its adherents as the Catholic Church; especially when he is essaying to prove that institution to be built upon a foundation of lies and nurtured and sustained by falsehood and infamy—and such is the charitable thesis Dr. Draper works upon—surely we may ask that he himself shall be irreproachable in his historical facts; accurate in his scientific assertions and fully informed of the technicalities of the institution he sets out to criticize and, if he can, demolish. On this platform we propose to examine his work and we think we can show that, from all these points of view, it is wholly unworthy of a moment's consideration by any serious student.

The task entails a tedious and disjointed collection of instances—selection, perhaps one might say, for many are left behind reluctantly for want of space. Let us attack the task and commence with the quotation we have just given. Cyril murdered Hypatia. History, unfortunately for Dr. Draper, is quite definite as to the name of the murderer of this misused woman; it was Peter, the Lector or Reader, as Dr. Draper calls him. "No doubt," we suppose he would reply, "but Peter was merely Cyril's tool." Socrates, the historian, who is our informant as to these occurrences, a very impartial writer, did not take this view, for he makes no kind of mention of St.

^a *Ibid.*, p. 72.

Cyril in connection with it. Further, let us remember that by the regulations of the African Church a Lector was not a cleric and, therefore, was not under St. Cyril's control. Let us take another historical case.

Dr. Draper tells us that Pelagius—a heresiarch and, therefore, no doubt one of the best of men—was condemned as a heretic by Pope Innocent I. and that “his successor, Zosimus, annulled his judgment, and declared the opinions of Pelagius to be orthodox.”⁴ On this follows the usual fling at Papal infallibility, a subject the A, B, C, of which, as we shall show, the author had never grasped. But as to the history? Well, it is a fine example of that peculiarly dangerous form of lie which is half the truth. Briefly: Innocent did condemn Cælestius and Pelagius *and* what he understood to be their opinions. They appealed to Rome, where Zosimus by this time was reigning Pontiff. He did not withdraw or annul his predecessor's condemnation of the *opinions*. What he did was to ask that it should be made plain to him that the condemned opinions were actually held by Pelagius. The heresiarch made statements which led the Pope to think that he had been misjudged, and he was restored to communion. The African Church, better informed than the Pope, protested. Zosimus ordered a further inquiry on this point, which was held by the Council of Carthage; Pelagius' final condemnation following in due course.

Bruno⁵ was condemned to death, “the special charge against him being that he had taught the plurality of worlds.” We do not condone the burning of Bruno, but as a matter of historical fact the propositions for which he really was condemned were that Our Saviour was not God, but a particularly skillful and successful magician; that the Holy Spirit was the soul of the world; that the devil would be saved and such other statements, after reading which we cannot wonder that a Protestant writer should exclaim that, eminent man though Bruno was, “he had not a trace of religion.” Of course, Dr. Draper deals with Copernicus and with Galileo, and his account of both of them simply bristles with errors. We have only space to notice two, both glaring in their character.

Copernicus' book was condemned, he tells us. So it was, but an historian of average fairness would have also told us

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 56.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 178-181.

what Dr. Draper does not, that the condemnation did not take place until seventy-two years after Copernicus' death and the issue of his book (the two were absolutely simultaneous); that it arose entirely out of the episode of Galileo and would otherwise almost certainly never have taken place, and that it consisted in an order that *nine* passages only should be omitted or altered, which passages spoke of the heliocentric theory—then and for a hundred years afterwards a mere unproved theory—as definite fact. Nor has he the common honesty to tell his readers that as soon as these small changes had been made, the condemnation of the book was withdrawn.

Galileo was “committed to prison, treated with remorseless cruelty during the remaining ten years of his life, and was denied burial in consecrated ground.”⁶ No choicer collection of absolute falsehoods ever appeared elsewhere in the same number of lines. Galileo's first “prison” was the villa of the Grand Duke of Tuscany near Rome. From this he was removed to be the guest (literally, not sarcastically) of the Archbishop of Siena. Then he was allowed to return and reside at his own villa at Arcetri, near Florence, though at first he was not permitted to visit that city. Later still, he was not only allowed to do this but to reside there in his son's house. So much for his cruel treatment in prison. He died fortified by all the Sacraments and the special blessing of Pope Urban VIII., and lies buried in the Church of Santa Croce.

What is to be said of the person who comes forth as the champion of truth and accuracy and who is capable of mis-statements so flagrant as these?

What again are we to say of the historian who tells us that St. Peter “doubtfully died at Rome” and that Diocletian's persecution was caused by a “mutiny,”⁷ the fact being that certain Christian soldiers had refused to sacrifice to Pagan deities—surely no breach of military discipline. We should be glad to find space to deal with the old, worn-out, oft-exposed statement that the ceremonies of the Church are mere modifications and adaptations of heathen ceremonies. We cannot do that nor can we ask—at least so we surmise—Dr. Draper to read the treatment of this point by Mr. Mallock—not a Catholic—in *Is Life Worth Living?* but we can ask anyone who requires illumination on the subject to consult that remarkable work.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 172.

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 37, 38.

Dr. Draper poses as an authority on science. Very well, "*ad Cæsarem appellasti, ad Cæsarem ibis!*"

"It seems to be satisfactorily established that a race allied to the Basques may be traced back to the Neolithic age."⁸ The statement is a little involved, but it clearly indicates an attempt to state the ethnological relations of the people in question. Well, there are four views on the subject, and that which he tells us is "satisfactorily established," is, perhaps, the least likely of the four and is in no sort of way "established" at all.

Investigation "indisputably refers the existence of man to a date remote from us by many hundreds of thousands of years."⁹ There are, it is true, those who, on very inadequate grounds as we think, would claim as many as three hundred thousand years or more. But, on the other hand, sober authorities, such as Sollas, Professor of Geology at Oxford, and the Abbé Breuil, certainly the leading authority of the day on prehistoric archæology, content themselves with some thirty thousand, so that Dr. Draper's "indisputably" is clearly a gross misstatement.

One last example: "It is difficult to assign a shorter date for the last glaciation of Europe than a quarter of million years."¹⁰ "Difficult" or not, the recent observations on the laminated clays of South Sweden seem definitely to establish the fact that the ice left the spot now occupied by the University of Stockholm some nine thousand years ago. Further, the lessons taught by the Niagara Gorge give us an even more recent date than this for the disappearance of the ice in that district of North America.

"Dr. Draper is dead, and it is unfair to attack him for not knowing things which have been found out since he died." So we can imagine someone saying. As far as some of these points go it is not Dr. Draper whom we are attacking, but those who were so careless of his reputation as to permit the book to appear with such glaring errors and without the indication of its date which was due the public. But then, as the reader may very properly remark, there are so many errors that a few more or less can scarcely matter.

One more point under this heading. The author argues that the statements of Genesis and the findings of science

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 196.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 199.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 198.

cannot in any way be reconciled, and the more we study them the more divergent we find them.¹¹ Romanes, whilst still an agnostic, stated in *Nature* that "the order in which the flora and fauna are said, by the Mosaic account, to have appeared upon the earth corresponds with that which the theory of evolution requires and the evidence of geology proves." The writer of the Mosaic account was certainly not there to see these things happen: is it any wonder that a distinguished man of science (Ampère) should have exclaimed: "Either Moses was inspired or he knew as much about science as we do today!"

Painfully conscious that our examination of this work is more and more approximating to the schoolmaster's list of schoolboy "howlers" which we see from time to time in the columns of the press, we must now turn to the author's mistakes as to the institution he is criticizing.

And first for two elementary blunders which would not be made by a Catholic child aged ten. "Immaculate conception" is confused with a divine procreation, so common a myth in Pagan story. It is hard to credit that an educated man could make such a mistake but there it is¹² for all to read and wonder at. "Infallibility which implies omniscience"¹³ ought to have informed the Pope as to how the Franco-Prussian war would terminate! Can a greater depth of ignorance ever be plummed?

Let us explore this region of knowledge, or ignorance, a little further. "No one did more than [St. Augustine] to bring science and religion into antagonism."¹⁴ Yet curiously enough, no one is more quoted today than that self-same Saint when it is desired to show that the teachings of the Church in no way conflict with those of science when both are properly formulated.

We are told that the globular form of the earth was denied by the Church (and it is a matter of fact that many early Churchmen and others were ignorant of its sphericity) and the contrary had been so firmly held that the Popes—who had apparently infallibly proclaimed its flatness, though we are not told where or when—were very grievously embarrassed when the contrary was discovered to be the case, and especially after the voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1498.¹⁵ It is more

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 8.

¹² *Ibid.*, paraphrase of pp. 218 *et. seq.*

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 352.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, paraphrase from pp. 155-163.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 62.

than a little difficult to see how all this tallies with the unquestioned fact that Blessed (please note the Blessed!) Albertus Magnus had, in the thirteenth century, brought forward a number of the proofs of the earth's sphericity which are commonplaces today. We think Dr. Draper must have got muddled (an easy thing for a not very clear-sighted student of history) over the story of St. Virgilius (Fergil or O'Farrell), Bishop of Salzburg, an early Irish wanderer, and St. Boniface. The matter is too long to be dealt with here, but it in no way bears the construction which we suppose Dr. Draper to have placed upon it.

Our author's statements as to the attitude of the Church to the question of Evolution, and especially as to Providence and Natural Law (over which he makes very heavy weather), cannot be dealt with, though they afford excellent examples of the complete absence of grasp of his subject of which we complain.

Nor can we deal as faithfully with him as we should have liked over the well-worn topic of the Spanish Inquisition, wherein we have rehearsed once more all the old stories and exaggerations. The Spanish Inquisition, we freely admit, was not an organization to be commended. It went even beyond the worst examples of its period—a period, let it be remembered, when both Catholics and Protestants considered the stake as the proper treatment for heretics. We cannot think that de Maistre's thesis that it was a purely civil institution can be sustained, but this is quite certain that it hung far more loosely from the Papal control than most things of its kind, and that Popes, notably Sixtus IV., spoke their minds very strongly as to its excesses. Dr. Draper characteristically tells us that over ten thousand persons were actually burned under Torquemada. A recent Protestant investigator, Peschel, makes it two thousand—bad enough, but not up to the Draperian standard.

Let us now turn to another series of extraordinary perversions of history. We are told that (apparently some date in the fifteenth century is alluded to) "the Papal government established two institutions: 1. The Inquisition; 2. Auricular confession—the latter as a means of detection, the former as a tribunal for punishment."¹⁶ And, that there may be no sort

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 207.

of mistake as to the allegation, elsewhere the confessional is described as a tribunal which makes "the wife and daughters and servants of the suspected, spies and informers against him."¹⁷ Again, we are told that the necessity for confession was formally established by the Lateran Council¹⁸ and that "at the end of the thirteenth century a new kingdom was discovered, capable of yielding immense revenues. This was Purgatory."¹⁹

Now what are we to think of all these statements? Purgatory was discovered in the thirteenth century. Yet St. Ambrose and St. Augustine both discussed this topic; Tertullian tells us that prayers for the dead (meaningless without Purgatory) were of Apostolic ordinance; Origen alludes to it. Curious, is it not? Since all these were in their graves many centuries before the thirteenth. And as to the confessional, St. Athanasius is a tolerably well known and certainly early authority. As to the allegation against the secrecy of the confessional, the more than innuendo that things revealed *sub sigillo* can be and are repeated to the disadvantage of the penitent, we will only say this: the accusation is so palpably false and so confessedly unjust that today, at least, it is left in the hands or mouths of "ex-nuns," "escaped monks," and other such base fellows of the lewder sort. We fancy we remember that it was from time to time met with in somewhat higher, though not by any means the highest, circles in 1876. But, please note, this is a work dated on its title-page 1919, and with no indication there, that this is not the first time it has seen the light.

Of course, we have the inevitable cry that the Church and Science are absolutely incompatible. "Then has it come in truth to this, that Roman Christianity and Science are recognized by their respective adherents as being absolutely incompatible; they cannot exist together—one must yield to the other; mankind must make its choice, it cannot have both."²⁰ Greater rubbish and more absolute falsehood never fell from the pen of ignorant bigot. Who are the adherents who have made such statements? Nowhere are we told. Huxley said something like it in his day and from his very mistaken point of view, but Huxley does not seem to have existed for Dr. Draper. And, in any case, a score of books then and since

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 366.¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 208.¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 278.²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 363.

have shown that Huxley was entirely mistaken. We must suppose that Dr. J. J. Walsh's *The Popes and Science* was unknown to Dr. Draper, but it has been before the world for some time; it was accessible to those who are responsible for this edition; and it, and a number of other books which might be named, absolutely and finally dispose of this, and much more of the rubbish with which Dr. Draper's book is loaded.

Let us suggest to those who want a brief refutation, that it was a Pope who directed Catholics to welcome every new discovery regardless of the source from which it came, and that it was a most distinguished man of science and a devout Catholic, de Lapperent, who stated that no one had ever felt more free in his scientific work and writings than had he.

Surely, we have said enough to show the kind of book with which we have been dealing. It will sell of course—any attack on the Church will do that. It will be read by many ignorant persons—not so many as would have been the case had it not been of such inspissated dullness. These cannot judge, and will not try to ascertain, the truth of the statements contained in it which we have criticized. It is, in our opinion, nothing short of lamentable that such a book should have appeared in a series which has in the past enriched the reading world with so many valuable contributions to knowledge.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

IN faery castle, 'neath the snow,
Couched 'mid fair flowers deep,
The Princess Summer waits young Spring
To break the thrall of sleep.

THE PASSING OF THE CHIEF.

BY CHARLES A. FERGUSON.



AWAY up under the lee of the "Hill of God," looking down over the Pass, stands a harsh, gray stone sheiling surrounded by deserted sheep pens formed by dry stone dykes covered with lichen and moss. Below the gray mists lie heavy, and the salt winds borne in from the sea sough mournfully through the clump of scraggy firs that back the sheiling. The surrounding mountains are rugged, scarred by great rocks and boulders and deeply pitted with channels scored in their sides by the melting snows in spring. In summer these channels are dry; in winter they are filled to the brim with snow, and in spring they become rushing torrents, leaping madly down, hurrying to join the river in the glen below.

The country is but sparsely populated. Here and there, by a burn or on a crag, stands a castle or fortified house, grim and gray, with small deep set windows and a heavy nail studded door set high in the wall. Hard by the blue smoke rises curling from the clauchan, a row of deep thatched cottar houses straggling along an indifferent road with a weather-beaten kirk and a wind-swept yard at one end and a change-house at the other. The houses are built of big stones and roofed with thick thatch well weighted against the bleak, strong winds that swirl down the glens. Higher up in the lonelier places snuggling close to the sides of the mountains stand the sheilings of the shepherds. The buildings are all born of the soil and are plain, stern and forbidding.

Up in the sheiling, in a lonely place under the shadow of the great mountain, abode, for a time, Allister Stewart, last chief of his race. His lands were attained, a price put on his head, and he was a fugitive because of his loyalty to his prince and to his king.

After that sad day on Culloden Moor and the ruthless, useless slaughter of loyal hearts by the bloody butcher, Cumberland, Allister had refused to escape to France and security, and had chosen rather to abide by the remnant of his clan and

share their fortunes. Slowly and grimly they fought their way from the stricken field and wandered back to their own country, where they scattered and hid among the hills.

Allister and Black Rab, his foster brother, spent the winter in the sheiling and were supplied with food and other necessities by their clansmen. As it drew near to Easter, Allister determined to cross the mountains and go to Moreclad on the edge of the Moor of Rannoch to hear Mass. The risk was great, for his house of Balloan, which was held by a company of soldiers who were hunting him, lay on the other side of the glen, but a gunshot from the church. The church stood on a slope surrounded by a little graveyard where many generations of Stewarts slept. Their time-stained tombstones, with their many pious inscriptions, filled the space from the walls of the church to the stone dyke which surrounded the hallowed spot.

As Mass would be held just after midnight, Allister, by making a detour, would avoid passing his own house and could reach the church under cover of darkness. Rab felt a premonition of evil. He was full of gloomy forebodings and tried to dissuade his master from crossing to Rannoch.

"Best bide whar ye are," said Rab, "couthy and comfortable."

"Rab, laddie," said Allister, laying his hand on his shoulder and gazing out of the small window which lighted the interior of the sheiling, "I'm wae for my ain fireside an' I maun see auld Father Ian an' be shrived, for my sins lie heavy on my soul. Nae man kens these times if he'll see another day dawn, an' the sun come up o'er the bonnie hills. Rab, I'm gaen tae the auld kirk nae matter what happens, in fair weather or foul."

Rab sighed. "A willful man will hae his ain way," said he. "If you're sae set on't, I'd better let Father Ian ken an' Sandy Stewart o' Ballyoukan so that they can hae a gaird round the kirkyard, for if the English sodgers thought ye were in the kirk they'd try their best tae tak ye dead or alive."

Allister protested, "I winna hae ony o' my kinsmen disturbed. They've risked enough already. Let those who won hame bide hame. I'll tak my chance."

Rab answered never a word, but a little later beckoning Donald, the shepherd, he stole out, and behind the shelter of

the peat stack gave him his instructions, and sent him off over the hills with a message to the priest to be ready and to the clansmen to assemble and guard the church.

Holy Saturday, the day of their departure from the sheil-ing, broke cold and gray. Heavy, black clouds swept the top of the snow-clad mountains. The wind moaned among the scraggy firs as if held in restraint. Black Rab puckered his forehead as he looked out at the dawning day and shook his shaggy head gloomily. To him, weather-wise, it portended a storm, and anyone who crossed the mountains in a storm, in his mind, was fey.

All morning the clouds brooded over the mountains. Away on the horizon towards the west there was a clear, pallid, cold stretch of steely blue sky, which, as the day advanced, shone with a cold intensity. Towards midday Rab wrapped his plaid about him, armed himself, took his staff and some provisions, and set out to cross the mountains in advance, to reconnoitre and to ensure the way was clear and all was safe for his chief. An hour later, Allister, likewise heavily armed, set out in his wake.

As he crossed a shoulder of the mountain, snow began to fall and the wind to rise, but secure in his knowledge of the country, Allister laughed at the coming storm and plodded on, following the trail of Black Rab. The wind swept down the mountain side, obliterating the track; the sky grew blacker and blacker and the snow thicker, so thick that Allister could hardly see a yard in front of him. He stopped, drew his plaid closer around him, pulled his cap down over his ears and forehead, and then grasping firmly his staff, carefully felt his way down the mountain. The storm increased in fury and, from time to time, great gusts of wind almost swept him off his feet. It grew so strong that he was compelled now and then to stop, turn his back to the gale and brace himself to meet its fury until he regained his breath. He lost all sense of direction. It grew colder. His feet and hands were numb and his eyes smarted so that he could hardly see. On he went mechanically, the snow swirling about him. The white spirits of the storm seemed to circle around him. They shrieked in his ears; they buffeted him, lashed him and stung his cheeks with their white claws. They peered into his face and, with malicious glee, mocked him, dancing wildly before his weary

eyes, while above the noise of the storm rose the skirl of the bagpipes playing the war march of his clan. Allister stopped and listened eagerly.

"The pipes will be playing by Athol," he muttered to himself. "It sounds like Red Lachlan an' Donald."

He moved forward again and tried to quicken his steps. The skirl seemed to come from no given direction. It seemed to encompass him, yet he could see no one. He shouted, but his voice was lost in the roar of the storm. It was strange, he thought, that they should be piping the war march.

"Hello Lachlan!" he cried, "Hello Donald! Hello!"

"By St. Bride," he shouted, "it is the war march. Maybe the prince has landed and the king will come to his own again." He smiled hopefully. "The piping comes frae the clauchan. The English have been put to flight and they're playing to let me know all is well. Hello Lachlan! Hello Donald! Hello! I come."

He hurried forward, stumbling and reeling. On he struggled against the storm, until a strong gust of wind struck him and hurled him, breathless and exhausted, into a sheltered hollow among the soft snow. The gale raged, but here it was not so violent, and at least he could breathe. He wished it were not so cold. The war march had died away and now, riding on the storm, came the mournful wail of the "Lament." Who was dead he wondered. He took off his cap, and his brown hair, released from its ribbon, streamed in the wind. Reverently he knelt, crossed himself, and prayed: "May their souls rest in peace. Give them eternal rest, O Lord."

He lifted his head. A bright light seemed to shine around him. He was in the church, kneeling close to the altar rail. A strange priest, a priest he did not know, was saying the Mass. His face was very beautiful, very gentle, his smile was tender and his eyes full of unutterable love.

He noticed there was no acolyte there. He wondered. Then, rising from his knees, he advanced to the altar to the side of the priest and sang the responses and served as he was wont to do when a boy.

"Dominum Vobiscum (The Lord be with you)."

"Et cum spiritu tuo (And with thy spirit)."

The voice of the priest was very sweet. He was glad he had come to Mass even though the way had been long and the

journey arduous. He felt all right now. He was not tired in the least. He was no longer cold and felt quite warm and comfortable. He received the Holy Sacrament from the priest who smiled. It made him feel very happy.

"Ite; missa est (Depart; the Mass is finished)."

"Deo gratias (Thanks be to God)," he sang in response. He sighed, and his head sank on his breast.

Next morning, the Sunday of Easter, broke fair and clear. The storm had died away and all was peace. Black Rab and a few of his clansmen, searching for their chief, found him half buried in the snow, kneeling in a hollow with his face to a rock, clasping his crucifix to his breast.

Reverently they bore him to a nearby sheiling. The news spread like the fiery cross and there was sorrow throughout Rannoch. In the middle of the night they carried him down to the church. There wrapped in his plaid with his claymore by his side and his crucifix on his breast, they laid him to rest, by torchlight, before the altar; while from the hills around came the long drawn wail of the pibroch.

The English sentry shivered and cursed as he paced up and down in front of the house. The dark mountains looming all around him, the loneliness of the place and the intense stillness of the night jarred on his nerves. He wished something would happen, and jangled his accoutrements to give himself a feeling of companionship, and longed for the warmth and brightness of the kitchen fire and the company of his fellows.

Suddenly the mournful wail of the pipes broke forth and echoed up the glen. He was startled. A strange eerie feeling crept over him. His musket slipped from his grasp and crashed to the ground. He bent and hurriedly groped for it, and then, straightening himself, he peered out into the darkness. There were lights in the church and the moving shadows of many men, and from over the glen came the low murmur of voices rising and falling like the lapping of the tide. The sentry ran to the house and called the sergeant, who growled out many oaths at being disturbed, swung his cloak around him and stepped out into the night. For a few moments they stood together in the shadow of the house, gazing at the lights beyond. Then, after a hurried consultation, they slipped quietly down, crossed the burn and climbed

the bank towards the church. Cautiously they crept up to the dyke of the graveyard, raised their heads till their eyes were on a level with the top and tried to obtain a view of what was going on.

The interior of the church was filled with armed men who knelt with bowed heads. A white haired old priest in a black chasuble trimmed with orphreys of silver stood at the foot of the altar steps at the head of a grave, while six stalwart men, clad in weather-worn tartan, raised the bier on which lay the body of their chief, ready to lower it to the crypt below. As the bier was raised, the sergeant caught a glimpse of the face of the dead.

"Hell!" he breathed in astonishment, "it's the Stewart himself." Then, turning to the sentry, he told him to hurry back to the house and report to the captain, and bring him back with his men.

The captain was elated at the news brought him, for the reward called for the body of Allister Stewart living or dead. He got his men together and ordered them to cross quietly and surround the church. As they closed in on the holy place, the captain's scabbard rattled on a boulder. He cursed softly and waited. All seemed quiet, however, so he moved forward again, holding high his scabbard. As he neared the dyke of the graveyard, a figure rose silently out of the shadow and drove a dirk deep into his breast. For a moment he swayed, then when the dirk was withdrawn with a wrench, he fell with a thud, dead.

Death rode through Rannoch that night. The House of Baluan burned, so that no Saxon should again desecrate its walls. The pipes wailed and screeched alternately, and when morning broke there were no soldiers in the glen and none had left it.

On the night of Easter every year is heard among the mountains the wild war march, the sound of many supplications and the long drawn wail of a lament, a ghostly requiem for the last of the Stewarts of Baluan.

ALBANIA.¹

BY WALTER GEORGE SMITH.



ALBANIA is said to be the least known country of Europe, although it is only thirty-nine miles from Italy. The reader of *Childe Harold* will recall Byron's description of its picturesque scenery and its wild inhabitants as he saw them during the reign of Ali Pasha in 1811. Its population varies in accordance with the political boundaries that may be assigned to it.

The author whose work is before us insists that the true Albania has an area of about thirty thousand square miles and a population variously estimated at about eighteen hundred thousand people, though others place the number at two and one-half to three millions. There are eight hundred thousand Albanians living in Southern Italy, nine hundred thousand in Greece, between eighty and one hundred thousand in the United States, twenty-five to thirty thousand in Armenia, and forty to fifty thousand in Turkey, with scattering representatives elsewhere. The Albanians of Italy emigrated there when the Turks conquered their country. They have kept their social customs and their form of Christianity, recognizing the Pope as their religious head, instead of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

In Albania there are other races, notably the Serbians, Bulgarians and Wallachians, to the number of three hundred and fifty thousand in all. The country is very mountainous, with many rivers, navigable, however, but a short distance from the Adriatic into which they all flow. There are several large lakes, notably Scutari, Ochrida, Presba, Malik and Janina. The largest town is Scutari, with a population of thirty-two thousand. The climate in the Southern portion is as warm as Italy. It is generally healthful, though the heat in summer is sometimes oppressive. It is believed by some philologists that the Albanian language is that of the Pelas-

¹ *Albania: The Master Key to the Near East.* By Christo A. Dako. Boston: E. L. Grimes Co. 1919.

gians. Until recently, it was thought that the Macedonians and Epirotes were two tribes of the Greek people, but now it is the belief of scholars that neither of these were Greeks, but the forefathers of the Albanians.

Christianity was introduced on the Albanian coasts as early as the first century. In the year 1054 when the Oriental schism took place, the Albanians followed the Church of Constantinople. But when the Turkish invasion followed, the greater part of them became Moslems. At present two-thirds of them are Moslems, and the remainder are divided between the Greek and the Catholic Church. Many illustrations are given to show that the Greeks derived their deities from the Pelasgians, and that the Greek mythology was not of Greek, but of Pelasgian origin. The Pelasgians occupied the Balkan Peninsula, and were divided into several tribes. Those forming the Kingdom of Illyria gave much trouble to the Romans, but were finally subdued. After the invasion of the Slavs or Bulgarians, the Albanians became included within their present territory. The Turks made their advance upon them in 1318 and finally conquered the country, though there was a brilliant interval of independence won by their great national hero, George Kastriot, more commonly known under the name of Scanderbeg.

It was not until 1571, however, that the last fortresses of Albania fell and the Turkish power was thoroughly established. For some years in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, upper Albania was an almost independent sovereignty, and in the south Ali Pasha reigned until 1822. After the Treaty of Berlin, July 13, 1878, the Albanians formed the Albanian League and endeavored to prevent the partition of a large part of their country. This League was suppressed by the Turks in 1880. When the Young Turks came into power in 1908 they had the assistance of the Albanians, who believed that national equality and freedom would be granted them. But, as they were disappointed, they revolted and forced their demands. Their success aroused the jealousy of the other Balkan Powers, and soon after Serbia occupied the northern part of Albania, and Greece, the southern.

The independence of the country was proclaimed on November 28, 1912, and at the London Ambassadorial Confer-

ence held on December 20, 1912, Albania's autonomy was agreed to in principle, and its frontiers roughly outlined. The throne of the new kingdom was offered to Prince William of Wied, who arrived at Durazzo on March 7, 1914.

The government of Albania was vested in the hands of the Prince under the title of the Mbret, supported and advised by an international commission of control as agreed upon by the Ambassadorial Conference of July, 1913. Shortly after the outbreak of the European War, the Prince left Albania, and issued a proclamation acknowledging that the sovereign powers had been transferred to the international commission of control. The commission, as a result of the War, has separated and retired, but, according to our author, it is still the legal sovereign power in Albania. The validity of the decision of the London Conference attested by Austrian proclamation and the formal statement of Baron Sonnino, established the integrity and independence of Albania. Since 1914 Albania has been invaded three times by the Serbians, twice by the Greeks and by the Austrians. At present the entire territory is occupied by Italian and French troops, principally Italian, but it is declared that they are there only for military, and not political, purposes.

The Albanians are said to be the most beautiful race among the peoples of the Balkan peninsula. They are generally of middle stature, very muscular, with small features, fair complexion, with hazel or blue eyes. They have always been warlike from the time when they were soldiers of Pyrrhus and Alexander the Great. Their kilt, which until the Greek revolution was looked upon with contempt, has become the traditional national dress of the Greeks, as well as their own. The testimony of Byron, written after his visits in 1811, is aptly quoted as showing the characteristics of these people. He says:

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure;
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath, how deadly! but their friendship sure.

When gratitude or valor bids them bleed,
Unshaken, rushing on where'er their chief may lead.²

The Albanians are sensitive with a great feeling of personal dignity and national pride. They are not only an Aryan people, but European in their national instincts. They marry only in their own rank. Christians and Moslems alike are monogamists. Women are treated with great consideration. Although they are spoken of as lawless, it is said that there is no other people in Europe so much under the tyranny of law. Their habits, customs and laws, especially in Northern Albania, are explained by the canon of Lek, said to have been framed by Lek Dukghini. It is said that the teaching of Christianity and of Islam, all must yield to the canon of Lek, which comes down from the fifteenth century. It is an unwritten law, demonstrated by a council of leaders known as the Malesori. A full council consists of Bairaktars (banner bearers), four leaders and twelve learned in law and twelve heads of houses. The council meets in the open air near the church or mosque.

All cases come before the banner bearer, who decides the number of conjurors before whom the accused may swear his innocence and who are willing to swear to it with him. The plaintiff has the right to nominate the conjurors, then, when all have met before the council, plaintiff and defendant are heard. Should the conjurors agree that the accused is innocent, he is acquitted by the elders. If all but one agree, that one can be dismissed, but two must take his place. The plaintiff has a right to demand more conjurors up to a fixed number, according to the crime: Twenty-four may be demanded for murder; from two to ten for stealing, according to the value of the thing stolen. If a conviction ensue, the elders decide the punishments. Under the canon of Lek there are but two punishments, fine and burning of property. Neither death nor imprisonment can be inflicted, and when acquittal follows, the party adjourn to church, candles are lighted on the altar and, in the presence of the priest, the accused swears his innocence on the Gospel.

The Vendetta prevails in Northern Albania, where blood vengeance follows an injury to honor. The Albanians are hos-

² *Childe Harold*, Canto 2, lxxv.

pitable to such a point as to make the person of the guest sacred to the host. An injury to a friend can hardly be expiated save by death. The Albanians are skilled in the mechanical arts, and in the work of the loom. Agriculture does not flourish. Cattle, sheep, horses and goats are successfully raised. Both men and women join in the dance which has come down from antiquity, known as the Pyrrhic.

Albania, having been for many years a part of the Turkish Empire, has shared the general condition of all peoples of the Empire in lacking any modern school system. The Christian Albanians have been under the supervision of the Patriarch of the Greek Church. It should be noted that the term, "Greek Church," does not imply that the Greeks predominate in its membership. It is said that of them there are 66,000,000 members, of whom 59,000,000 are Slavonians, and pray in the Slavonic tongue. Several millions are Rumanians, but they are all under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch, and the Church organization is controlled by the Greeks. The great ambition of the Greeks is for the restoration of the Byzantine Empire, and thus the Greek Church in the Balkan peninsula has been a serious obstacle to the national progress of all the Balkan nationalities. The power of the Greek Patriarch has come down from the time of Mohammed II., called the Conqueror. After he had captured Constantinople, he recognized the Greek Patriarch, not only as the head of the Greeks, but of the Armenians, the Serbians, the Bulgarians and the Albanians, and gave him special privileges. The jealousies that ensued finally resulted in an independent Bulgarian Church. Greek Orthodoxy is exceedingly strict, and, needless to say, wields great power.

The Albanians can hardly be said to have a literature. In ancient times they are believed to have made use of the Phoenician alphabet. It was later borrowed by the Greeks. In 1626 they began to write their own language, but it was not until quite recently that a serious effort was made to bring about the use of the national literary language, and a system of modern education. Committees were formed by Albanians living in foreign countries, and books and periodicals were published in Albania and sent into the country through the mails. A girls' school was established in 1891 in Kortcha by a graduate of the Constantinople College for Girls, which

has been maintained through many vicissitudes to the present day. In December, 1908, a congress was held at Monastir, attended by learned Albanians representing Moslems, Catholics, Orthodox and Protestants, and by a unanimous vote recommended the use of the Albanian language throughout the country.

When the Young Turks came into power a great national revival took place throughout the country. Clubs, day and night schools, literary and musical societies were formed, and newspapers issued. But in the year following, the Turkish Government sent troops to suppress these movements. There was severe fighting and much devastation and many atrocities. The Albanian mountaineers were driven into Montenegro, but in 1911 the Young Turks yielded temporarily. In 1912, fighting began again, but the Committee of Union and Progress of the Young Turks, seeing its proximity to defeat, yielded to the Albanian demands. Under the auspices of Russia, the Balkan League was then formed, followed by war with Turkey by all the Balkan Powers. Montenegro was the first State to declare war against Turkey, and it was initiated by an invasion of Albania. The Albanians claimed the protection of the great Powers. Finally, their country was taken over by a Commission representing the five great Powers, and the Montenegrin troops withdrew. It would be very tedious to follow the details of the military movements since 1912, and the various efforts to secure the settlement of the country.

On December 20, 1912, as has been already stated, Europe recognized the independence of the country, which had been proclaimed by the Albanians themselves, on the twenty-eighth of November of the same year. The reason for the great importance of the Albanian question arises from the intense national consciousness of the people, which leads them to resist desperately the claims of the Greeks to the south of their country and of the Serbians and Montenegrins to the north. Speaking in the House of Commons on September 28, 1915, Lord Grey, who was then Foreign Minister, declared: "Our policy has been to secure agreement between the Balkan States, which would insure to each of them not only independence, but a brilliant future based as a general principle on the territorial and political union of kindred nationalities. . . . the policy of the Allies is to further the national aspirations

of the Balkan States without sacrificing the independence of any of them.”³

The difficulty in obtaining this just end lies in the national jealousies and imperialistic tendencies of the Balkan nations and of Italy. An agreement was made between Italy and Greece for the partition of Albania, which aroused the wrath of the Albanians throughout the world. It is unfortunate for the peace of the country that its geographical situation is of such great importance from a strategic point of view. It seems no exaggeration to use the term adopted by our author in speaking of it as “the key of the Near East.” Whatever Power is in possession of its harbors especially and the stronghold of Avlona, practically commands the Adriatic Sea. The Italians cannot forego the idea that this harbor should be entirely in their possession, while the northern thrust of Greece seeks Albanian territory to add to those portions of Macedonia already in her grasp. The natural short route by land to Constantinople and the Black Sea countries and thus to Asia, is through Italy, across the Adriatic Sea and through Albanian territory to Salonika.

The Balkan peoples, and the Greeks themselves, are still very primitive. They carry on war with a ferocity shocking to the modern conscience. Were it not for their marvelous recuperative power, it would seem impossible that these peoples could preserve any hope or give prospect of a future civilization. The story of the Turkish invasions with their massacres and devastations, are paralleled by those of the Greeks. Notwithstanding the guarantee of the independence of Albania, when the Greeks invaded the country in 1914 and the country was left to its fate, the outrages were only less systematic than those in Armenia in the following year when the Turks sought to exterminate that race. At the present time the country seems to be quiescent. It behooves the League of Nations, for its own safety, to reach definite and equitable adjustments of the boundary questions and then to guarantee their permanency by force of arms, not alone in the Balkan States, but for Armenia and the remnants of the Turkish Empire as well.

In September of 1920, there was held at Aix-les-Bains a meeting between Giolitti, the Italian Premier, and Millerand,⁴

³ *Quarterly Review*, October, 1917, p. 353.

⁴ *Boston Transcript*, September 15, 1920.

the then French Premier. A decision was reached to accept Albanian independence according to the frontiers of 1913, as Italy has done. It is supposed that requests have been made to Serbia and Greece to stop their troops entering Albania. The question of the boundaries has been fixed by the rival national claims of Austria, Italy, Montenegro, Serbia, Bulgaria and Greece. Montenegro sought the capital of the country, Scutari. The Serbians and Bulgarians made large demands, while each of the other countries made the situation almost hopeless of settlement. The author presents the grounds advanced for the various claims which are partly historical and partly ethnological.

The decision arrived at was most unsatisfactory to the Albanians, many of whom found themselves under foreign dominion. In consequence of their protests, the question was left open and a commission sent by the Powers to delimit the frontiers. This commission was asked to draw a boundary, not on the basis of investigation and study, but of a compromise. We may quote the comment of an author upon this settlement: "From the cynical way in which large populations of Albanians are ignored and handed over to their hereditary enemies, it is obvious that the great Powers are not over anxious to found an Albanian principality, which could have a reasonable chance of success. . . "

The matter was not settled when the War of 1914 broke out. The report that the boundary of 1913, recommended by the Ambassadorial Conference in London, is to be enforced is not encouraging to the friends of a strong Albania. Meantime, tribute should be paid to what the Italians have accomplished during their military occupation. Making Avlona their base, they have introduced many excellent sanitary improvements, have opened hospitals, regulated the courts and brought peace and order wherever their jurisdiction extends. They have constructed a road eighty miles in length along the Adriatic, they have caused schools to be opened and, in the opinion of a competent American soldier, are entitled to a high degree of credit.⁵

It will be remembered that the great World War was precipitated by the Balkan question. Our own country seems

⁵ General George P. Scriven, 43 American Bar Association Representative, 1918, p. 278.

very remote from these scenes of violence and barbarism and the primitive passions of mankind, but we were irresistibly drawn into the conflict, and what has happened in the past is likely enough to happen in the future, unless the wisdom and conscience of civilization find a means to enforce real justice and a reasonable right of self-determination. Out of the jealousies of politics and trade, it seems somewhat over-sanguine to hope that a new era of international justice may emerge, but the only salvation for our civilization depends upon its coming.

The mission of our own country with its great wealth, its great intelligence and its remoteness from special interest, should be, not one of selfish isolation but of general help nationally to these peoples. It may well be hoped that this spirit will come to our Government, responding to the sentiments of Christian charity that has poured forth its millions in private benevolence to the sufferers of the Great War.

CHIVALRY.

BY ELEANOR C. SHALLCROSS.

THE starry quests and the high ideals
Still shine above in the changeless blue,
But they of the singing hearts who climb
With lifted eyes—are few.

For the matter-of-fact and the commonplace
And the worthless things that our souls delight,
Have tarnished the glory of high romance
And broken the armor of olden knight.

But still—there are fighting hearts that pass
Through the drab realities unafraid—
That go in velvet, with jeweled sword,
Up the golden road of the first crusade!

A MEMORABLE EASTER.

BY F. JOS. KELLY, MUS.D.



PERHAPS the earliest account of the observance of Easter that has come down to us, is that which took place in the Basilica at Milan in 385 A. D. It was in the time of St. Ambrose, who was Bishop of that city. When we think of this glorious feast, we associate with it elaborate music, a splendid ritual, and decorations of Easter lilies. This Milanese Easter was also important in these particular regards, and, moreover, for the first time, we have a record of what is called "antiphonal singing." St. Ambrose himself, in a letter to his sister, Marcelina, gives us the particulars of this historical Easter, its celebration and the exceedingly strenuous circumstances under which it was celebrated.

Just at the time of St. Ambrose, the Roman Empire was beginning to break up, to show signs of its fall and decay. The Church, so long persecuted by pagan Rome, was able to begin to assert itself, and to come out in the open after its long exile in the Catacombs. It had recently been freed by the edicts of Constantine, and was enjoying comparative peace in spreading the message given to it by its Divine Founder. Although freed from enemies from without, she now had to turn her attention to the more insidious enemies from within. The Arians, a sect that had attacked one of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, having obtained imperial favor, demanded that certain churches be given to them for their use alone, and one of these was the church of St. Ambrose, known as the Basilica of Milan, his Cathedral Church.

St. Ambrose had been Bishop of Milan since the year 374. Shortly before Easter in the year 385, the Arians made a formal demand upon Ambrose for his Cathedral to be used by them for the celebration of the feast of Easter. St. Ambrose, the fearless champion of the right, promptly spurned their demand, and defied all the power that they could bring to bear to enforce compliance. The Arians, incensed by his refusal, and encouraged by the imperial power, requested him

to leave Milan. Braving the imperial power, St. Ambrose absolutely refused to leave his see city. This was a very bold stand for him to take, and he realized it, but at the same time he realized his duty, his sacred duty as shepherd of his people, to refuse the use of the churches of the True Faith to heretics, and to prevent such use with his very life if necessary.

What means this holy Bishop took to carry out his threat we shall presently see. The solemn services of Palm Sunday were celebrated by him in the Basilica. His people, realizing the great danger that threatened their beloved Bishop, would not permit him to leave the church after the services. The faithful themselves remained in the Basilica, determined to hold it against all intruders at all costs. They barricaded the entrances, and spent the night in the body of the church or in the cloisters of the monastery attached to it.

On the morning of the glorious feast of Easter, officers from the Emperor's court came to demand admission and to take possession of the Basilica. When they found that all entrances were barricaded, they realized the determination of the people, and did not try to force entrance because of the fear of loss of life. Instead, they, with their soldiers, surrounded the Cathedral, hoping thus to terrorize the people who were holding out against them, and to starve them out. They hoped that the people would finally leave the Basilica and disperse. But their expectations were not realized. On the contrary, the people were more determined to hold to their resolve not to allow their Basilica to be violated by heretics, even with imperial sanction. Days passed into a week and yet the people continued their voluntary imprisonment.

St. Ambrose himself gives us an account as to what took place during this, the holiest of all weeks. He celebrated Mass each day for the people, and the rest of the day was occupied in various offices. But he writes that the night watches were most trying. He finally conceived the plan of teaching the people some hymns of his own composition, which had never been sung before. The people most willingly entered into this holy work. The soldiers surrounding the Basilica heard these sounds, which seemed so strange to their ears. The melodies and chants were in an unknown rhythm, and they seemed never to come to an end. They grew suspicious. Never before had they heard such singing. The soldiers believed that Am-

brose knew the secrets of the old superstition and used magic incantations to rally the people around him. From a suspicion this became a conviction.

St. Ambrose wrote a large number of hymns, and it is not improbable that, after many long hours with every one wearied with little sleep, the people who spent that Holy Week in the Basilica of Milan, would sing with emotion at the break of day the hymn beginning:

*Aurora currus præhit
Aurora totus prodeat.*

The complete hymn translated by the poet, Dryden, being as follows:

As the glad hours thus slide away,
Let Modesty begin the day,
And Faith be the meridian light
Unmixt with shades of doubtful night.

The morning lights their beams display,
May God so rise in us today;
In God the Father and the Son,
And He in Him entirely one.

The hymn beginning "The eternal gifts of Christ, the King," most likely was sung on this occasion. The great St. Ambrose wrote not long afterwards, that the people were very much edified by learning and singing hymns during those eventful days. We may quote his own words: "There is a lofty strain and there is nothing more powerful than it. For what has more power than the confession of the Trinity, which is daily celebrated by the mouth of the whole people? All eagerly vie with the other in confessing the faith and know how to praise in verse the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. So they have all become teachers who could scarcely become disciples."

It was during this self-imprisonment that St. Ambrose also taught the people what is known as "antiphonal singing." He himself says little of this, but we learn from his contemporaries that this kind of singing was contemplated by St. Ambrose some little time previously, but never formally in-

stituted until the necessity arose at these strenuous times in the Basilica of Milan. St. Ambrose had learned this method of singing, known as "antiphonal singing" from the Oriental Church. Here the psalms were chanted by separate choirs of men and women, who answered one another in alternate verses, and it was this music that particularly impressed the soldiers on guard outside the Basilica. They heard it echoing in the distance, not knowing how it was produced.

Thus while Ambrose and his people were celebrating the feast of Easter with many new ideas as to church music, the soldiers remained on guard outside the Basilica. The great feast passed, and still no attempt was made to take the Basilica from its faithful guardians. This condition could not continue indefinitely, so finally the Emperor proposed a compromise.

The story of the result of the compromise need not be told here, but the outcome was a complete victory for St. Ambrose and the Church he represented. He was allowed to carry on his work without further molestation or hindrance. The suspense was over, and to celebrate the event he consecrated the Basilica that had been the little field of his memorable Easter-tide, the scene of a historic struggle. The Easter service of the year 385, the first of which we have any definite knowledge, was alike memorable in its importance, as showing the beginning of many valuable features of church music, chief among which is the style of singing now in vogue the world over, known as "Antiphonal Singing."

New Books.

CATHOLIC THOUGHT AND THINKERS. Introductory by C. C. Martindale, S., M.A. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.75.

The series, to which this is the introduction, to be known by the name at the head of this notice, is intended to exhibit to the world, by means of selected biographies, the intellectual contribution of the Catholic Church to the general sum of knowledge. Saints we shall find amongst these lives; sinners also, at least writers of the Tertullian type; churchmen and laymen. A goodly company can be collected, and we look forward to the forthcoming volumes with a pleasure only marred by the reflection that, of the two editors of the series named in the publisher's preface, one has joined—we may humbly hope—the company of those saints whose biographies he was to have helped to give us. The late Father O'Dowd was a man of great promise, as well as fulfillment; "*compressus in breve, explevit tempora multa.*" His death is a great loss to the Church in England and to this series.

To the pen of the surviving editor is due the book we are considering. Few could have essayed the task of condensing so much knowledge into some hundred and fifty pages and presenting it, though condensed, in such bright and readable form. For the object of this introduction is not so much to indicate who were the great luminaries of Catholic literature since the foundation of the Church nor what was their contribution to that literature, but rather what manner of a world it was in which they lived and wrote, and what was the particular form of difficulty with which each age had to contend, whether, as at first, Gnosticism in one of the numerous forms under which then, and since, it has crossed the path of the Faith, or Arianism, or the conflict between East and West, Humanism, the Reformation, Modernism. These are but a few of the matters dealt with, and though they can, within the compass mentioned, be but cursorily considered, each is tellingly exhibited to us by some epigrammatic phrase. We must not omit to notice the manner in which modern aspects of old questions and institutions are handled. "In the reversal of so many verdicts upon history, which today we witness, nothing is more remarkable than the transference, increasingly felt as due, of the name *Renaissance* from the fifteenth to the thirteenth century. The thirteenth was the true creative period; the fifteenth, imitative largely." It is good to learn that such excellent

doctrine is gaining ground in spite of the opposition which it meets with from those who cannot believe that anything of good can emerge from what they would still love to call, if they dared, the Dark Ages.

Or again, let us select for praise the brief, but admirable, summary of the Church of England as by Law Established as she now is; the change which has come over her; the strange bed-fellows which lie down within her hospitable walls; the influences which are, and those which have been, concerned in her developments; all of which things are indicated in a few pages but with perfect completeness and lucidity.

We should like to commend the enterprise of the publishers in securing the skillful pencil of Mr. Paul Woodroffe as designer of the embellishments. Those who know his work will not be disappointed; a beautiful, as well as valuable, book has been the result. Why such a book, packed with names and facts was ever allowed to appear without an index is a mystery. An index such a book must have, and it is rather hard on its readers to expect each one to make his own. One last grumble—the price is lamentably high and must militate against that very extensive sale which we desire for a volume so opportune and so useful.

THE UNITED STATES IN THE WORLD WAR. By John Bach McMaster. Vol. I., 1914-1918; Vol. II., 1918-1920. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00.

The distinguished author of *A History of the People of the United States*, and professor of American History in the University of Pennsylvania, has now completed his study of the World War in a second volume, bringing the narrative down to 1920. The earlier volume, published in 1919, covers the period from the declaration of war by Germany in 1914 down to the "international peace debate" in the spring of 1918. It deals with those particular aspects of the great conflict which were influential in bringing the United States to its ultimate decision to join with the Allies against Germany. The author passes in review questions of pro-German propaganda in the United States, the restrictions placed upon neutral American trade, the sinking of American ships on the high seas, the circumstances attending the declaration of war against Germany, and the concentration of American resources for the effective prosecution of the War. Volume II. deals with the civilian war work at home and the military operations of the American Army abroad, with the several "peace offensives," the conclusion of the armistice, the deliberations of the Peace Conference, the Treaty of Peace, and the final rejection of the Treaty

by the Senate. Among the appendices to the volume are the text of the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Senate resolution containing the reservations demanded as the condition of ratification of the Treaty.

Professor McMaster's method of presenting his subject differs from that of the ordinary historian in that, instead of merely tabulating events in their chronological succession, he seeks to put the reader in the presence of the situations described by a judicious selection of documentary material, presented in the form of quotations woven into the narrative of the text. The result is a history which is less suitable as a reference-book for students, but which will be read with far greater interest by the general public, and to which students will turn, in order to catch the spirit of the times and the cross-currents of public opinion. It is the method followed with such success by the author in his *History of the People of the United States*—perhaps the most graphic narrative of American life and politics that any historian has produced. In the present volumes the hand of the trained historian is seen in the elimination of what was transient and of less importance, and in his studied impartiality in the handling of evidence. His sympathies may lead him to express his conclusions in strong terms at times, but they do not prevent him from presenting both sides of the case.

EVOLUTION AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. By Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.75.

This forceful book is, perhaps, the most valuable treatise that has come from the fertile pen of Father Husslein, and should make a universal appeal. At the very outset attention is called to the inevitable influence philosophy must have upon the thought and, therefore, the life of the masses. The oftentimes baneful influence of philosophy on life is then traced in the operations of that philosophically unreasonable, scientifically inaccurate, and morally debasing theory of Materialistic Evolution. The adherents to this theory are, by their own words, condemned to a blind faith in a creed that has no reasonable basis, no scientific justification, no moral sanction or restraint.

The author distinguishes clearly between the unwarranted theory and the proven facts of Evolution. It is only as a complete theory that Evolution can be of service to Materialism. But this is merely a fictitious service, because the evolutions from inorganic to organic matter, from merely organic life to conscious life, so vitally necessary for a complete theory, are scientifically untenable. Able use is made of the statements of representative evo-

lutionists. The scientifically established facts of evolution are shown not only to be consonant with the creative act and providence of God, but actually to accord with the detailed narrative of creation contained in Genesis.

The account of the origin, development and delimitation of Evolutionism is concise and clear. Two short chapters deal with the origin of the earth and of life. A number of chapters, treating of the origin of man, are valuable both as a vindication of the traditional view of the Church, and as a refutation of the theories of Materialists and of the more or less silly proofs offered in favor of these theories. The chapter, "The Fool Hath Said," is an able and eloquent summary.

The book, though it contains a formidable array of facts and sources, is written with such clearness, force and attractiveness, that it will prove pleasant, as well as profitable, reading. Best of all, it has a vital, timely message.

A STUDY OF WOMEN DELINQUENTS IN NEW YORK STATE.

By Mabel R. Fernald, Mary H. S. Hayes and Almena Dawley, with a Statistical Chapter by Beardsley Ruml and a Preface by Katherine Bement Davis. New York: The Century Co.

This book has many commendable features, above all it emphasizes the conservative position that it is not a question of delinquency, but of individual delinquents that must be faced. One of the greatest of human mysteries is the fact that no two human beings have ever been exactly alike. Lincoln once said that the Lord must have liked the common people, since He made so many of them. He must certainly like individuality, since all human beings are individual.

The conservative note is maintained in the book to the very end. One of the conclusions is that "any search for a well defined type of individual appearing as *the delinquent woman* (italics from the book) will probably be fruitless." We have heard so much about the criminal type and, indeed, that idea so dominated criminal anthropology a few years ago that it is interesting now to see how further study does away with it.

The authors are almost as emphatic in declaring that intelligence, or the lack of it, must not be considered to be a prominent factor in the production of criminality. They agree with Goring that "Crime is only to a trifling extent (if to any) the product of social inequalities, of adverse environment, or of other manifestations of what may comprehensively be termed the force of circumstances. . . . We disagree, however, in the preëminence attached to such a constitutional factor as defective intelligence in contrast

with economic factors. The relationships which we have observed have been, if anything, more slight in case of the measures of intelligence than in that of the indices of social and economic factors."

Neither environment nor heredity play an important rôle in the production of the criminal. The criminal is just a question, as Warden Osborne has often insisted, of ordinary people, quite like all the rest of us on the average, going wrong. The reform of the criminals consists in getting them to go right. Women criminals are, in this respect, no different from the men. We miss, in the study of the factors that influence criminality, in the volume, many of which are very well worked up, the place of the divorced family in the production of young criminals. It would seem as though surely we have enough of data bearing on that subject now, to enable us to draw some rather definite conclusions with regard to it.

THE WAY OF ST. JAMES. By Georgiana Goddard King, M.A. The Hispanic Society of America. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Three volumes. \$9.00.

The Professor of the History of Art at Bryn Mawr College has written a detailed and vivid account of the shrines and churches that are met by the pilgrim on the way to the most popular shrine of the Middle Ages, St. James of Compostela. Her general aim, as outlined in a preliminary chapter, is to discover and record the evidence of Spain's debt in architecture to other countries, France in particular, during the Middle Ages. Her own contribution to this study is first, a record and interpretation of iconographic detail all along the way: second, an attempt to date her finds by comparison with such dated examples as exist, and third, an occasional hypothesis and the ground for it; *e. g.*, on the original west front of Compostela, and the cult of Santiago.

Miss King is an excellent guide when she describes the architectural features of the churches she visited in her three years pilgrimage, and an interesting companion when she tells us about the ways and customs of the Spanish people today, or narrates the legends and history of the mediæval period. But she lacks the one thing necessary to write sympathetically of a Catholic people—their faith. She cannot grasp the meaning of the Middle Ages, for she is an outsider and an alien to all they represent. When, too, Miss King ventures out of her province and dares discuss Catholic doctrine or the history of religions, she writes page after page of arrant nonsense. For example, she identifies St. James with the Sol Invictus of Roman state worship, and for

proof declares "that his feast is kept as near as could be managed to the solstitial pause, and his authentic legend is crammed with solar machinery."

This myth of the pagan origin of the cult of St. James is borrowed—as many other pseudo-facts—from the pages of her French rationalist authorities, but no proof has ever been given of their extraordinary statements. Catholics do not necessarily swallow whole every legend of the saints, as some non-Catholics imagine. In the present case we are not bound to believe that St. James founded an apostolic see in Spain, for we know as well as any outsider that this legend is not mentioned until the ninth century by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, and is rejected by many Catholic scholars like Baronius, Natalis Alexander, Tillemont, and others.

Why is it that a writer who can write so enthusiastically of mediæval Spanish art, should fail to grasp the doctrines that art perpetuates in stone? It is the prejudice of the Protestant tradition, which still lives on, even after faith in Christianity has totally disappeared.

THE MOTHER OF CHRIST, or The Blessed Virgin in Catholic Tradition, Theology and Devotion. By O. R. Vassall-Philips, C.S.S.R. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.50.

Marian literature will be considerably enriched by this new tribute of love and learning. It is a sensible and a scientific book, for it consists not in a succession of apostrophes, but in a rational appraisement of what devotion to Mary means, and what effect it has had on the teaching of the Church and the practice of the faithful throughout the centuries. The numerous quotations from the Fathers, dating from almost Apostolic times, are most felicitous. To the Fathers, no praise of Mary seemed extravagant, and yet they were most careful that no taint of pagan Mariolatry pollute our pure love of her. The author has examined these quotations most thoroughly, as he has examined the apocryphal legends, and admits only such as have a real historical and dogmatic foundation.

The book is a complete exposition of devotion to Mary from many angles and points of view; it is, in short, an armory of facts and tributes, of learning and piety, that embraces all which can positively be said in favor of Mary's prerogatives and in her honor. This book would seem to be no less a delight than a necessity to priests. It contains material for countless sermons, and is, at the same time, a safe guide in their exposition. It is written especially for non-Catholic countries, where devotion to Mary is

exposed to so many prejudices and misinterpretations. Hence the author has frequent cautions, and numerous refutations of those objections raised by men who fear to detract from Jesus by a too great love of His Mother. There is one dominant thought impressed on the reader by this book—that when we have such solidly splendid material, we do not need to draw upon the fanciful and the exaggerated to foster devotion to Mary.

THE CONNECTICUT WITS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Henry A. Beers. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.25.

Professor Beers deserves the thanks of everyone who loves essays which possess keen insight, exact and broad scholarship and which at the same time are enriched by a quiet humor and the unfailing charm of a delightful personality. The eleven essays here presented would be hard to equal for ease and grace. Professor Beers looks back upon long years of service at Yale and equally long years devoted to the best things in literature. He is one of the few living men who can look back upon the literary lights that at one time made New England the cultural Mecca of America, and touch hands with its Emersons and Thoreaus and Lowells. Professor Beers is catholic in his tastes. He appreciates what is good in Trumbull, Timothy Dwight, and the other forgotten worthies of Connecticut, can love James Whitcomb Riley, the Burns of the Middle West, knows his Thackeray as few men know him, and at the same time finds a place for the brilliant Sheridan, the fantastical Cowley, the lordly Milton, and the group of dramatic stars that scintillated in Elizabethan sky. Professor Beers has been an omnivorous reader, and his essays are marked by frequent (and all too brief) excursions into alluring literary by-paths from which the reader emerges enriched by an apt allusion, an out-of-the-way bit of biographical information, or some illuminating *obiter dicta* dropped quite *en passant* like an occasional violet from arms overflowing with flowers.

SOCIAL SCANDINAVIA IN THE VIKING AGE. By Mary Wilhelmine Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This book is a thorough and scholarly study of a race concerning which most of us have had rather a superficial knowledge, and is a most valuable work to any one interested in the subject. Every possible aspect of the ancient Viking life is dealt with under such headings as Classes of Society, Dress and Ornament, Homesteads and Houses, Trade and Commerce, Government, System of Justice, Social Gatherings, Language and Literature and Religion.

The date of the Teuton migration to Scandinavia is very doubtful, and much disputed, but it is known that it took place centuries before the birth of Christ. In that country they found a dark race which came under their domination and adopted their language and culture. The Vikings who evolved from these primitive Teutons were tall, fair, large boned, muscular men who were far more worthy of respect than the bloodthirsty pirates they have been represented to be. Their ideal, of course, was the warrior, for whom the highest bliss waited after death in the halls of Valhalla; but they were men of great feeling, capable of deep love, loyalty and devotion to their friends and their family. Especially strong, even for a primitive nation, were the ties of kindred; a man's best friend was one bound to him by ties of blood and it was a saying among them that "unhappy is the man who has no kindred." Their women had all the strength and freedom of the North, and there was little difference in the mental training of the sexes.

An interesting account is given of the runes, which were inscribed in the homes in the form of family history or invocations to the gods on furniture and walls, or were used for conveying practical information, messages often being sent carved in runic characters on sticks.

With all their physical valor, their superstitions, cruelty and uncouthness, the picture is made complete by a quotation from their writings which formed the ethical code of the Vikings:

Chattels die; kinsmen pass away;
One dies oneself;
But good report never dies
From the man that gained it.

THE ELFIN ARTIST. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.00.

Like most poets, Mr. Noyes achieves his best work when under no necessity of celebrating official or occasional matter. So that his whimsical songs of "Peter Quince" and "The Silver Crook" are likely to strike quick fire in readers frankly unable to be thrilled by the curious theology of "As We Forgive" or the somewhat ecstatic praise of the *Mayflower's* historic voyage. Apropos of this latter poem and others in kindred spirit, the latter-day reader cannot help demanding, why contemporary English politicians seem so painfully intent upon slapping in the face the fine idealism of contemporary English poets? But, perhaps, the crime is not confined to any one age or any single nation.

ESSAYS ON POETRY. By Rev. George O'Neill, S.J. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 5 s. net.

Father O'Neill attempts the impossible by trying as so many others have done before him to define the essence of poetry. His definition: "Poetry is the language of passion and imagination expressing themselves under control of the laws of beauty," will, without question, be sent to the Limbo of other definitions by the critic who will find it both "treacherous and unsatisfactory."

Father O'Neill has some good sharp things to say about the poetaster "who feigns passion where there is no real feeling, and who merely echoes other people's words in deliberately contorted prose." The versifier he dismisses with the adjective, "respectable," but rightly allows him no claim to the divine inflatus. "His note and his function are to use the forms of poetry to achieve some purpose which is not proper to poetry." Lowell's "Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865," is given as a good type of "the imitation of poetry." It says much and well; it suggests nothing. It is competent, graceful, elevated; but it never grips, nor overpowers, nor even gives a new life to an old thought, much less opens for us any sudden new window into eternity." The mediocre poet is described well as "a mild and tempered version of the poetaster." Longfellow is given as a type of the mediocre poet, and "Hiawatha" is held up to scorn for "its lack of originality, the tricks and monotony of its metre, and the poverty of its ideas and images."

There are four brief appreciations of Aubrey de Vere, William Allingham, Thomas Boyd, and Gerard Hopkins. The last essay is undoubtedly the best, for it is at once highly appreciative and sanely critical. Father O'Neill brings out the "rare masterly beauties of his Jesuit confrère, but at the same time he proves him guilty of "fantastic misuse of the English language."

SCIENTIFIC THEISM VERSUS MATERIALISM. By Arvid Reuterdahl. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$6.00.

Even in recent years we have had our share of theories of the Cosmos. It is not so many years ago that Bergson poetically reduced everything to an eternal flux, and made our world a part of the universal, flowing, palpitating jelly. Very recently came Einstein with his Theory of Relativity, in which he has all material particles gliding through a warped Space-Time in a vicious circle of endless relations. As a rule, the norm of common-sense philosophy is applied to these new theories, and their faults are soon discovered. Those who adhere more or less closely to the Scholastic elaboration of Aristotelian philosophy, are usually satisfied to

use established verities for critical purposes, but it is seldom that these verities are constructively employed in a complete systematization, which includes recently determined physical facts. It is because *Scientific Theism versus Materialism*, the Space-Time Potential, is more constructive than destructive that it should be particularly welcomed.

The critical part of the book alone should give it a high rank in theistic literature. Basing his proof on the facts of modern science, the author mercilessly exposes the weaknesses of the postulates of modern science. The ether is definitely disposed of as a mathematical myth, and the theory of action at a distance takes its place. The problems of a physical substratum and physical action in general receive due consideration in the fourth chapter, in which the author evolves his own Theory of Interdependence. In the next chapter we have presented a model of the Physical Universe. The author completes this chapter by relating the physical system to the Transcendant Principle, the Absolute Reality of God. In the following chapter is a critique of the Newtonian Theory of Gravitation, which may well be considered unique in the history of science.

To one who is a scientist, a mathematician, and a philosopher this book should prove a revelation. To the average student, often puzzled by weird materialistic schemes, to which he tries in vain to present an adequate refutation, the critical part of the book should prove a boon. The critique is timely, since it directs itself against the latest manifestations of Materialism. The constructive portion of the book will prove a real contribution to cosmology, comprehensive, profound and satisfying.

CAIUS GRACCHUS. By Odin Gregory. New York: Boni & Live-right.

We vote immortality to so many works of literature in the hectic generosity of our day that it is almost a pause compelling comment to declare an effusion simply "good." This tragedy is good, not great. It is done in meter and derives from the seventeenth century tragic poets of England. Mr. Gregory is so faithful to his forebears, indeed, that he not infrequently breaks into the rhyming couplet quite in the manner of Dryden.

The hero of the drama is a truly romantic figure, the younger of the Gracchi, who put to the use of the plebeians, enthusiasm, sympathy, idealism, and the noblest eloquence, save Cicero's, that the Roman language ever knew. It must be confessed that Mr. Gregory has not made him a commanding figure, but rather the victim of proletarian indifference and aristocratic malice. It is

as if one were to picture Cæsar not as the master of the world, but in that sorry moment, when, betrayed and abandoned, he wrapped himself in his mantle and sank in death at the feet of Pompey's statue. The outstanding figure in the book is the wife of Gracchus, Licinia, whose courage and beautiful devotion to the virtues by which Rome lived are vividly portrayed. Most of the other members of the *dramatis personæ* are the typical figures of Roman history: the stupid plebeians splitting their throats today for some benefactor whom tomorrow they will spit upon; the aristocrats, lustful in youth, brutal in age; the tremulous slaves, the beautiful girls and the strutting officials with their *susquepedalia verba*.

Mr. Gregory's literary debts are not concealed, and one is constantly conscious that he has saturated himself with the greatest of tragedies on classic themes—Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. In his final act (Scene I.), he has remembered the witch scenes from *Macbeth* with good effect, while in Scene II., where Calpio meets the citizen in whose rough sack is the head of the dead Gracchus, we have the daring of Webster just saved by the reticence of Mr. Gregory. The tragic irony of the situation is of all time.

Caius Gracchus is carefully done after genuine research and with a trained sense of dramatic possibilities. In diction and meter it is admirable. By no stretch of the imagination can it be called a work of unique poetic talent.

THE SHIP "TYRE;" A STUDY IN THE COMMERCE OF THE BIBLE. By Wilfred H. Schoff. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The title of this work is based upon the prophecy of Ezechiel as recorded in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters. The ship itself is a symbol of Babylon, and the King of Tyre is the ruler of Babylon. In these chapters are, however, symbolically contained the misfortune visited upon all oppressors, whatever their nationalities might be. The ship *Tyre* becomes the symbol of world commerce, material wealth, and the pride of empire. Her cargo is the symbol of the institutions of the priesthood and the principedom of Juda, which Babylon had profaned.

The articles mentioned in these commercial chapters of Ezechiel were known to the Israelites from pre-exilic times. The allegorical meaning attached to them by the prophet was easily understood by them. The list suggested to the Israelites the tabernacle, the temple, the palace. The symbolism imparted to them was the lesson of the inviolability of sacred institutions.

This same method of symbolical language is employed by St. John in his Apocalypse. The articles of trade mentioned by the Apostle are taken from the Old Testament, many from the prophecy of Ezechiel. Babylon the great, against which John's wrath and malediction are hurled, is Imperial Rome. The list of objects of trade constituted the commerce of the Roman Empire, but they refer, in the mind of the author, to the adornments of the tabernacle and the temple. As direct language was inadvisable, the symbolical forms of speech replaced it.

In this work the reader will find a close and detailed study of the ships used in the time of Israel's captivity. The articles of commerce mentioned by Ezechiel are described as to their value, meaning and source. The numerous illustrations are well chosen and helpful in the study of the commercial chapters of Ezechiel.

SUCCESS IN A NEW ERA. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.
Hoboken: Franklin-Webb Co.

This little hand-volume of practical philosophy will make a valuable addition to the libraries of work-a-day men and women, anxious to live up to their best, and to increase the capacity of that best if possible. As its title indicates, it is a discussion of just these problems, as they are conditioned by our own peculiar modern time with its hurry, its oftentimes misplaced ambition, and its toll of all-too-frequent broken-down constitutions and shattered nervous systems. Dr. Walsh deals with the questions of maintaining personal morals, strengthening will power, recreating body and mind, and developing concentration, with his usual concreteness and trenchant common sense. As one would expect, it is an optimistic, bracing and helpful book. As one would expect, also, it contains a final, peculiarly Catholic chapter, calculated, perhaps, to remove a possible superficial impression that Dr. Walsh's choice of subject aligns him with the usual, more or less, fatuous Materialists of the modern "success" school.

HISTORIC STRUGGLES FOR THE FAITH. By John Gabriel Rowe. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.30 net.

The union of scholarliness and simplicity in these studies makes them singularly attractive reading. Presenting in each separate essay an interpretation of some crisis in the history of the Faith in England and Ireland, the author clears up a great many dubious and misty popular conceptions, and presents at the same time enough fresh, interesting material, culled largely from non-Catholic sources, to revivify the Catholic reader's impression of the significance and splendor of the great martyrs.

With the exception of one paper on the Truce of God, the volume deals with the period between the first disestablishment of the monasteries, under Henry, and the martyrdom of the Blessed Oliver Plunkett, as a result of the nefarious Oates plot under Charles II. Space is devoted to the Pilgrimage of Grace, in which Robert Aske was a central figure, to the Catholic uprisings under Edward VI., for their distinguished parts in which Humphrey, Arundell and Robert and William Kett paid with their lives, the martyrdom of Blessed Thomas Percy and Blessed Edmund Campion under Elizabeth, the part played by Father Luke Wadding in the Irish Catholic Confederation, which lasted from 1641 to 1652, and which is curiously recalled by some features of Irish contemporary history, and finally the stirring biography of Blessed Oliver Plunkett.

CORRESPONDENCE OF JEAN-BAPTISTE CARRIER, DURING HIS MISSION IN BRITTANY, 1793-1794. Collected, translated and annotated by E. H. Carrier, M.A. New York: John Lane Co.

The only interest attaching to this volume is that it furnishes the basis for a history of one of the abominable tribunes of the French Revolution. Most of the letters published in this collection deal with administrative details, the surveillance and removal of suspected persons, the difficulties encountered by the author in his revolutionary propaganda. A few describe his dealings with refractory priests; one or two tell the joy he felt when he met priests who submitted to his will. The letters, at least in their English dress, have no literary merit whatsoever, and are frequently bombastic to the verge of absurdity. Nor do they throw any appreciable light on their author's brief but atrocious career of criminality. The half-hearted attempt of Mr. E. H. Carrier in his preface to whitewash the "Tiger of the West," falls to the ground before the unanimous verdict of the most competent historians. Mr. Carrier admits himself that Taine, Mignet, Thiers and Carlyle stigmatize the tribune as a monster. To these condemnations we can add two others, no less damning. The Cambridge Modern History (Vol. VIII., p. 356) states, that in the *noyades*, organized by Carrier at Nantes, no less than one thousand five hundred persons perished, and that during the four months of his rule at least fifteen thousand persons suffered in different fashions. Allard (*Histoire des Persécutions*, Vol. III., p. 149) finds a parallel to the atrocities of the Roman persecutors against the martyrs in the deeds of Carrier. He says that Carrier assisted in person at the execution of four children, and when

the executioner himself died of horror at the deed, Carrier coolly replaced him by another. No critical or hyper-critical manipulation of documents can wash away such indelible and shocking stains.

THE CITY. By Paul Claudel. New Haven: Yale University Press.

The instability of social order, unless based upon something more solid than whim or sentimentalism and personal desire, is the theme of the drama. The city which turns against its political leader, learns amid its own ruins that it can find a new birth and stabilize law and order only when it bows before the wisdom of the Crucified, and makes His precepts the keynote of its government. Then only will men approach contentment, though at the price of self-restraint, and come to know the meaning of loyalty and unselfishness. In form, *The City* is a drama in three acts, translated into *vers libre* so stiff and awkward as to make penitential reading. M. Claudel's gift is lyric, not dramatic, and the long and frequently obscure speeches would ruin any play before the footlights. At times we come upon a sophomoric grandiloquence little less than painful. The poet, Cœuvre, asked to explain how "all things grow comprehensible through him," replies:

It is the breath that is supplied to me.

Dilating this void within me, I open wide my mouth,

And, having inhaled the air in this legacy of himself through which
man exhales each moment the image of his death,

I give back in its stead an intelligible word

And, having said it, I know what I have said.

In this last respect one may confess in all seriousness that Cœuvre has the reader at a decided advantage. M. Claudel has an admirable theme. Few American readers, however, will feel their curiosity regarding his method of handling it potent enough to carry them through to the end.

MY LIFE AND FRIENDS. By James Sully. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. \$5.00.

Autobiography, when supremely well done, has the bouquet of a rare vintage. One can read over and over again the delicious and idyllic pages of Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*. But Professor Sully, though possessing a clear and lucid style, is altogether devoid of charm, of sentiment, of romance; of the true artist's uncanny power of focusing commonplace events in the mirage of memory and imagination. And so, straightforwardly, and with as much soul as a chronicle or an index, he unfolds the tale of his years. His childhood and student days; his restless

years and his ripe maturity are all gone through with unimpeachable correctness in some two hundred and fifty pages.

The remaining eighty pages of the book give pen-pictures of famous friends, among whom are George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, Leslie Stephen, William James, George Meredith. Professor Sully lacks completely the power of making these figures live. He jots down a few desultory anecdotes about each, which do not at all throw the personages into relief, and make little or no impression on the mind. He reminds us in this connection of Locker-Lampson, who in *My Confidences* has also attempted pen-portraits of celebrities, and, by his own admission, failed in the attempt; for Lampson, while possessing a pretty knack in verse, especially *vers de société*, had none of the gifts of James Boswell. Professor Sully's volume makes agreeable reading enough, but is devoid of any special merit or interest.

A COMMENTARY ON THE NEW CODE OF CANON LAW. By Rev. Charles Augustine, O.S.B. Vol. VI.—Administrative Law. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co.

The sixth volume of Father Augustine's English commentary of the new Code of Canon Law treats of sacred places and times, divine worship, the teaching office of the Church, benefices and other non-corporate ecclesiastical institutions, and the temporal possessions of the Church. The reader will find many interesting questions discussed in this volume: the dedication and consecration of churches, cremation and Christian burial, fasting and abstinence, the use of sacred images and relics, the pastor's obligation of preaching, catechizing, and the giving of missions to non-Catholics, the duty of Christian education, the rules of the Index, the acquisition and administration of Church property and the like. Father Augustine's treatise, the most complete we have in English, is invaluable for its many references to past decisions, the letters of the Popes and the writings of eminent canonists.

HOW WE ADVERTISED AMERICA. By George Creel. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$5.00 net.

Until we have read this remarkable review, we cannot appreciate the great value of real propaganda work. It is simply amazing to learn the efforts of Creel and his many assistants to mold and direct public opinion, not merely in the United States, but in France, Switzerland, Holland, Spain, Scandinavia, Italy, Russia, Mexico, the Orient and South America.

It is marvelous to learn of the details of this vast enterprise. The Committee on Public Information made the world its class-

room, and it taught all peoples the honesty of purpose and the idealistic unselfishness of our great nation.

Mistakes? Of course, mistakes both of conception and execution were made. But no one can question the sincerity or the courage of those men and women who backed up the sword with the pen. The functioning of this force was vital and necessary. It was a totally new instrument unknown before in our history. That it was even brought into being is a credit of no mean measure. That it accomplished so much, as this book shows, is a tribute of high degree.

This volume is as necessary to a complete understanding of our part in the World War as the record of any of the combat divisions. Though supplementary, it was also necessary, and as such, deserves a place high in the record of things accomplished in the World War.

HISTORY OF AFRICA, SOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI, 1505-1795.

By Dr. George McCall Theal. Vol. I. (third edition). London: Allen & Unwin.

Dr. Theal, archivist of Cape Colony, is known as an authority on prehistoric Africa, its Bantu, Hottentot, and Bushmen tribes. The volume at hand, the first of a monumental work which will cover in detail the history of South Africa from the coming of the Portuguese to the conquest of Cape Colony by the British, relates in minute fashion the story of the Portuguese occupation. While the title suggests a somewhat narrow appeal, there are several chapters of interest to the student of the Columbian epoch and numerous references to Catholic missionary activities, which will delight the scholar in that field. There is an excellent introductory essay on Portugal in the fifteenth century, followed by chapters dealing with the princely Henry, the Navigator, and the explorations of Diogo Cam, Bartholomew Dias, Vasco da Gama, and Pedro Cabral. Lengthy accounts are given of the discovery of the Azores, the Congo, the African coast line, St. Helena, South America, the rounding of Cape Good Hope, the establishment of factories and garrisons, and the occupation of India. An especially interesting chapter deals with the failure of the Portuguese and the coming of the rival nations, Holland, France and England.

The breadth of view is notable. The interpretation of the Latin is highly favorable. There is a recognition of the powerful religious, as well as commercial, motives which urged the explorers onward to find new lands to conquer and pagans to convert. Outspoken is the defence of the Portuguese treatment of the native races. Frequent are the notices of the expeditionary

chaplains, whose journals afford the bulk of the available information, of the devotional earnestness of the hardy mariners, of the labors of the Franciscan and Dominican friars in the settlements, and of the martyr Jesuits in the interior among the cannibalistic savages.

THE LOYALIST. By James Francis Barrett. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00.

Readers who followed this story along its course as a serial in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, will find that its present form adds to its merits. A continuous reading enables one to appreciate better the rounded, satisfying picture the author has given of the social and political life of Revolutionary Philadelphia. This accurate, colorful, carefully woven background greatly enhances the value of the novel as a bit of history, too often forgotten by the average person, who is wont to think of Philadelphia only as the staid birthplace of the Declaration. The excellent construction, also, becomes more apparent when the book is taken as a whole; the skillful adjusting of the proportions of fiction and fact; the judgment with which personal and public interests are blended.

The Loyalist is not for one reading only; it is justly entitled to a permanent place in every Catholic household. It is more than entertaining, it is illuminating and solidly important. Moreover, it is exceptionally timely, a forcible rejoinder to present-day anti-Catholic propaganda of the sort exemplified in the attacks made upon Irish Catholics in Mr. Owen Wister's biased and disingenuous book, *A Straight Deal*.

REPUTATIONS. By Douglas Goldring. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

Mr. Goldring describes himself while speaking of another. He says of James Elroy Flecker: "As a critic, Flecker was distinguished by a great capacity for enthusiastic appreciation—a quality far too rare and valuable to be despised. Almost any one can pick holes in another's work: it requires a finer sensibility to appreciate and reveal excellence."

One differs from Mr. Goldring when he calls Michael Fane a "consummate prig." The quest after truth and reality bespeaks power and imagination in the quester. Both are clearly visible in Michael Fane. It is, on the other hand, very gratifying to discover a critic with sufficient understanding to credit Gilbert Cannan with evil moments rather than malice, to prophecy genius in work which has thus far betrayed nothing further than cleverness. So much for Gilbert Cannan.

It is impossible, in a short review, to dwell upon all of Mr. Goldring's opinions, although they all repay investigation. They are contemporary and unhampered by the mold of time. One feels, moreover, a penetrating imagination at its play. Wrong-doing is robbed of its charm by the explanation that virtue alone, is true. *Reputations* is the sort of book which one keeps nearby for ready reference.

KOSCIUSKO. By Monica Gardner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

Miss Gardner's work is the first publication in English of a biography of the Polish patriot to whom we of the United States owe so much. It is an excellent bit of writing, short, but deeply interesting, the author being endowed with a literary faculty that enables her to unite conciseness with comprehensiveness. In the light of this all-around study, we see Kosciusko's invaluable service to the American cause as but one incident in a life of self-devotion to the struggle for freedom. Side by side with the records of his great public deeds are many intimate details of his private life and character, displaying him as a vital, lovable personality.

The little book is a valuable contribution, instinct with its English author's love and knowledge of Poland, her history and literature.

SERMONS, by Rev. P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. Edited by M. J. Phelan, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$3.00 net.) The highest praise that can be given to a book of sermons is that they aim first and last to send home the sacred truths of the Gospel to the hearts of their hearers. As his friend, Father Phelan says: "Father Sheehan never strains after effect or turns aside to pursue a flight of imagery or a musical cadence." Indeed in one of these very sermons he rebukes strongly the modern critic who listens to a sermon merely to criticize. He writes: "The habit of hearing sermons makes us gradually forget what sermons are, what they are intended to be, what they are intended to do. . . . We regard only such accessories to a sermon, as he who preaches, or the language in which he preaches; we forget altogether that it is the word of God, and that its only object is our edification."

The sermons Canon Sheehan preached in his early years on the English mission are in no sense remarkable, and form a marked contrast to the sermons preached in Ireland when he was among his own people, and had gained a mastery of the English language through his essay and novel writing. We doubt if any of the sermons of this collection equal in eloquence those we remember reading in the pages of *The Intellectuals*, *The Blindness of Dr. Gray*, or *The Triumph of Failure*.

THE PATHS OF GOODNESS: Some Helpful Thoughts on Spiritual Progress, by Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50 net). Once more the Catholic reading public is indebted to Father Garesché for some helpful thoughts. The present volume is up to his usual standard and compares favorably with the volumes which have preceded it. Like them, it contains a number of articles of some length and others exceedingly brief. Among the longer articles, the mis-entitled "Little by Little," "Our Troublesome Selves," "The Much Required," and "Blind Spots" may be mentioned as the best and most helpful.

A MAN WHO WAS A MAN: ST. JOSEPH, by Michael A. Kelly, C.S.Sp., S.T.L., Ph.D. (Cornwells Heights, Pa.: The Paraclete Publishing Co. \$1.50), is a painstaking study of St. Joseph, whom the author designates "The Saint of the Commonplace." While the life of this just and highly favored man of God is merely hinted at in the Sacred Scriptures, Father Kelly has succeeded in drawing from it many considerations that cannot fail to be helpful to the thoughtful reader. To the text has been added a chapter giving in English the proper of the Mass for the feast of St. Joseph, with his litany and the popular prayer in his honor. The book is neatly and tastefully bound in dark blue cloth with gold lettering.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE, by Senator R. F. Pettigrew (New York: Boni & Liveright), is positively refreshing reading. Senator Pettigrew's speeches are the very antithesis of the average politician's utterances. The Senator maintains that the State, just as much as the individual, is bound by the laws of morality and honor. He lays down that lust of territory and of wealth is no justification for conquest. He holds that mighty bankers and corporations under cover of clever financial juggling ought not to be permitted to fleece a whole people. He shows up with documents and figures the futility and inherent dishonesty of many governmental shifts and subterfuges.

The style of these speeches is also noteworthy, being clear, forcible and incisive. And from the treasure-house of a wide acquaintance with literature and books, the Senator frequently illustrates and enforces his unusual opinions by deft and apt quotations.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF THE WOLF PATROL, by Brewer Corcoran (Boston: The Page Co.). The Patrol is the foundation stone of the Boy Scout Organization. Theoretically, the Scout Patrol, made up of eight boys, is the boys' "gang" organized and directed. The boys of the Wolf Patrol were a congenial unit—a "happy family." They were boys of the same neighborhood, and of the same age, banded together under the able leadership of "Steve" Mayhew.

Brewer Corcoran has handed the boys of America a crackerjack story of human interest, which gets its punch from the opening chapter.

It is full of rippling fun and thrilling intensity, of real boy problems during the War. The hike to the camp, the camp itself, and finally, the naming of the camp, will delight the reader. The spirit of loyalty and patriotism, of devotion and cheerfulness, together with the inspiration given by proper leadership are brought out in a pleasing and delightful manner. It is one of the best Boy Scout stories ever written.

OF the Catholic hymnals that have appeared in the last few years, none will bear comparison with *The St. Gregory Hymnal*, by Nicola A. Montani (Philadelphia: The St. Gregory Guild), either in the character of the contents or the spirit and general tone of the hymns. It is divided into an English and Latin section. The former contains hymns for every season of the Church year, the principal feasts, hymns to the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, one hundred and fifty in all. The texts are from approved sources, and show great care in selection. The melodies are devotional and truly Catholic in origin.

The Latin section contains three hundred liturgical hymns, Motets, Offertory pieces, Chants and several Gregorian Masses. Modern liturgical music is included in this section, which covers every season of the Ecclesiastical year, as well as hymns for Benediction, Forty Hours' Devotion and Holy Week. A unique feature of this Hymnal is the section devoted to Confirmation, Holy Communion, Ceremonies (Reception, Profession, etc.). It is the most complete hymnal, meeting the requirements of the *Motu Proprio*, that has so far appeared. Most of the hymns are written so that they may be sung by one, two or four voices.

VADE MECUM FOR NURSES AND SOCIAL WORKERS, by Rev. Edward F. Garesché (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. \$1.25), fills a long felt want of a pocket companion, to give to the busy professional woman the spiritual comprehension and stimulus needed to lift her difficult and important mission into the realm of the supernatural. The nurse meets souls at the psychological moment in her service of sick bodies, and has a field for untold good in exemplifying the "charity of Christ," as well as the perfection of nursing technique. To perfect her mission and round out her Christian character is the aim of this little book.

A PRACTICAL book of simple, and yet very valuable, instruction on the ordinary Catholic practices, is entitled *The Principal Catholic Practices*, by Rev. George T. Schmidt, published by Benziger Brothers of New York. The price is \$1.50 net.

FOR students for the priesthood we recommend in a special way *The Young Seminarian's Manual*. The *Manual* not only contains prayers that will aid the student in his devotions, but also special

instructions taken from approved Catholic writers that will help and guide him in the years of his preparation.

The book is prepared by Rev. B. F. Marcetteau, S.S., and published by the St. Charles' College Press, Catonsville, Md. The price is \$1.50.

A BOOK that will be of great use to priests not only for personal devotion, but in the public direction of the Eucharistic Hour, is entitled *The Eucharistic Hour*, by Dom A. G. Breen, O.S.B. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.20 postpaid). The volume gives appropriate readings, prayers and suggestions of meditations for the different seasons of the liturgical year.

THE recent canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque makes particularly appropriate the publication of the volume entitled *The Sacred Heart and Mine in Holy Communion* (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.15 postpaid). These are meditations drawn from the titles of the Sacred Heart and the writings of the Saint herself by Sister Mary Philip of Bar Convent, York. The preface is by Mother Mary Loyola. The meditations will be very helpful for private devotion and also for the conduct of the Holy Hour.

A BOOK of quite thorough research and, consequently, of valuable information is *Mary's Praise on Every Tongue*, by Father P. J. Chandlery, S.J., with a preface by Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co.). Father Chandlery has exhausted almost every channel. He shows how our Blessed Lady is honored by the Saints in every land, by religious orders, by scholars, by children, how she has been honored in herself, and in her manifold privileges. It exemplifies the prophecy, "Behold all nations shall call me blessed."

A LITTLE BOOK OF ST. FRANCIS AND HIS BRETHREN presents with superlative charm the great simplicities and eternal verities portrayed in the life of St. Francis. The author, E. M. Wilmot Buxton, is already well known for valuable work in making vivid the lives of God's heroes. The *Little Book* is quaintly and fittingly illustrated by Morris Meredith Williams, and will be found delightful by both children and adults. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.10.)

A MANUAL OF THE CEREMONIES OF LOW MASS, compiled and arranged by Rev. L. Kuenzel, is a new, complete and well tabulated arrangement of the rubrics of Low Mass intended to help the seminarian shortly to be ordained, to converse with this very important part of his priestly functions. The book is published by the Frederick Pustet Co. and is much to be commended. The price is \$2.50 net.

Recent Events.

Germany. On March 8th French, British and Belgian troops occupied the three German towns of Duesseldorf, Duisburg and Ruhrort.

Ten thousand French and five thousand Belgian troops were employed in the seizure. Of British, only two squadrons of cavalry were used in Duesseldorf, the British forces on the Rhine having been depleted by a draft of three battalions to Upper Silesia. At the same time as the land advance was made, the Allied Rhine flotilla sailed up the river to Ruhrort. This general movement followed the failure of the Germans at their conference with the Allies at London in the first week of March to meet the Allied terms laid down at the Paris conference late in January. At the Paris conference the Entente Powers had demanded of Germany 220,000,000,000 marks (\$55,500,000,000) in annuities extending over a period of forty-two years. At London, the Germans declared the impossibility of paying such a sum and made a counter-proposal whereby they offered to pay 30,000,000,000 gold marks, or 50,000,000,000 gold marks less 20,000,000,000 marks, which were insisted upon as credit for payments already made.

To this proposal Premier Lloyd George replied in the name of the Allies by delivering an ultimatum, giving Germany four days in which to accept the Allies' Paris terms or submit an offer worthy of consideration. Failing a favorable reply, the Allies threatened the occupation of German cities which, as stated, has now occurred. In addition, the Allies decided to levy a tax on the sale price of German goods in Allied countries and to establish a customs line on the Rhine. Following the Allied decision, President Ebert issued a proclamation to the German people calling attention to the injustice of the proceeding, but declaring that Germany was in no position to oppose force to the Allies' measures and urging calmness upon the populace. So far the people in the occupied regions have met the situation with complete passivity.

The three cities named were selected for seizure because, by their occupation, the Allies will control practically all the German coal production, and it is planned to place a heavy tax on every ton of coal in transit. Through Duisburg and Ruhrort passes all the traffic from the Ruhr Valley to north Germany and the neutral countries of Holland and Scandinavia, and through Duesseldorf,

all the Ruhr traffic to south Germany and central Europe, with the exception of perhaps a tenth part, which passes by rail overland.

Since the occupation, complications have arisen out of the Allied decision to collect a fifty per cent. tax on all German-made goods sold in Allied countries, as Italy, which needs German goods, has refused to levy such a tax. Moreover, Belgium objects to so high a rate as fifty per cent., but has intimated that it might agree to a lower tax, provided all moneys collected by such a tax in Allied countries were turned into a common fund. To this Lloyd George said he was opposed, because it would be impossible for Great Britain to share with Italy, who wanted no tax. He insisted that, as originally planned, each country should apply the money collected by this means to the reparation debt due it from Germany. The common opinion seems to be that the difficulties of the new tariff scheme are even greater than the military difficulties. Germany's answer to the Allied policy is a business strike, and the whole question now hinges on which side can hold out the longer.

The mobilization of the men and women throughout Germany entitled to vote in the Upper Silesian plebiscite, began early in March in twenty of the large German cities. Rallies are being held daily throughout the country for the purpose of inspecting all those eligible to participate in the plebiscite, which is to be held March 20th to determine whether Upper Silesia shall be German or Polish. It is estimated that at least 200,000 Germans, eligible to vote, will be sent to the plebiscite region, the Government providing free transportation for each voter and a place at which to stay till the election is held.

Reports of the elections for the Prussian Landtag held on February 20th, show that the Majority Socialists carried 118 seats, the Centrists 90, the Nationalist Party 63, the People's Party 57, the Independent Socialists 28, the Democrats 26, the Communists 20, and the Economic Party 4. Thus the Government coalition parties still have a majority in the Prussian Parliament, although the majority has been greatly reduced in consequence of the setback of the Democrats and Majority Socialists as compared with their position in the retiring National Assembly. The Extreme Right, or National Party, drew most of its gains from the more moderate People's Party, while the Extreme Left, or Communist Party, got one-fourth of the Independent Socialist vote at the last Reichstag elections. The rather unexpected gain of the Regular Socialist Party was due mainly to the fact that many workmen became tired of the constant quarreling of the Inde-

pendents with the Communists, and for the same reason many voters in the labor districts remained away from the polling districts.

The German dye industry has set a new record for the first two months of 1921. Before the War, German production of dyestuffs was 135,000 tons annually. Last year the total reached 145,000 tons, the largest amount ever produced in one year in the industry's thirty years of existence. In January of this year, however, the total production was 13,000 tons, and in February 15,000, and at this rate, which it seems probable will continue, Germany will produce this year about 178,000 tons of dyestuffs. Early in the summer it is hoped to have on hand large stocks of the colors most in demand, and the financial position of the dye concerns will permit of these stocks being sold at extremely low figures, for the express purpose of conquering foreign markets, especially Great Britain and the United States, which are Germany's two great dye competitors. An intensive campaign is being organized and will be opened in a few months. Already the German dye industry is doing very well in the Far East and in South America, in both of which regions sales have even now surpassed the pre-War figures.

Economists assert that at least 5,000,000 Germans are preparing to leave the Fatherland for the United States, Mexico and South America as soon as they are able to raise passage money and, in the case of the United States, can obtain admission. A majority of the prospective emigrants have expressed a preference for South America. Official and unofficial circles have displayed considerable uneasiness over the class of men now emigrating or preparing to emigrate, these being, as a rule, the most able-bodied and enterprising. One cause of this emigration is conceded to be the war taxes, particularly the tax on incomes.

Despite general agreement among political economists that Germany is overcrowded and that unless radical readjustments are made within one year, the nation will be able to support only fifty per cent. of the present population, suggestions have been made that the Government take immediate steps to regulate the number and quality of emigrants. With this in view, a new law is being drafted. It is argued that the tide of emigration could be turned back upon Germany to good purpose. Germany's arid lands, if irrigated or drained, would be capable of supporting 10,000,000 additional persons, it is said, and the Government has been urged to make this land available to the numbers now flocking abroad.

Russia. Throughout the month reports have been persistent of serious internal revolts against Soviet rule, occurring chiefly at Moscow and Petrograd. Because of the strict censorship, the reports have been vague and fragmentary, but the following seem to be the facts:

The anti-Bolshevik risings in Moscow, which occurred toward the end of February, were more in the nature of trade-unionist strikes than military operations, and were quickly suppressed. The belief is expressed, however, that settlement of the trouble was by force, rather than by an amelioration of the economic difficulties, and that additional strikes may be expected to occur at any time with increasing seriousness. The first reports stated that the strike was instituted by 14,000 employees of the Government works and in various industries, particularly the printing industry. The men demanded an increased bread ration, the convocation of a Constituent Assembly and the right of free trade.

The situation in Petrograd remains obscure, official circles abroad limiting definite statements to the fact that Kronstadt and several other fortresses on the south shore of the Gulf of Finland are holding out against the Bolsheviks. The revolutionists consist of sailors and laborers, chiefly the former, and Kronstadt, the principal fortress, which stands on an island at the head of the Gulf of Finland and commands Petrograd, is the centre of their organization. What is apparently the most authentic information of the exact nature of the revolt comes from Finland, and is to the effect that no attempts are being made to reestablish the old Tsarist régime or even to overthrow the Soviet system, but that the revolt is against the military dictatorship of Lenine and Trotzky.

Latest reports state that Kronstadt has commenced a bombardment of the suburbs of Petrograd and that the battleships, *Sebastopol* and *Petropavlovsk*, have joined in shelling the town. Krasnoya Gorka, a Soviet stronghold, is said to have surrendered and to be now occupied by Kronstadt troops. It is added that the revolutionary leaders, having landed a sufficient number of troops, have commenced an outflanking movement against Petrograd, using Krasnoya Gorka as a base. It is reported that Oranienbaum on the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland, is partly in ruins and that fires are raging there.

Trustworthy news from the interior of Russia shows that anti-Soviet revolts are spreading throughout the country. The food situation is described as catastrophic, no food trains having

reached the country from Siberia since February 11th. The situation is made more serious through the congestion of the transport system. On the main railway from Perm to Vologda three hundred trains are being held up.

The greatest importance is being attached abroad to a recent official Bolshevik dispatch. This dispatch admitted that communication between Moscow and Siberia had been cut off for a fortnight, and indicated that the smoldering opposition of the peasants was becoming active. The leaders of the revolutionary movement now developing are entirely unknown in Russian political circles, which indicates that the movement is non-political and comes from the broad masses of the people.

London dispatches quote what is affirmed to be reliable information: that the garrisons of Pskov and Smolensk have revolted, that in Tula, Serpukhoff and Kolemna (respectively one hundred miles south, fifty-seven miles south and sixty-three miles southeast of Moscow) the workers have expelled the commissaries and proclaimed a general strike, and that the peasants of the Ukraine, Western Siberia and the Ural are in open revolt.

Besides a dozen or more main insurrections, many anti-Bolshevik bands are reported to be operating under stimulus of the Kronstadt movement. East of Kiev and the Volga River region there are five bands, the most important of which is headed by General Makno, the Ukrainian anti-Bolshevik leader, who recently consolidated his forces with those of General Antonoff. These bands are said to number from 10,000 to 15,000 men, all mounted and well equipped. These irregular forces have defeated the Bolsheviks in several encounters east of Kiev, but the Bolsheviks have tightened their hold on that capital and are preparing to defend it from within and without.

Tiflis, capital of the Republic of Georgia, is again in the hands of the Bolsheviks, after their previous capture of and expulsion from that city. A provisional Soviet government has been set up in Tiflis, and Bolshevik troops appear to have completely overrun Georgia with the exception of Batum, Georgia's principal Black Sea port. Batum has fallen into the hands of Turkish Nationalist forces, although the Bolsheviks were apparently making a general advance against it, and as a result hostilities between the Turks and the Bolsheviks are declared to be probable. Experts on the Near Eastern question declare the Caucasus question is very much involved, Turkey claiming not only Batum, but Baku as well.

American diplomatic and military officials in Japan, China and Siberia have placed before the American State Department

and War Department detailed information of the military movements of Japan in Siberia, and have informally advised the Tokio Foreign Office that steps towards increasing the Japanese army of occupation in Vladivostok and the environs have been reported to this Government. Reports from American observers in Siberia indicate that the Japanese Government is gradually augmenting its force of two divisions in the Vladivostok territory, and that the new troops sent there are not replacements of the old guard, as was originally agreed upon by Japan when the Allied authorities decided upon the necessity of having armed contingents in Siberia. It is believed here that Japan's intention is to make the Siberian force four complete divisions and not confine it to two divisions, the strength consented to by the United States. It has been directly charged by American observers that Japanese troops are interfering with the operations of the Siberian railroads.

The peace negotiations between the Russians and the Poles at Riga, which last month were reported to have been successfully concluded on February 11th, have been discontinued, according to a recent dispatch to the *London Times* from Riga. The Bolsheviks say that the cessation is due to the illness of their chief representative, M. Joffe. The negotiations seem to be hopelessly tangled up with French, British and German political and commercial plans. The Germans are anxious to prevent the completion of the Treaty before the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, believing that the failure of the Poles to complete a treaty with Soviet Russia, would lend color to the German contention that Poland is weak, and that a Bolshevik invasion of Germany is imminent.

Although the text of the Franco-Polish agreement, which was under discussion during President Pilsudski's visit to Paris last month, has not been made public, it is understood that its terms bind France to furnish material and technical aid to Poland if that country should be attacked from the east or from the west. France would not be compelled, however, to send troops to Poland. On its part, Poland agrees, it is understood, to reconstitute the French military mission to her Government and to give a stronger organization to her army. The economic accord regulates commercial relations and tariff provisions between the two countries. A third accord provides for the constitution of a Franco-Polish company to exploit the petroleum industry in Galicia.

The Council of the League of Nations, which has been endeavoring to settle the dispute between Poland and Lithuania over Vilna, definitely decided, at last, to go back to the old diplomatic method of direct negotiation. Both countries placed so

many obstacles in the way of holding a plebiscite in the Vilna area and tried to lay down so many preliminary conditions, the plebiscite plan had to be dropped. The representatives of both countries were asked by the Council to consult their Governments as to the possibility of reaching an accord by direct negotiations under the auspices of the League. The Lithuanian Government has since accepted the proposal of the Council for meetings with the Poles. These are to be held at Brussels under the Presidency of Paul Hymans, Belgian representative on the League Council. This decision of the Council automatically puts an end to the plan to send a League force to keep order during the Vilna plebiscite, and at the same time ends the difficulty with Switzerland, which refused to allow a League army to pass through her territory. Meanwhile, serious uprisings have been reported from Vilna and a number of people have been killed and wounded. General Zellgouski's provisional government has been discontinued, and a new government, said to be directly controlled by the Poles, has taken its place.

Leonid Krassin, Bolshevik trade envoy to England, recently returned to London from Moscow with authority to sign the long proposed commercial Treaty between Great Britain and the Soviet Government. It develops, however, that he has also brought with him amendments that would change the entire complexion of the Treaty. One of these clauses would allow the Bolsheviks to continue their propaganda, and this is considered impossible of acceptance, or even of serious consideration, by the British, and a breaking off of the negotiations will follow if it is persistently urged by the Soviet representative. On the other hand, the opinion prevails that if Krassin will give up his contention for the propaganda clause, the chances are good for the early conclusion of the agreement.

Besides their decision to occupy German cities, discussed above, the Allied Supreme Council at their London conference made

France.

other important decisions, especially with regard to the revision of the Treaty of Sèvres, between the Allies and Turkey. Under the new settlement, which is the direct result of Constantine's restoration to the Grecian throne, the Greeks will lose much of what they would have acquired under the Sèvres document. The disputed provinces, which under the Sèvres pact would have gone to Greece, are disposed of by the new plan as follows: Thrace will be placed under international control. Smyrna will be autonomous under Turkish sovereignty. The Turkish flag is to fly

from the city hall, but a Greek garrison will be posted in the city. The vilayet will be run under a sort of joint control. The Governor will be a Christian, probably selected by the League of Nations. Constantinople is to remain in the hands of the Turks, who will also retain a large share of the financial and military control of the city. The straits, however, will not be under their control. The Greeks are to occupy Gallipoli on one side, while the British hold Chenak, on the Anatolian side. The British may make a second Gibraltar of Chenak, for it will become a British naval station and garrison, with perhaps a Turkish governor to preserve the dignity of his country.

In addition to its decisions respecting Germany and the revision of the Turkish Treaty, the Supreme Council notified Austria that it is now ready to discuss the situation in that country, and it made a demand for the delivery of all the military material not yet surrendered under the Treaty of St. Germain. The Supreme Council considers a state credit for Austria improbable, but it is hoped to assist the Austrian finances by influencing the states bordering on Austria to relax their custom duties, and also by arranging credits through private financial sources.

On February 21st the Council of the League of Nations began a series of meetings in Paris. The most important matter that came before the Council was a note from the retiring American Secretary of State Colby, protesting against the award of a mandate to Japan over the island of Yap, and demanding equal opportunity for United States nationals in Mesopotamia, over which Great Britain has a mandate. The American contention concerning Yap, which was formerly a German possession, arises from the fact that Yap is the centre of cable and radio communication in the Pacific, and the American Government desires that the cable station there be internationalized. This it does not consider feasible if one nation be the mandatory of the island on which the cable station is situated.

The League, in its reply, concedes the right of America to be consulted regarding Mesopotamia, but declares that the mandate for that territory is not yet before the Council, but that it will be discussed at its next meeting in May or June, when it invites an American representative to sit with it. In addition to the reply from the Council, the American protest called forth a note from the British Government, which, while in the main agreeing with the Colby definition of the principles controlling mandates, flatly declares that it will not "discriminate" against its own nationals, maintaining that British subjects obtained monopolistic rights in Mesopotamia before mandates were conceived, and even before

the outbreak of the War, and that these rights must be upheld. With regard to the protest on Yap, the Council of the League disclaimed responsibility for the inclusion of Yap in the Japanese mandates, and places the responsibility for this upon the Supreme Council of Allied Premiers, to which it has referred the American note in a desire "to promote the possibility of an amicable arrangement."

The French Government has decided to send former Premier René Viviani as a special envoy to the United States to plead the case of France before the new Administration and the American people. The mission, which is to be at the same time diplomatic and popular, arises from the French belief that America does not properly understand France's position, and will endeavor to make clear the handicaps a separate peace between Washington and Berlin would inflict on France. President Harding has signified his willingness to confer with the Viviani mission. The French Foreign Office has issued a statement that negotiations on the question of the international debt will form no part of the mission's activities.

Late in February the budget of the Ministry of War for the year was reported cut by the commission of the Chamber of Deputies which had it under discussion. The budget, as reported, stands at 5,144,000,000 francs, the commission having cut 1,402,000,000 francs from the requested 6,546,000,000 francs.

At a meeting presided over by President Millerand, the Government nominated three new Marshals of France in the persons of Generals Fayolle, Lyautey and Franchet d'Esperey. Their promotion to the highest French military dignity, which has been expected for some time, brings the number of Marshals up to six, the other three being Joffre, Foch and Pétain. The name of General Castelnau had also been mentioned as a candidate, but as he has adopted a political career and become a member of the Chamber of Deputies, his promotion to a Marshalate was felt to be inappropriate.

Italy.

The outstanding feature of the month's news from Italy has been the number and severity of riotous and sanguinary clashes between the Communists and Fascisti, or Extreme Nationalists, constituting a veritable cyclone of bloodshed sweeping over Central and Southern Italy. Florence, Bari, Bologna, Trieste, San Marco, Cerignola, and numerous other places have been the scene of terrific violence in which many persons have been killed. A state of siege has been proclaimed in the provinces of Ferrara, Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Parma and Piacenza.

The avowed purpose of the so-called Fascisti, or militant Nationalists, is to purge the Peninsula of all revolutionary elements when those elements become active. Their genesis was as follows: when the Treaty of Rapallo, which made Fiume a free city, deprived the Nationalists of their patriotic object, they looked around for some new inspiration. The Legionaries of d'Annunzio on their evacuation of Fiume, found themselves similarly unemployed. The action of the Communists in allying themselves with Lenine under the banner of the Third Internationale, brought the two groups together and gave them a new mission, which they prepared to carry out under the name of Fascisti. Failing to save Fiume for Italy, they were determined at least to save Italy from Lenine.

Besides many persons killed in the places named, hundreds were wounded in the promiscuous use of hand grenades, firearms and knives. In Florence alone, where a three-corned fight among the carabinieri, Fascisti and Communists, resulted in heavy casualties to the troops, sixteen persons were killed, while the number of wounded was between three and four hundred.

In reprisal for the destruction of the Trieste Labor Chamber by the Nationalists last month, three hundred Communists, armed with rifles, overpowered the customs guard at San Marco, seized the great dockyard there, and set fire to the offices and workshops. At San Marco is situated one of the largest naval construction works in Italy, employing six thousand persons, and the adjoining oil factory, which was also involved in the conflagration, afforded work for another one thousand. When the flames were finally subdued, \$5,000,000 worth of property had been consumed, with all the supplies of material for the trans-Atlantic liner, *Duchess of Aosta*, then in course of construction.

In addition to bloodshed, general strikes have been in effect in practically all the scenes of disturbances. The situation in the provinces is considered grave, though there is apparently no danger of a political revolution. The Government is acting with energy, having distributed troops which it is believed will control the situation.

The Italian political situation has become so intricate and economic conditions so complex, that national parliamentary elections are now generally discussed as holding out the only hope of cure for many evils. The feeling has been growing for some time that the Giolitti Government has proved unable to cope with the difficulties that have beset it. The people are in turmoil. The Socialists and Communists have both split into factions and are fighting among themselves. The Liberal party has split into the

Active Nationalists, the Fascisti or Extreme Nationalists, and a group of nondescript Liberals who are supposed to play a leading part in the country's government, but who are unable to do much because of the disruption of the majority parties.

The national budget, although reduced now far below the War figure, is still giving rise to considerable concern. Taxes and means of meeting the expected budget deficit are being discussed in Parliament, although formal action is not to be taken until after the Easter recess. Among the measures being proposed by the Government as a means of raising money, is a tax on foreigners in the country.

As to the budget, ten months ago it had mounted to 14,000,000,000 lire, but has now been reduced to 4,000,000,000 lire. In general, the financial situation is bad. The 1919-20 budget showed a deficit of 13,500,000,000 lire. The estimates for 1921-22 fix revenues at 14,750,000,000 lire and expenditures at 24,000,000,000 lire. The present annual deficit equals the entire national debt before the War, and 20,000,000,000 lire of it are pledged to the United States and England in gold. Italy needs raw material more than anything else, but it is practically impossible for her to purchase it abroad at the present rate of exchange.

A more favorable side of the picture is afforded by the growing frugality of the people, as evidenced by the fact that between June, 1914, and June, 1920, the total deposits in banks and savings banks increased from 7,595,000,000 lire to 20,659,000,000. Moreover, there is reason to expect a good wheat harvest for 1921, and emigration is assuming its pre-War proportions. All these factors cannot fail to influence the exchange, and so make available the imports so badly needed in industry.

Late in February, fire in the world-famous church at Loreto, containing the Holy House of Loreto, destroyed the altar and the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The altar was the work of several mediæval artists, but the wooden statue of the Virgin, reputed to have been carved by St. Luke, was only less sacred than the Holy House itself. Government experts have instituted a searching inquiry into the cause of the fire, but the matter remains a mystery. The official report absolutely excludes the short circuit theory, while looking upon the story of pillage as still unproved, because immense quantities of fused gold and silver mingled with scorched precious gems appear to be among the ashes. The value of the jewels that were consumed in the flames, comprising a wonderful collection of big pearl necklaces and many others in gold, set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires and crosses composed of emeralds and amethysts, is estimated at about \$2,500,000.

March 17, 1921.

With Our Readers.

SOMETIMES we belittle our fellows and think the world a sorry place. We grow despondent: and the color that drapes our own soul is extended over all the world. Man is a microcosm in more senses than one. Considering what the world has passed through in the last seven years, one can state a very strong and plausible argument to show that we are not justified in being optimistic: that joy is ill assumed in the presence of so much sorrow, and humanity has so fallen down before tremendous opportunity that the safest course is an uninspiring realism, an attitude of facing cold facts and never permitting disappointed enthusiasm to react in pain upon the soul. And yet it is true that to them who trust the larger hope, the greater response, the greater joy comes, and measuring man not by the years, but by the decades, it is they who do succeed and to whom humanity answers.

Cardinal Gibbons was born in 1834. He is eighty-six years of age. For many years he has occupied the most important and responsible position in the Catholic Church in the United States. But recently, he granted an interview to the noted publicist, Bruce Barton. The interview is published in the *American Magazine* for March. To American Catholics it is a most timely and important message. In the space allowed us we will endeavor to give some of its more salient points, but the article should be read in its entirety.

* * * *

"I HAVE been sick," the Cardinal said with a smile. "Just a hard cold, and I have had to curtail my engagements. But when your Editor wrote that your interview would be read by millions, including at least a million and a half young men, who can refuse so much youth, so much of future power and influence!" He glanced up keenly. "You are young yourself, I see. I like young men."

"I notice that your secretary and your associates are all young men," I suggested.

"That's part of the secret of warding off old age," he answered, with a smile whose freshness belied his years. "When a man begins to look back, then he is old. I never look back. . . . Until my recent sickness I used to walk every afternoon from five to six, and whom did I choose for companions? Students from the Seminary. They come from every part of the United States: one day a man from Massachusetts, another day one from Oklahoma, and so on. They tell me their hopes and their ambitions and their plans.

"And do you want to know what I say to them? I say: 'Young man, *expect* great things! Expect great things of God; great things of your fellowmen and of yourself. Expect great things of America. For great opportunities are ahead; greater than any that have come before. But only those who have the courage and the vision to *expect* them, will profit when they come.'"

He spoke very rapidly, never hesitating for a word. It was the voice of a man who has found life good, in spite of the confessions of sin and of failure that have been poured into his ears; of one whose look is still forward.

* * * *

WORK, in the view of the Cardinal, hard work, with a proper amount of recreation, was a *sine qua non* of a buoyant, hopeful soul.

"And with work I should class patience as another necessary element in any large achievement," he continued. "Oh, the impatience of youth! What a driving force it is; and what a ceaseless cause of anxiety and unhappiness. It is only as we grow older, that we realize that nothing greatly significant has ever been achieved in a day. Youth looks ahead for a week or a month or a year; middle age thinks in terms of ten years, perhaps, and it is only when one has lived a long time that he understands how slowly important changes take place. Our view of history is so short, even among the wisest of us! How far back does it reach? A mere moment of six thousand years or so. And back of that stretch the thousands and millions of years in which the Almighty was molding the universe slowly, *so slowly*, into conformity with His plans.

"I did not know Abraham Lincoln. He died a few years after I entered active life; I looked upon his features only once, and that at his funeral. But the impression that his tremendous patience made upon me as a young man has never been forgotten. How long he waited for events to work themselves out! How uncomplainingly he bore with obstruction and contradiction! To young men I would say again: 'Study Lincoln; learn to possess your soul in patience. Count upon contradiction and disappointment as a necessary part of the programme of life—the stuff out of which character and manhood are made. And do not think, because the goal you hope for is not achieved immediately, that your effort has been lost. No honest work is ever lost. Somehow it finds its place in the eternal scheme of the Almighty for a better, happier, kindlier world. And the children of One in Whose eyes a thousand years are as a day, have no duty but to do their honest best, leaving the final results in confidence and faith to Him!

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"IN the third place, I would name economy—thrift—as one of the vital assets in success. That sounds trite, I know. It *is* very trite, very old. Yet no matter how often it is repeated, the number of men who take it really to heart is all too few. . . .

"The law of God is the law of thrift; and no man transgresses that law, either in his personal or business affairs, without incurring a penalty. I have seen millionaires, whose wealth seemed without limit, caught and made paupers in a period of business reaction. They had lived too lavishly, and reached out in their greed too far. And I have seen comparatively poor men, who had saved their money, take advantage of just such periods to invest in independence. Waste nothing, as nature wastes nothing. Expect some bad years, as nature expects them, and provides for them by other years of abundance. Count on the routine effort of year after year, as nature counts on the unending and unchanging procession of the seasons. *This*, and not luck, or the rich fruits of speculation, is the real secret of success."

* * * *

YOUNG inexperienced men are bewildered at the first great disappointment they experience, much as the first man was bewildered by the first sunset.

"But we who are older have seen the sun set and rise again many times. We have passed through many so-called panics. How well I remember the trying days following the Civil War, and the bitter weeks of '73, and Black Friday, and all the rest.

"Yet the pendulum swung back, prosperity returned again; and men, made wiser by their reverses, were better prepared to use its blessings wholesomely and unselfishly.

"There is a verse in the Bible that reads thus: 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' That is a hard verse for youth to learn; a very hard verse, indeed. But we who are older know its meaning. The chastening of adversity is an act of love on the Father's part, and not of punishment. Human nature is not fitted to stand the strain of unremitting prosperity. Neither individuals nor nations are yet perfect enough to resist the weakening of moral fibre that inevitably results when riches come too easily. Men forget the simple teachings of their childhood; they forget too often the obligations of home, of self-sacrifice, and of religion. Then comes a check; the easy profits of the prosperous years slip away; we learn all over again how evanescent a thing wealth is, how poor a foundation on which to build a life. And we go back to our homes, back to simple living and clear thinking, back to our churches, back to God. So when the sunshine of better days returns, it finds us less eager to strain after a mere living, and knowing better how to live.

"Winter and spring and summer and fall are all parts of the eternal plan. And the trials of winter are as necessary as the warmth and comfort of summer in God's great machinery for building men. Men—men of character and ideals! That is what the world needs most.

* * * *

"**I** SAID at the beginning," repeated the Cardinal, "Young man, *expect* great things.' And I say it again at the end. I have lived almost three times as long as the average age of your readers. I have watched

men climb up to success, hundreds of them; and of all the elements that are important for success, the *most important is faith*. Those who throw up their hands in discouragement when the first snow falls, fail to profit when the sunshine of spring returns. And no great thing comes to any man unless he has courage, even in dark days, to expect *great things*; to expect them of himself, of his fellowmen, of America, and of God."

NO man can tell with absolute exactness when the light of morning breaks upon the world. A short while ago, it was not there. Now the darkness is receding: the light has come. Its coming in its gradual advance and ascent is in itself inviting, glorious. The light bears its own testimony of dignity: of power: of triumph. Through that power it both gives and reveals the beauty of the world: and that beauty is by degrees, and in part, seen by the beholder with human eyes and human soul, and he is filled with the exaltation and the inspiration of life.

* * * *

AS there is this visible day without, which is the redemption of the world from its chaotic darkness and meaninglessness, so also is there the visible day within which redeems the soul, man in himself, from darkness and despair. If God said, looking with merciful eyes on the material universe: "Let there be light," so did His infinite mercy extend to the soul of man, to its temporal and its eternal life.

We know not when the light breaks in upon our soul. No doubt it has been there since infancy. One English poet was so convinced of this, that he even placed its coming to the soul before the soul was. We may strain our memory and there, far off in almost unremembered days, our soul recalls the word, the passage, the experience, the example that brought a spiritual light, urged us, showed us the way to what we felt, even then, was the higher, obligatory life. For those to whom the gift of Catholic faith was given, the light never failed. Yet even here, while the light itself never fails, the soul may cause its temporary setting: the soul may know the coldness and the darkness of failure.

To those to whom the Faith is not a matter, so to speak, of birth: a light known and accepted from infancy, with which the soul and the body have grown from the beginning, the light of God shines dimly and, perhaps, not at all. They have their intimations: their inspirations: their hopes: their determinations. They have stood upon the hilltop and watched: and then, grown weary and skeptical, they have gone again down into the valley, where the darkness is deeper. The inspirations have been allowed

to die. The sensible and the evident have conquered. They yield to the easier way. The light still endeavors to break in: God never leaves them alone. They are oftentimes unhappy: dissatisfied: they feel that while they have a hold upon life, they do not possess life: and then this also gives way to the appeal of the present: the pleasure of lesser offerings, the satisfaction of the intellectual, the absorption in family and social life.

* * * *

YET no man ever escapes the struggle. Every one of us makes some endeavor to escape from the night. No one lives or would confess that he lives in utter darkness. To put the higher in the ascendancy: to know the answer to the better yearnings, these, if listened to at all, will inevitably draw from life the answer that life is ready to give, the dawn that she can always bring—truth and peace. And to the soul that so yearns, the story of a fellow soul that has likewise sought, and then found, must be of inestimable value. The solidarity of human kind bestows evidential value upon the spiritual experiences of our fellows. The external, the objective must be used to check up those experiences and differentiate them from the purely imaginative and subjective. To make a personal experience real enough to have universal value, that experience must have notes of being larger than the individual experiencing it: must prove that he has seen and evidenced a truth that, while it develops self, is inimical to selfishness: while seeing truth, has seen a truth beneficial to all mankind: and while satisfying self, has also seized upon that which would satisfy all humanity. This is the lesson to be drawn from the lives of the holy ones of God. And the lesson to be drawn from the examples which God, in His mercy, grants to some individuals today.

The soul that gropes for the light inevitably seeks to know if others seek as it seeks. Conscious of its failure and its infidelities, it would be comforted did it know that others were as inconstant and unfaithful as itself. Out of the doubt and the personal weakness, it might be lifted if it knew of another who had traveled with equally halting steps the hill whence cometh our help.

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SUCH we believe to be the extraordinary narrative contributed to the March issue of this magazine under the title "The Open Window." Communications from our readers have supported our own judgment. All have said that this quest of a soul is appealing: effective: inspiring. Its simplicity and sincerity are undeniable. It echoes in its beginning the experience of the

millions. Personal human failure makes it akin to all of us. Unselfish surrender renders it immune from the charge of subjective and imaginative. The reward was bought at a great price—humility: separation: poverty: courage: but the reward must be sought and purchased by any man who seeks peace. And the peace that descended upon that soul, the vision vouchsafed him, the life temporal and eternal which he possesses, the high noon sun of truth which floods his soul—is not this the light and the life for which all humanity was made and for which all humanity yearns?

* * * *

TO us who are of the household of the Faith, it is most blessed evidence that Christ lives and works and reigns. Is it not also stimulating that a stranger can come and lead us to appreciate more fully the gifts that are ours since birth? Have we not grown, not too familiar with them but too accustomed to them? The light that ever shines within us has perhaps grown to be as commonplace as the ordinary day. We, too, need to realize that it is the Light not of earth, but of heaven. And when this realization comes, we shall begin to interpret every word we utter, every thought we have, every act we perform, not as our own but as the act and word and thought of Christ, Who is our Light of Life and in Whom we live and move and have our being.



LAST month we spoke of certain Catholic books that should be known and read by our Catholic people. In order to draw special attention to it we speak here of a new Catholic volume which will be of particular blessing and joy to Catholic children. Nor do we wish to limit it to children, for we have read it with much personal delight. The volume is entitled *A String of Sapphires*—a phrase selected from the Prophecy of Isaias. It is a recital in poetic form of the principal events and mysteries of the life and death of our Blessed Lord. Mrs. Eden's name as a poet is already widely known and highly respected. In this volume, on which incredible labor must have been expended, both her poetic vision and poetic diction attain a very high standard of expression. She is not a versifier: she is a poet, with the power to throw fresh beauty upon old eternal truths and to make of human speech something like a fitting vehicle for the divine word. To the compilation of the work, the author has brought true scholarship and, by notes at the end of the volume, gives information of all her sources, and differentiates between history and legend.

The Catholic mothers and their children throughout the English-speaking world will be always indebted to her. It is a delight to read the book by oneself: to hear it read: or to read it to others.

THE following personal and intimate appreciation of the late Louise Imogen Guiney has been sent to us by Miss Anna T. O'Connor:

"Since the sad news of the death of Louise Imogen Guiney, poet and essayist, reached America early in November (sad for all but her), a shower of letters and criticisms in regard to that rare woman has besprinkled our press, but few amongst them have approached, in true perception and depth of appreciation, Father Daly's beautiful tribute which appeared in the November 20th issue of *America*, and Miss Katherine Brégy's most interesting paper printed in the January number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. Father Daly's article is all the more extraordinary in that he never knew Miss Guiney personally; but with a sure instinct he has traced the source from which that remarkable personality sprang and developed—her profound Catholic Faith. Miss Brégy also has rightly sensed this to be the secret of her peculiar charm as a woman, of her distinction as a poet and scholar. It is with diffidence that I venture to add anything at all to these very comprehensive articles, but it has occurred to me that our Catholic public might be glad to read an even more personal account of that gifted woman, and so I have made this attempt to portray her, not as the poet and scholar (which cleverer pens have already done), but as the Catholic gentlewoman I knew her to be.

* * * *

"FROM 1909 till 1914 I lived at Oxford: rich years, made richer by the presence and friendship of Louise Guiney, for it was there that I began to know Miss Guiney well, and to feel the full charm and power of her entire being. We saw eye to eye in almost every field of thought and feeling—surely a rare experience in human intercourse! She was not beautiful—to the casual observer—but she was in no sense ugly; of about medium height, with a well-rounded figure, not stout; brown, very fine hair, which had not turned visibly gray when I last saw her in 1913; grayish-blue eyes which required the constant wearing of spectacles, eyes which met yours steadily, penetratingly, benignantly, often humorously; softly modeled features, a remarkably smooth, unlined face, and smooth, kind-looking hands. Her smile was irresistible,

her voice low and harmoniously modulated. She was extremely simple and unfashionable in her dress, and in all the externals of her life. Except in nuns, I think I have never seen such youthfulness in a mature woman's face—the reward, no doubt, of her inherent purity. (Michelangelo expressed this great truth in the face of Our Lady in his incomparable *Pietà*.) And she had the merry, frank, infectious laugh of an innocent young girl. Throughout her whole being there shone the undying youthfulness of those who 'shall see God'—that youthfulness which seems to be the special prerogative of certain Catholic women. I have seen it in poor old women whose lives have been one long chain of hardships and sorrows.

* * * *

“ONLY the other day, in an old notebook, I came across the following extract from one of Mrs. Craigie's writings. She is speaking of religion, and what might be called the perpetual atmosphere of the soul which it alone creates. She says: 'The Catholic faith, which ignores no single possibility in human feeling and no possible flight in idealism, produces in those who hold it truly, a freshness of heart very hard to be understood by the dispassionate critic who weighs character by the newest laws of its favorite degenerate, but never by the primeval tests of God.' At once I thought of Louise Guiney, of her joyous freshness of heart through trials that would have overwhelmed the average woman living outside the bright fields of her spiritual existence. Though living on a limited, sometimes woefully limited, income, her generosity was boundless. I have known her to take the last shilling from her purse to give to one in greater need, so complete was her confidence in God's providence towards those who follow His higher counsels of perfection. She cared nothing for material possessions, but she cared enormously for her friends, for her ideals, for her art, for true beauty in every guise. Her quaint little house at Oxford was a shrine of pilgrimage to many a visitor from far and near, both distinguished and otherwise, and to all these she gave almost too generous a share of her time and attention. Delightful as all my intercourse with her was, it was at the daily eight o'clock Mass at the Jesuit Church of St. Aloysius at Oxford that the inner life of Louise Guiney was most clearly revealed to me. She knew the liturgy of the Church almost by heart, and she used neither missal nor beads at Mass, as a rule, but just quietly knelt there, her hands clasped in front of her, her eyes steadily fixed on the altar, and I think there are no words in any language that can describe adequately the expression of her whole countenance during that

sublime half-hour, an expression which invariably brought to my mind the line of Wordsworth's: "Quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration."

* * * *

"THIS past summer there appeared in one of our magazines which has, in general, a well-deserved reputation for literary excellence, two articles in reply to Mrs. Katherine Gould Gerrold's wise and piercingly far-seeing paper on certain tendencies on the part of a large class of our young people and their weak, ineffectual parents and guardians. As I read these two articles, one by a youth, the other by a last year's débutante, I instinctively contrasted their deep-rooted vulgarity, their flippancy, their extraordinary hardness, their superficiality and very evident lack of knowledge of the true meaning of life, their lack of genuine culture, with the character and equipment, the attainments, the personality, the high-breeding of a Louise Imogen Guiney, who was so clearly and unmistakably the product of obedience to the Ten Commandments, and of love for a definitely defined Faith, both of which virtues were very obviously despised by those two pitiful young persons.

"It would be difficult, perhaps, to make the average American, unacquainted with the peculiar appeal of life in pre-War England to a person of Miss Guiney's tastes and gifts, understand why she chose to make her home there. One purely material reason, however, will be clear to all: and that is that she was able to live there comfortably, and with dignity in a home of her own, on what would not have given her a hall-bedroom in New York or Boston. But she had graver reasons, based on the particular nature of her work.

* * * *

"DURING a part of her Oxford life she lived with a cultivated, large-hearted fellow countrywoman, Miss Harriet Anderson, and it was in their little parlor that several beneficent and inspiring Catholic activities were conceived and elaborated, the now flourishing Newman Society of Oxford University being one of them. She loved various forms of pageantry, and sighed for a return of the true merrie life of the old days of Catholic England. But, above all, she had a veritable passion for souls, even as had the Jesuit poet she so greatly admired and appreciated, Father Gerard Hopkins—this passion for souls which is only mistily understood by so many otherwise admirable critics. It is a pity, for instance, that Mr. Robert Bridges did not consult her¹

¹ This estimate is confirmed by Miss Guiney's own words in an article on "Digby Dolben," whose works Mr. Bridges also edited, in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, September, 1912.

before he published some of the notes in his recent edition of Father Hopkin's poems! But, perhaps, there is a blindness which is more or less a willful blindness, a congenital blindness!

* * * *

"SHE was the highest example of the Christian gentlewoman, courageous, humble, generous, candid, loyal, joyous, true as steel, and of swift, sure sympathies—the gracious flower of a gracious soundly-Catholic education and training. There really was no one quite like her, and I can think of no one to wholly fill her place. Mrs. Meynell comes the nearest to it, perhaps: there was a strong spiritual kinship between them; but Miss Guiney lived on even more exalted and detached heights, it seemed to me.

Grant us, when this short life is spent,
The glorious evening that shall last;
That, by a holy death attain'd,
Eternal glory may be gained.

"This was her prayer in life: who can doubt but that it has been generously answered in her death? And so I dream now, as surely all who loved her dream, of the canticles of love and praise and joy which must be pouring from that great heart today."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Essentials of Mysticism. By Evelyn Underhill. \$3.00 net. *In Search of the Soul.* Vols. I., II. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. \$20.00 net. *Recurring Earth Lives.* By F. Milton Willis. *Tales of Ægean Intrigue.* By I. C. Lawson. *A Theory of the Mechanism of Survival.* By W. Whately Smith. \$2.50 net. *A Social and Industrial History of England, 1815-1918.* By J. F. Rees, M.A. *The Song of Roland.* By Charles Scott Moncrieff.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

Speculative and Political. By A. J. Balfour. \$3.00 net. *From Out the Vasty Deep.* By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. *Snow Over Elden.* By Thomas Moul. *Our Family Affairs.* By E. F. Benson. *She Who Was Helena Cass.* By Lawrence Rising. *Life and Letters.* By J. C. Squire. \$3.00 net.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

The Writer's Art. By Rolls Walter Brown. \$2.50 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

House of the Forest. By Constance G. Bishop. \$2.00 net. *Tressider's Sister.* By Isabel C. Clarke. \$2.50 net.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:

The Hare. By Ernest Oldmeadow.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Religion—First Course; The Teaching of Religion; Religion—First Manual. By Roderick MacEachen, D.D. *History of the United States.* Vol. VI. By James Ford Rhodes, LL.D.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Political Aspects of St. Augustine's City of God. By John Neville Figges, Litt.D. \$2.50 net. *Early History of Singing.* By W. J. Henderson. \$1.50 net.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Invalid Europe. By Alfred F. Seligsberg. *What David Did.* By Helen S. Woodruff. *The Narrow House.* By Evelyn Scott. *The Noise of the World.* By Adriana Spadoni.

- FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:
The Lost Knight, and Other Poems. By T. Maynard. *The Silver Age of Latin Literature.* By W. C. Summers, M.A. *The Sisters-in-Law.* By Gertrude Atherton. \$2.00 net. *The Divine Adventure.* By Theodore Maynard. \$2.00 net.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Comparative Religion—A Survey of Its Recent Literature. By J. H. Jordan, B.P. *Donne's Sermons—Selected Passages.* By Logan Pearsall Smith.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Mystery of the Sycamore. By Carolyn Wells. \$2.00 net.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
A Reference History of the War. By Irwin S. Guernsey, M.A.
- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
The Age of the Reformation. By P. Smith, Ph.D. *The Old Man's Youth.* By William de Morgan.
- BRENTANO's, New York:
The Gentle Art of Columning. By C. L. Edson. *Recollections of the Revolution and the Empire.* By La Marquise de la Tour du Pin.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Montagu Wycherly. By L. A. Harker. \$2.00. *Quicksands of Youth.* By F. C. Hoyt. \$1.75.
- FREDERICK PUSTET Co., New York:
The Palace Beautiful, or the Spiritual Temple of God. By Rev. F. A. Houck.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Greenway. By L. Moore. \$2.35.
- B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
Reminiscences of Tolstop. By M. Gorky.
- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Old World Traits Transplanted. By R. E. Park and H. A. Miller. \$2.50 net.
- THE RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, New York:
The American Empire. By Scott Nearing. 50 cents.
- JOHN W. LUCE & Co., Boston:
Greek Tragedy. By Gilbert Norwood.
- THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:
Morning, Noon and Night. By G. W. Dresbach. *The Sympathy of the People.* By John Pratt Whitman.
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The Diary of a Forty-Niner. By C. A. Canfield. \$3.50.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Cow-Country. By B. M. Bower. *The Strength of the Pines.* By E. Marshall.
- SULLIVAN BROTHERS, Lowell, Mass.:
Irish Catholics Genesis of Lowell. By George F. O'Dwyer.
- BROTHERS OF THE SACRED HEART, Metuchen, N. J.:
Catechism of Christian and Religious Perfection.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
"Pardon and Peace." By H. M. Capes. \$1.50 net. *Sermons and Sermon Notes.* By Rev. H. I. D. Ryder. \$2.25 net. *Elements of Economics.* By L. Watt, S.J. 15 cents net. *The Christian Mind.* By Dom A. Vomer, O.S.B. \$1.50 net. *Psychology and Mystical Experience.* By J. Howley, M.A. \$2.50 net. *A Year With Christ.* By W. J. Young, S.J. \$1.60 net.
- WOODCOX & FANNER, Battle Creek, Mich.:
Spiritual Evolution. By Benjamin F. Woodcox. \$1.00 net.
- BURKLEY PRINTING Co., Omaha, Neb.:
Daisy. By Gilbert Guest.
- DOMINICAN SISTERS PUBLISHING Co., Tacoma, Wash.:
Doctrinal Discourses. By Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
Talks for the Little Ones. By a Religious of the Child Jesus. 1 s. 6 d. *England's Breach with Rome.* By Cardinal Gasquet, O.S.B. 1 s. net. *Freemasonry.* By Rev. H. J. Thurston, S.J. 2 d. *The Sisters of Charity Martyred at Arras in 1794.* By A. Lady Lovat. 1 s. *With Jesus My Friend.* By a Religious of the Holy Child Jesus. 2 d. *A Little Book on Purgatory.* By A. Ross. 2 d. *Religion in School.* By the Editor of "The Sower." *Catholic Defensive and Progressive Organization.* By Edward Eyre, K.C.S.C. *Our Separated Brethren.* By Leslie J. Walker, S.J., M.A. *The Ship That Was Simon's.* Pamphlets.
- DANIEL O'CONNOR, London:
Ireland in Insurrection. By Hugh Martin. 3 s. 6 d. net.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London:
The Catholic Directory, 1921. 3 s. 6 d. net. *Catechism Made Easy.* By Rev. Henry Willson.
- M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin:
Domicile and Quasi Domicile. By Rev. N. Farren. 8 s. 6 d. net.



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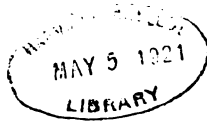
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JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

AN INTERPRETATION.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

"Can it be that the progress of civilization is to diminish the value and usefulness of eminent virtues and to weaken men's practical submission to finer and more cultivated natures."—*Frederick Harrison, "Essay on St. Bernard."*



JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS died in Baltimore March 24th at the age of eighty-six. He had remained active in his episcopal work until November, 1920, when he collapsed while conducting services at Havre de Grace. He recovered temporarily, but none of those who were near him felt any release from the fear that his race was nearly run. One thought of the pathetic words uttered by Cardinal Manning: "I am an old man now. I am slowing into the station." Cardinal Gibbons was spared practically all physical suffering and the general breakdown of his mental faculties. His mind remained clear and his memory was but slightly impaired. He recognized and interpreted the relentlessness of the days as they contracted the circle of his life, and death advanced upon him. His episcopal activities ceased. His priestly functions were ended as strength waned. Visits to him were terminated. Consultation with him from many parts of the world became no longer possible.

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He ceased writing letters. One by one the reaper cut the anchors that held him to the world. He spoke sweetly of the easy chair that became his throne when he was too feeble to leave his room. He gazed unfearing into the grim eyes of death as it approached. The smile that lighted his countenance and the peace that filled his soul, were due to the vision of his faith that revealed to him behind the stern messenger the reassuring glance of the Heavenly Father Whose ambassador he had been.

Cardinal Gibbons died beloved throughout the world. He witnessed no shrinking of personal influence, no diminution of love, no reserves in the admiration which his character, purposes and achievements had won. The manner in which a kindly Providence sustained him in his gentle eminence contradicts much of the experience of outstanding men. Pity leads the world to be kind to a man of eighty-six, but pity was not invited by this great man nor did his admirers offer it. Every type of man in two worlds who loved great human ideals and recognized them, offered spontaneous testimony to the appreciation in which Cardinal Gibbons was held. It is inspiring to realize that in a score of nations his death stirred a stream of comment, of reverent praise and inspiring interpretation practically unequalled in our time.

No one managed this. It could not have been managed. The tributes were spontaneous and uniform in singling out the traits that gave him universal appeal. I do not know the secret of that appeal. It is easy to say that sympathy, understanding, patriotism, the championship of noble ideals under the restraints of practical wisdom and the reserves of sufficient caution are elements that make universal appeal. Yet these qualities alone do not insure it. No man can compel it. No man can intend it. To aim at it would be a flaw in life. Universal appeal is a grace freely given when given, but rarely given. It was given to Cardinal Gibbons as an unmistakable blessing of his Creator. It is impossible now to describe him adequately. It will remain impossible to describe him adequately, largely because the whole man was present in everything that he did. His personality diffused itself through the life of the nation and the Church. No one thing that he did expresses him. Yet everything that he did seemed to express him. As he recedes into the dim distance of multiplied years,

the atmosphere in which he lived and the affection in which we held him will have been lost. Full records will preserve many descriptions of him. But he will have no biographer probably to do him justice. A book depends as much on the reader as on the writer. When years shall have given to the world the distance in which to see him in his proportions, the generations that knew him and loved him and trusted him will have passed away. The difficulty of the task of interpreting him lures one to attempt it. Yet one feels that description minimizes him and analysis fails to account for his power. Words are of one dimension. How shall they describe the complexities of any life, let alone those of the life of Cardinal Gibbons.

The Cardinal was a wonderful man. The nation lovingly named him as one of its greatest citizens. The Church proudly held him to be its greatest prelate. Every social class felt near to him. We were as one in feeling that this man touched greatness at many points, and we offered him the tributes in which the human heart exhausts its power of expression. We gave him complete love. We gave him complete trust.

If the character of Cardinal Gibbons is looked at analytically and his faculties are enumerated with the cold severity of logic, we seem to find among them little that is extraordinary. His mind taken alone without the reënforcement of his qualities would not have singled him out to the world for particular attention. His qualities taken in themselves, one by one, apart from his exalted station and encyclopedic experience with life, lack picturesqueness and ruggedness or the one-sidedness which is usually associated with power. There was a balance among his qualities and faculties which adapted them to one another in perfect proportion, and gave to his character the symmetry and harmony in seeking which the architect does his most perfect work. We are accustomed to greatness that is one-sided and accompanied by compensating limitations. Roughness often accompanies intellectual strength. Passion to dominate, is associated frequently with eminent station. Opportunity for self-aggrandizement betrays at times those who have great power. It is easy to love humanity and to be mean at home. But one looks in vain through the character of Cardinal Gibbons for any such one-sidedness. The symmetry of his character, the simplicity of his traits, the unreflecting yet gentle directness

of his ways might have passed almost unnoticed had he been a local, not a world figure. The human traits that one found in him, traits that the world has been praising since he died, are found more frequently among lesser men than among mighty leaders. Simplicity, thoughtfulness, toleration, understanding, insight into human limitations, joyful support of good things, subtle touch with great truths that lie often unnoticed at the threshold of the world, are traits of the kind alluded to.

This was an achievement in living. It was an achievement in national life because the nation has profound need of great example in these qualities. It was an achievement in religious life, for religion must look upon exalted example as a minor kind of revelation that makes more easy of practise these traits which are rooted in the law of God. The secret of the Cardinal's universal appeal must be sought somewhere among these qualities. If his separate faculties and qualities were not great, their combination in him was a form of greatness all too rare in life. If genius consists largely in the fusion of all the faculties, the instinct of the world found in Cardinal Gibbons proofs of genius. We may lack the insight needed to explain his hold upon the trust and affection of the world. Who can doubt that he had gained that hold and that his universal appeal resulted from what he was, rather than from anything that he aimed to be. Every kind of eminence that had been conferred upon him throughout his wonderful life was enhanced by the final eminence that death conferred. When it gave the signal, waiting angels stooped to take his kindly soul from its shrunken tabernacle. We forgot the requiem as we saw the sunburst of his glory in the world's acclaim. We can imagine, as one artist did, that he waved farewell to the spires of his beloved Cathedral as his soul went with swift steps upward to the throne of the hidden God. As he took his departure kings, scholars, statesmen, presidents, governors, ambassadors, his colleagues in the Church, the Supreme Pontiff, men, women and little children in many nations felt the deep sense of loss, and the soul of the world was moved to reverent speech. Cardinal Gibbons must have been close to the realities that underlie the structure of the world in order to have gained these tributes. This is an elementary fact that must underlie any estimate of him. It is out of all proportion to the intentions or powers of a single

man. The world placed the crown upon his head. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

Cardinal Gibbons was more interested in persons than in abstractions. He dealt with issues and processes not as abstractions, but as they were expressed in attitudes by their representatives. Abstractions are very alluring. General statements dispense with the need of accuracy and erudition. But Cardinal Gibbons was a personality who remained in close touch with the world. His life-long contact with leaders in many fields of human interest gave him an aptitude in acquiring knowledge, and an immediate control of his information which were quite exceptional. When minds become philosophical and dwell among abstractions by preference, they tend to lose sympathy with persons and the power to deal with facts and persons in a simple way. Cardinal Gibbons never wandered into academic remoteness from life. He remained near to it, in sympathy with it. In this way he gained practical insight that gave to his judgment exceptional value.

It is amazing to find that the world, otherwise so divided, was united in admiration and trust in his character and around his tomb. It is difficult for men to understand one another in these days. Religion divides us deeply and too often bitterly. But representatives of every type of religion found much that they cherished and trusted in the character, purposes and achievements of this beloved man. Political theories and party interests separate men into contending groups, but all were as one in public homage to Cardinal Gibbons and glad recognition of his wholesome influence in national life.

Life is divided into stubborn fractions that refuse to merge into unity and subdued relation. Culture, like morality, is wholesomeness, judgment of parts in relation to the whole. But industry, art, science, politics, trade, tend increasingly to break away from the unity of life and to abandon themselves to the sway of perverted values. But all of these interests in social life seemed to find a ground of common understanding in the way in which their representatives accepted Cardinal Gibbons as one who symbolized the ideal unity that should hold the world together. He showed that it is still possible to merge all of the interests of life in the sympathies of a single individual who represents the ideal of which the world falls so far short.

No historian will show the extent to which the sheer personality of Cardinal Gibbons became a factor in the defence of the Christian faith and of the practical morality that is its fine flower. Is there a priest, a bishop or an archbishop in the United States today whose work has not been made more effective and whose obstacles have not in some way been diminished by the incredible personal influence of Cardinal Gibbons? I doubt if there is one. There can be no census of the willful bigots whose work he set at naught; no record of the misrepresentations of his Faith and its relations that were shamed out of our national life by his character and his deeds. A secular daily, not given to much preaching, expressed the view that the example of Cardinal Gibbons in the life of America had done incredible things in keeping the young men of the nation right-minded and clean of life. Perhaps it will require some years without the influence of his presence to enable us to realize the diffused power of his personality in the nation's life. It would be well not to overlook this intangible achievement in estimating his place.

The Cardinal was an old man. Old men are exposed to the tyranny of memory and the woes of disillusionment. Settled ways are easy ways and old men love their ease. They see all things ending. They think much of their own end. They acquire a distaste for beginnings, for new effort that demands freshened outlook and courage. Their friends die about them. New generations assume leadership and old men are crowded out or forgotten. They surrender reluctantly. Nature has harsh ways of dealing with old men. The illusions of age dominate them. They dislike innovation, and as the circle of their solicitude shrinks, they become timid, contented with things as they are and obstacles to progress. Old men are conservative men. They are not enthusiasts. They are historians rather than prophets, keepers of the past, not trustees of a new day.

Now Cardinal Gibbons escaped these penalties of great age. He continued to see the value of new endeavor, and he blessed with intelligent courage new activities before which younger colleagues remained silent and cautious. His open-mindedness and deep personal interest in the creation and support of the National Catholic War Council as a war measure and the National Catholic Welfare Council as a permanent

plan of hierarchical reorganization show all of this. Four years ago, at the age of eighty-three, he displayed a courage and understanding in respect of these steps which would have honored a man of forty. He foresaw difficulties, but he understood the new demands that our national life made upon the Church. He knew that her message was to the future and that it had not been exhausted in the past. He did everything that the burden of his years permitted as possible to him, and was stirred to action, not discouraged from it, by the difficulties that awaited these epoch-making steps.

An outstanding trait of the Cardinal's character and mind lay in his failure to strive after originality. It was almost disconcerting to discover on meeting him that there was nothing unusual about him. He was free from affectation. His personal dignity was the outcome of wisdom, simplicity and Christian insight into human values. That dignity attracted. It never repelled. The Cardinal's manner of speech was direct and simple. He encouraged others to speak and listened always with encouraging quiet.

Men who seek distinction, aim to be original. The obvious is not dramatic. It is not new and, therefore, it lacks interest for shallow souls that do not sound the depths of life. Cardinal Gibbons had no fear of commonplace truths, for truth is never trite. Only the expression of it becomes trite. The Cardinal said obvious things with simple words. He fixed his attention upon the truth that he uttered and not upon the effect that he might make. In this way he compelled attention to the elementary truths of spiritual and social life that we love to trample under foot with reckless abandon. Whether he spoke to little children or to a congregation or to men in whose hands the providence of God placed the great responsibilities for the direction of life, his thought and its style of expression were simple, direct and effective. When he spoke he saw only his listener, and not the world beyond. He gave no thought to headlines. He believed that he saw things truly and in their real relation. He described them as he saw them. He addressed himself to the human instinct that longs for truth. Thoughtful men and women throughout the world heard him and believed.

This trait of His Eminence must have been one of the elements in the universal appeal that he made. Such has been

our experience with leaders that many like to find and announce their limitations. Perhaps this is a compensating consolation permitted to mediocrity. We are tempted to adapt ourselves to the vanities or other failings of great men. Incense of its very nature floats upward not downward. There are those who like to be acolytes to greatness, to swing censers because it is assumed that great men are vain men. Now the simplicities, the kindliness and the sympathies of Cardinal Gibbons seemed to discourage such things. When occasion required them and rightness of motive prompted them, he received honors and recognition with a childlike simplicity that was charming. Cardinal Gibbons was powerful because he was simple, and his simplicity invited love. It never demanded service.

The spiritual vigor of Cardinal Gibbons and the pieties of his daily worship never isolated him from his fellowmen. He was intensely human because he liked to deal with persons. He had imagination, which is the instrument of sympathy, and with it the self-control that is the ambassador of common sense. His religion was his life. He paid no price in diminished spiritual zeal for his sturdy interest in human things. He loved his Church. He loved Church authority in the concrete not alone in the abstract. He was kind to his priests, delightful among friends, tender toward those who gathered about him in his household. He was all of this because "he dwelt always in the high regions of his soul."

Cardinal Gibbons loved his Baltimore. He was proud of its traditions and its history. His Baltimore loved him in return. His genius and his preferences made that love the basis of a mighty local patriotism. Baltimore could not, did not, refuse him any tribute of its complete love.

Cardinal Gibbons loved his country. He interpreted its ideals in practical words, and judged its institutions from the standpoint of clear insight into historical processes and into the limitations of all institutions whatsoever. He accepted American institutions not because he had to, but because he loved to do so. The direct and simple way in which he always seized an opportunity to strengthen the loyalty of citizens and set the example of civic honesty and patriotic courage to the world, made him dear to the American heart. The words that he uttered in defence of our institutions had the ring of genuine

metal. He offered no counterfeits. He served not by phrases. His heart was as noble in its patriotism as the noblest words that he uttered to express it.

Cardinal Gibbons loved his Church. He was always a Christian, priest, bishop. His Church was the authorized interpreter of God and of the Son of God to the world. His natural traits were sympathetic with everything Christian. The supernatural ideal appealed to him profoundly. The divine harmonies of revelation echoed sweetly throughout the pillared temple of his soul. His thoughts, preferences and hopes caught and repeated those divine echoes faithfully, and the world that shared not his Faith, listened with kindness when he spoke and paid him the superb tribute of trust.

One is sometimes disposed to describe an exceptional man by insisting on what he was not. One might say, for instance, that Cardinal Gibbons was not a great immediate organizer, that he was not original, that he was not a resourceful fighting leader, that he was not gifted in the ways of original research. Why should he have been gifted in these lines? It is altogether arbitrary to describe types of greatness not found in a leader when we are called upon to describe the type of greatness that he did possess. The effects of events are always suspended. We are compelled to await the consequences of an action in order to judge it. It would be a simple matter now to analyze the high courage of Cardinal Gibbons in defending the Knights of Labor. It is easy to describe the grandeur that he takes on now because alone and against the pressure of men who were greater than he in some lines, he saved the Catholic University when its disasters had all but ruined it. One might single out other striking events in his career and analyze them. But after the task were done, we would find that we had discovered the same simple human traits with which we are so familiar, qualities that created effects out of all apparent proportion to their causes. This is the task of the biographer. It is not that of the interpreter who wishes to describe how the transcendent personality of this beloved man impressed him.

We may view greatness from the standpoint of endowment or of achievement. The best approach to an interpretation of James Cardinal Gibbons is from the wide circle of personality and diffused achievement. Had he been a greater

and one-sided man, he would have accomplished less. He might have purchased brilliancy of thought at the price of universal appeal. We have many who are brilliant in thought and but few who make universal appeal. He might have been a greater organizer, had he ceased to be a simple and lovable man in eminent station. We have many great organizers who show the roughness that often follows power, but not the gentleness that so rarely redeems it. He might have been a great controversialist. He might have defeated a few adversaries, but he would not have written the book that brought the gift of faith to countless souls, and made the work of the Church so much easier in the world. He might have been aggressive and self-assertive, but he would have lost our love, and we would not have been ennobled by our abiding trust in him. Who that loved him would have wished to see his endearing traits sold and paid for in the debased coin of a cruder power.

A man in eminent station who can inspire universal trust and win universal respect from the warring factions of a divided world, has elements of real greatness whether or not we can find and name them. A man whose personality is as a flux by means of which the discordant elements of our national life were fused into harmony, is a national benediction to be counted among the high favors of heaven. A man who becomes like an atmosphere in the moral world, under whose influence virtues thrive and vices are ashamed, carries within his soul the springs of greatness whether or not we define and analyze them. A man who is respected and loved by every type of great man that his time produces, is himself great among men. Great men form no alliances to deceive the world. They obey their instincts as lesser men do.

It will be well for our definitions of greatness if we may call Cardinal Gibbons a great man. If these definitions do not include him it will be unfortunate for them. The world is prepared to reject any definition of greatness that would exclude James Cardinal Gibbons from the small group of great men to whose hands the providence of God has committed the destiny of the world.

FIRM FOUNDATIONS.

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN, LITT.D.



AMONG the many services which Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., has rendered to the cause of the Faith, not the least conspicuous is his work¹ in assembling and editing these ten essays in apologetic, two of which, together with a preface to the work, are from his own hand. *God and the Supernatural* is a most significant and valuable addition to the steadily-growing contemporary English literature of Catholic apologetic, supplying, as it does, within the covers of one volume of moderate size, the essential substance of the Catholic faith in a series of luminous and eloquent expositions by distinguished scholars, clerical and lay.

It has long been the custom of Anglican scholars to collaborate in works of this general type—the symposium. One readily recalls such books as the famous *Essays and Reviews*—the *Septem Contra Christum* as a wag of the day called it—a veritable howitzer shell dropped into the camp of Anglican theological complacency in 1860; *Lux Mundi*, twenty-nine years later, was a much milder cannonade, though as Liddon wrote to a friend at the time, the concluding portion of Gore's essay on "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration" came upon him "as a thunderbolt from the sky," and he regarded it as little less than "a capitulation at the feet of the young German professors." Later examples of this coöperative productiveness among Anglican scholars are *Contentio Veritatis* (1902) and the Cambridge Theological Essays (1905); but, perhaps, the most interesting and characteristic compilation in this kind is the well-known *Foundations* (1912). (In his *Some Loose Stones*, Father Ronald Knox—then undergoing the controversial vicissitudes afterwards to be so winningly chronicled in *A Spiritual Æneid*—published a brilliant and devastating anatomization of this piece of theological jerry building.) All these collections were, of course, empirical in aim. To offer a

¹ *God and the Supernatural*. A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith. Edited by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

final theology was very far indeed from the intention of the writers. The editor of *Foundations*, for example, stated quite frankly that his collaborator's essays were "put forward, not as the solution, but as a contribution towards the solution of the problems we have approached, not as a last word even for our own generation or our own immediate circle, but as a word that has come to us and one which we believe we ought to seek."

The writers of *God and the Supernatural* have had in mind a vastly different objective. "They have," in the words of Father Cuthbert's succinct preface, "merely faced the fact that Christianity as a substantive and intelligent Faith has been lost and is practically unknown to the people at large; and in the following pages they have made an attempt to set forth the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Faith as those are held by the members of that Church which claims, and has ever claimed, to be the depositary of the Faith of Christ. They, therefore, expound no new creed, but the true creed of the Catholic Church." In this exposition there is no trace of bitterness, and where it becomes necessary for the writers to discuss the vagaries of contemporary unbelief "they do so," the editor points out, "with a deep appreciation of the earnestness and sincerity which commonly lie behind even the 'heresies' as they regard them." The appeal of our essayists is to the average educated man, and, aware of his aversion from technical theological language, they have consistently avoided its use and striven scrupulously to be plain and direct. It is in all ways fitting that a book, so richly and resonantly Catholic, so scholarly in quality, so calm, reverent and dispassionate in spirit, should have come out of the university from which sprang the seeds of the Catholic Renaissance in England, and that the name of an erudite and holy son of St. Francis should grace its title-page. Of the ten papers three, "The Supernatural," "The Sacramental System," and "Life After Death," are from the learned and lucid pen of Father Martindale. Another distinguished Jesuit, Father D'Arcy, writes on "The Idea of God." Two eminent lay scholars, Mr. Christopher Dawson of Trinity and Mr. E. I. Watkin of New College, contribute essays on "The Nature and Destiny of Man," and "The Problem of Evil," respectively. The essay on "The Church as the Mystical Body of Christ" is also the work of Mr. Watkin.

The reverend editor discusses "The Person of Christ" and "The Divine Atonement." And the "Introductory" essay is contributed by Father Ronald Knox, late Fellow and Chaplain of Trinity College.

To take up the individual essays: Father Knox's introductory statement is a fine analysis of the prevailing temper of the non-Catholic world at the present hour. For a long time past men have been leading a hand-to-mouth existence spiritually and intellectually, no less than politically. Rudderless and uncaptured, the ship of the world has been forlornly drifting through uncharted seas under a starless sky. Man, by nature and tradition, lives according to principle, seeking an authority outside himself, a sanction for what he believes and does. A comprehensive philosophy of existence, an ordered scheme of relationships is the crying need of the time. Men grow weary of conducting their lives by expediency rather than by principle. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

"How often," declares Father Knox, "the newspapers appeal for a fearless leader of religious thought who will come forward with a revised Gospel from which unprofitable dogmatic speculation shall have been banished, and anything else calculated to fan the ashes of polemical controversy; a religion of brotherhood, of optimism, of unquestioning self-sacrifice! As a matter of fact, religious leaders have been tumbling over one another to do this for the last fifty years, and still they are being appealed to. What has gone wrong? Simply that it is not the leaders who are wanted, it is the rank and file. Mr. H. G. Wells, of whose hold over the public imagination there can be no reasonable doubt, set about it a year or two since, but there is still no Wellsianism. This religion of brotherhood is always popular with men in the mass, with the tide movement; but religion to be effective, must dominate the individual, and it is precisely, as a matter of observation, the individual citizen who has no use for such creeds. They do not go far enough for him." What the wayfaring man looks for is a revelation; no system of human origination will ever satisfy him.

It is chiefly to this unsatisfied yearning of the human spirit that Father Knox feels justified in attributing the present vogue of Spiritualism, though he is very sure that it is incapable of effecting any but the most transient and local

appeasement of the current restlessness. For it is a craze, not a creed.

But there is no human problem, no human need for which the Catholic faith fails to provide solution and satisfaction. To a majority of English-speaking men and women Catholicism is an undiscovered world of spiritual adventure. Indeed, for many people outside the Church the Faith means an interesting and somewhat fantastic mythology rather than an actual workaday creed. The time is now ripe, Father Knox believes, for the apologist to explain and to reveal: to explain what his religion really is, and—hardly less important—what it is not: to brush away the popular misunderstandings and travesties of it and to reveal the beauty and balance and truth of its teachings. For the Catholic Church is the only system of belief which unswervingly clings fast to the Supernatural (which is assumed as a starting-point, not “ushered in as an afterthought”), and its principles are fixed in origin and definite in application.

Father Martindale follows with a lucid essay on “The Supernatural,” the notion and doctrine of which underlies all Catholic faith and practice. The Church “dogmatically declares that there *is* a superhuman life and that it is God’s free will to raise thereto such members of the human race as freely coöperate with His design, so that they, remaining men, are yet ‘super-natural’ men; for this life is not one that *belongs* to beings of a higher order, so that men cease to be men and become that sort of being; nor yet, are men made by it into a sort of being altogether different. They remain men, but super-naturalized men.” By no mere alteration, amelioration, or evolution of human life can it be transformed into supernatural life. This sort of life cometh not by prayer and fasting even. It is a gift from above, a condescension of God; and man has no title to it, nor of his own effort is he capable of achieving it. Of grace or “free gift” (*gratia*) it comes. By Adam, in his fall, it was lost, and we, his descendants, “by virtue of our social solidarity” with him enter, at first, upon a life that is only natural, a life darkened by the shadow of Original Sin. We regain this free gift of a life that is supernatural only “through our incorporation with a Second Adam, Jesus Christ, Who being true Man is truly a Second Head to our race, and being God contains all life by nature

and in its source." *Felix culpa quæ tantum ac talem meruit Redemptorem.*

And since every form of life has its special and fitting form of consciousness, so also has the supernatural life. To lead such a life means to know, to be united with, and to enjoy God. Here Father Martindale suggests a beautiful analogy between the love of a man for a woman worthy of his love and the love of the soul for God. The man grows to abhor all that in him which is repellent to the woman and strives to purge his life of everything that could constitute an obstacle to the fullest and finest exercise of her love for him and his for her, and the strength and splendor of her goes out to meet and elevate and consecrate whatever is kin to them in him. So is it with the human soul and God to Whom it is bound by the bands of the supernatural life. Unless we clearly apprehend this doctrine of the supernatural life of the soul, all Catholic dogma must remain void of meaning. Indeed, asserts Father Martindale, "I will go further, and say that without it our chance of understanding history in the past, and even the psychological problem of the race today, is practically lost. And again, that all ambitions of social reform, all schemes for the world's salvation, are, if they exclude God's supernatural *vocation* of humanity, so essentially inadequate as to be doomed to failure."

Father D'Arcy expounds "The Idea of God" with convincing eloquence. In this doctrine the Church bases its affirmations upon Revelation as well as upon Reason, and no less upon Reason than upon Revelation, though Reason of itself only is utterly inadequate to the understanding of God, since He alone can fully understand Himself. And seeing that men fail so miserably to win to the secret of themselves, how then should they attain to the Secret of God? The nature of Revelation is clearly indicated by this essayist. It does not mean, for one thing, "a disinheriting of reason to give honor to some higher occult faculty. Revelation is a response to an overwhelming practical need. Man's lot would be pitiable, if with his frail intellect and unsteady desires he had to fulfill God's designs in his short and never to be repeated life, without any help from on high. . . . An answer was needed, and it came. If that answer was authentic and God's own word, then Revelation is the central fact of human history and the space of nineteen

centuries cannot leave it behind." From a consideration of the proofs for the existence of God the writer passes to a discussion of the nature of God and of God's relation to the world. Appropriately, at this time, he takes occasion to animadvert scathingly, but justly, upon the absurdity of H. G. Wells' finite God, a conception—the essayist observes—probably borrowed by Wells from the late William James. "He [Wells] makes as interesting a picture as he can, but I fear we should be as disappointed if we met his God as Henry VIII. was with Anne of Cleves." Father D'Arcy defends Catholic theology against those who accuse it of overlarding the idea of God with definitions, and he remarks with perfect truth: "When excessive speculation is imputed to Catholicism, let it be remembered that it is her adversaries who, like Ixion, embrace a cloud for a divinity, or trespass on ground consecrated to God alone. Orthodox theology is the defence of certain precious facts: God's unique Personality, His creation of us through love, our independence and, at the same time, fulfillment in Him. These are the facts we live by; loyal to them, we can advance into speculation, until the converging lines are lost in God."

Father D'Arcy's essay rises to heights of stylistic distinction unattained by any other contributor to this remarkable volume. There are moments—one is moved to comment—when his words produce all the emotional effects of symphonic music. This is as it should be: the truths of Faith deserve for their clothing a stately garment of speech. *O si sic omnes!*

In "The Nature and Destiny of Man," Mr. Christopher Dawson acutely criticizes the naturalistic views of Professor Bateson and Dr. Bertrand Russell. Russell's gorgeous rhetoric—in *The Free Man's Worship*—he reduces to the paradoxical conclusion that "we must love a good God Who does not exist and refuse to serve Nature which does exist, but is not good," and he shrewdly surmises that such a creed as this is scarcely likely to appeal to average human nature! The mistake of those who maintain Christianity to be a failure, adds the writer, is that they regard it as merely an external system of law, whereas in truth it is "a spiritual force which can transform human nature only by the consent and coöperation of the individual will." Christianity is first and foremost a *life*.

Upon "The Problem of Evil," Mr. E. I. Watkin offers a pro-

found and illuminating disquisition. That a final solution of this problem is here unattainable, Mr. Watkin is frank to admit, and indeed his belief is that if there be a providential purpose in the fact of evil, this purpose would suffer defeat by a final solution. In other words, the existence of evil is essentially a testing of our faith. As Browning's Bishop Blougram asseverated:

Some think, Creation's meant to show Him forth;
I say it's meant to hide Him all it can,
And that's what all the blessed evil's for.

But Mr. Watkin is sure that "the amount and force of good in every department far exceeds the amount and force of evil," and that ". . . the predominance of *moral* good over evil is a demonstrable fact of experience." The fundamental purpose of evil in the world Mr. Watkin would resume in the two words, *struggle* and *solidarity*. "Through struggle we must attain to victory. Evil is not to be explained away, but to be met and conquered. And we can meet and overcome the world's evil, not in solitary combat, but in the solidarity of Christ's mystical body—redeemed humanity."

It would be difficult to praise too highly the reverend editor's own contributions, "The Person of Christ" and "The Divine Atonement." Of these subjects we know of no similar brief treatment in English that is worthy of comparison with Father Cuthbert's two essays, which are thoughtful, earnest, clear, and abound in passages of spiritual elevation and high conception.

Lack of space forbids more than the merest mention of Mr. Watkin's contribution on "The Church as the Mystical Body of Christ" or of Father Martindale's short study of "Life After Death;" but we must refer, if only very briefly, to the latter essayist's brilliant pages on "The Sacramental System," the logical connection of which, with the rest of Catholic creed and practice, is set forth lucidly and attractively.

Through the Incarnation the supernatural life was made possible for us, Jesus Christ being true God and true Man—*Et Verbum caro factum est*. God's operations upon the soul here below are, therefore, by means partly spiritual, partly material. These means are the Sacraments of the Church. Father Martindale, in a fine figure, describes them as "God's

creative kiss upon the soul," and shows how they "create a harmony between the infinite and eternal God and the humblest of His creation, and effect a solidarity between God, Christ, ourselves, and nature." And he discusses the part played by the Sacraments in the whole scheme of the supernaturalizing of mankind, taking up each sacrament individually. Particularly beautiful and helpful is his brief excursus on Marriage, a sacrament which is the symbol and type of the union of Christ with His Church and of the union in Christ's nature of the divine and human. What he says upon the subject of birth-control is well worth quoting here: "It defies nature, and even *a priori* may thus be recognized as an attack upon society; and we are certain that sociology—all modern prophets notwithstanding—protests against it. Conditions of life are nowadays appalling; but Catholics will never be dislodged from their position that they do demand that marriage should not be tampered with, but that the economic framework of society itself must be corrected; and Catholics will never cease to labor for this end. If a married man and woman have heroically to control themselves, or to resign themselves to bringing up several children with fewer advantages than one or two might have, and to sacrifice motor-cars to morality, their martyrdom lies at the door of the unscrupulous plutocrat, who himself will be too selfish to have more children than they have, or can have, save the illegitimate ones whose existence he will probably have forgotten; and not at the door of Christian ethics. Physiology itself declares, what the Catholic faith does, that pleasure is, however natural, utterly subordinate, in the association of man and woman, and that life must not be tampered with." We make no apology for this lengthy quotation in a short review. Would that these ringing words might be copied and prominently displayed by every Catholic newspaper, nay, by every newspaper of whatever creed—in America!

God and the Supernatural is a great book. No library should be without it. It is at once a treasury and an armory. To it, under God, many a man in days to come will owe his soul. The authors of it deserve our thanks, our praise, and our prayers.

THE RIGHTNESS OF G. K. CHESTERTON.

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.



MR. GEROULD did us all a service by pointing out the Remarkable Rightness of Rudyard Kipling, and it is astonishing how easily she convinced almost everybody that she and Kipling were remarkably right. It remains now for somebody to point out the Remarkable Rightness of Gilbert Keith Chesterton; or, if you want a qualification, say his Relative Rightness, in that Kipling's rightness can be proven by the historical event, while Chesterton's rightness must be proven by spiritual experience. Relative rightness is the very least the present writer will accord him. It preserves the alliteration, and allows for a certain comparison of his rightness with other rightnesses. One may concede that he occasionally sacrifices positive rightness for the joys of contradiction; but the contradicted idea is usually wrong.

When we first read Chesterton we are a trifle dizzy. It seems as if all his ideas were standing on their heads, waving their feet in the air. Then we reflect that at some time or other we have all had our little say about the topsy-turvyism of most popular conceptions; and we begin to suspect that it was not Chesterton's idea of any given thing, but the generally accepted idea, that was standing on its head. And the more we study his paradoxes, the more convinced of his rightness do we become. There is the very question itself of paradoxes, for example. Mr. Chesterton says that paradoxes are true, and that truth is always paradoxical; and we have only to examine the elemental truths of living to realize this. The higher truth can never be reduced to a formula; at any rate not until we have a larger view than our position on this planet can afford us. "The truth is," he says, "that the tradition of Christianity (which is the only coherent ethic of Europe), rests on two or three paradoxes or mysteries, which can easily be impugned in argument, and as easily justified in life. One of them, for instance, is the paradox of hope or faith—that the more hopeless the situation, the more hopeful

should be the man." This, of course, occurs continually, and is continually justified. He finds that "solemnity is the direct enemy of sincerity;" that "the nemesis of the self-centred spirit is in being totally ineffectual," and (with Stevenson), that "the secret of life lies in laughter and humility." These are chance observations found in opening a single volume at random. But to quote Chesterton is to embark upon wide seas; one could sail all day, and then find new waters.

He believes that the only free man is the man of strong convictions, since only he can move about freely in all directions from a central anchorage; and that only spiritual mysteries are broad enough and big enough to be true, since we cannot measure them with our logical yardsticks. He is himself a paradox; for he writes startlingly about his own immovable conventionalities, and these turn out to be rational convictions after all. He preaches orthodoxy with the manner of a heretic; and thereby convinces you of the inherent truth of orthodoxy. With the humor and detachment of the skeptic, he combines the passion and certainty of the devotee. Standing firmly upon the old foundations of order and reverence, he flings his shafts at the bewildered thinker who admits everything and exalts nothing, and the hazy "intellectual" who sneers at honor, morality and religion. And the whimsical framing of his dogma makes it more luminous. He tells us that we only jest about the things that are of the most awful import, such as being married or being hanged; while men will talk for hours about golf, or tobacco, or waistcoats, with the faces of a college of cardinals. In great realities lies freedom as well as truth.

Chesterton's poems are more modern in tone, less distinctive, and less spontaneous than his prose. They are more manifestly the product of a special literary experiment. And I am not at present concerned with his stories, long or short, nor his miscellaneous essays, with all their combination of whim and fancy and fixed conviction. Perhaps the most characteristic, and, therefore, the most valuable, of all his voluminous output, is the treatise on *Orthodoxy*; and the heart of this volume is the chapter entitled "The Paradoxes of Christianity." If the book were avowedly a devotional work, it might well be ranked among the great documents of religion; on the other hand, it would not find so many readers.

Its oddities of manner attract many who would not touch a solemn religious treatise; and yet that very manner is the vehicle for sound and incontrovertible thought on the highest of all subjects. And it is the kind of thought that combines imagination, romance, and joy with the foundations of morality itself. The author says that his acceptance of the universe (as from the Hand of God) "is not optimism; it is more like patriotism—a kind of primary loyalty." Of ethics he says: "Men gained their morality by guarding their religion. They did not cultivate courage. They fought for the shrine, and found they had become courageous. They did not cultivate cleanliness. They purified themselves for the altar, and found that they were clean."

The book on *Orthodoxy*, he says, was written in answer to a challenge. He was asked to give his own reason for the faith that was in him; and his reply describes the process by which he—not merely discovered—but *rediscovered* the truth. His plea for mystery and reverence has much to do with the width and comprehensiveness of these fundamental things. Everything else limits us. In Faber's words:

Greatness which is infinite makes room
For all things in its lap to lie;
We should be crushed by an immensity
Short of infinity.

The very inconsistencies of the critics of Christianity form its strongest defence. For they drive that defence from one point to another, until it stands as the central fact of all the ages, impregnable from every side. All this may sound commonplace; you cannot translate Chesterton into the language of the reviewer. You cannot stand up his salient points like a row of hills on a geological map. They are the real hills—wrapped in the clouds and colors of the morning and the evening, and standing shadowed in the glare of noonday. He believes in an everyday philosophy, with its childlike inconsistencies and its deep-drawn intuitions.

Take his remarks on Jeanne d'Arc, in opposition to Anatole France and, incidentally, to the philosophies of Tolstoy and Nietzsche: "Joan was not stuck at the crossroads, either by rejecting all the paths, like Tolstoy, or by accepting them all,

like Nietzsche. She chose a path, and went down it like a thunderbolt. . . . I thought of all that was noble in Tolstoy, the pleasure in plain things, and the actualities of the earth, the reverence for the poor, the dignity of the bowed back. Joan of Arc had all that, and with this great addition, that she endured poverty, as well as admiring it; whereas Tolstoy is only a typical aristocrat trying to find out its secret. And then I thought of all that is brave and proud and pathetic in poor Nietzsche, and his mutiny against the emptiness of our time. I thought of his cry for the ecstatic equilibrium of danger, his hunger for the rush of great horses, his call to arms. Well, Joan of Arc had all that, and again with this difference, that she did not praise fighting, but fought. We *know* that she was not afraid of an army, while Nietzsche, for all we know, was afraid of a cow. Tolstoy only praised the peasant; she was the peasant. Nietzsche only praised the warrior; she was the warrior. . . . She was a practical person who did something, while they are wild speculators who do nothing. . . . She and her faith had perhaps some secret of moral unity and utility that has been lost. And with that thought came a larger one, and the colossal figure of her Master had also crossed the theatre of my thoughts. The same modern difficulty which darkened the subject-matter of Anatole France also darkened that of Ernest Renan. Renan also divided his hero's pity from his hero's pugnacity. Renan even represented the righteous anger at Jerusalem as a mere nervous breakdown after the idyllic expectations of Galilee. As if there were any inconsistency between having a love for humanity and having a hatred for inhumanity! Altruists, with thin, weak voices, denounce Christ as an egoist. Egoists, with even thinner and weaker voices, denounce Him as an altruist. . . . There is a huge and heroic sanity of which moderns can only collect the fragments."

Just here we strike a flaw in our author's philosophy. He is too pessimistic about his own times; he finds less faith, less heroism than we really have. It took the Great War to prove this; but it has been proven. *Orthodoxy* was written and published some years before the War; or in some particulars its tone might have been different. In quoting, I have not dwelt upon the paradoxical parts of the argument; in fact I have not given the argument at all. One cannot give it merely in part.

I have only wished to point out its general quality. There is a temptation to quote the closing chapter, "Authority and the Adventurer;" but it must be dismissed with a single phrase or two: "Joy, which was the small publicity of the pagan, is the gigantic secret of the Christian. . . . There was some one thing that was too great for God to show us when He walked upon our earth; and I have sometimes fancied that it was His mirth."

Chesterton's *joie de vivre*, which radiates not only from his printed page, but from his personality, is also a trait that he loves in others. He finds it in the poetry of Theodore Maynard, to whose volume he wrote a characteristic preface. Maynard, also, is as full of the same joy as is the boy who whistles forth his instinctive and unreasoning gladness. In maturity, such joy is distinctly the product of faith and of reverence, and of these only—the inalienable gladness of the children of God. On Mr. Chesterton's recent visit to New York, everybody's first comment was: "He isn't as fat as we thought he was;" nobody said he was not as gay. Even his hair curls like a boy's; and he has something of Mr. Taft's easy good-humor, something of Mr. Roosevelt's vitality, something of Mark Twain's odd humor without his corresponding touch of quaint melancholy. When I heard him, his subject was: "Shall We Abolish the Inevitable?" and there was no unreality in his assertion of the futility of prediction and of the prophecy of the wiseacre. Another of his characteristics is the impression of sincerity which he conveys, both by pen and spoken word. Here one compares him with Bernard Shaw. Where Chesterton is almost passionately true, Shaw is cynically artificial. I heard a prominent English critic speak with surprise of the fact that Shaw, with all his brilliant gifts, had made so little impression upon his generation. Afterwards, I asked if he did not think that the cause of this was a lack of the essential quality of reverence; and he did not deny the possibility.

Looking closely at Chesterton's convictions, your soul pronounces them true. They were true in regard to the War; they are true in regard to the writers and teachers of mankind who break the morale of the world by believing in nothing. For, he says, "the only things worth knowing about any man are the very last things that he is judged for—his convictions. It

is not now the fashion to consider anyone's attitude towards cosmic philosophy; but in reality nothing else about him counts for much." In a day of "liberality," we are surprised at this; but a moment's reflection convinces us that, after all, we choose our friends for their philosophy and their ideals, rather than for any other considerations.

In spite of his mediævalism, and distrust of most of the modern thought, Chesterton's pessimism is not gloomy; he achieves the effect of "laughter and humility." He defies analysis; one would grow weary in trying to tell the number of ways in which this big and joyous man is right. Hear him, and prove it for yourself. Take the air with him. Get above the world—above the Shaws and the Wellses—the cynical frauds and the solemn frauds—the petty fauns who caper along, shouting with Shaw that "the only golden rule is that there is no golden rule." Leave them among their cast-off shreds of morality, and loop the loop with Chesterton. See things upside down or right-side up; never mind, the things are *there*, and they fit into an all-round picture of real living. Most of his paradoxes are stars; and though we find him occasionally reveling in the mere flash of a rocket, it is always a rocket that mounts upward with the sane impulse of the joy of life, and reverence for the eternal heavens.

TO A CHILD.

BY KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

You are rising up, a Temple! As a Temple rising up!
You are dropping props, my scaffoldings, as you would drop a cup.
O build a high, sunned minaret
On bedded stones my torn hands set!

THE PROPER FUNCTIONS OF THE STATE.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



THE end of the State, we have seen, is to promote the welfare of its citizens, as a whole, as members of families, and as members of social classes. Anyone who is inclined to doubt the propriety of including the second and third of these classes, will dismiss the inclination as soon as he looks beneath formulas and fixes his attention upon realities.

The State exists and functions for the sake of human beings. It attains this end primarily by safeguarding those interests that are *common* to all the persons under its jurisdiction; for example, by resisting foreign invasion and protecting life and property. If it stops at this point it will leave unprotected not only many individual interests, but many elements of the common good, many aspects of the general welfare. To neglect the integrity of the family or the prosperity of any considerable social class, will sooner or later injure society as a whole. To take care of these interests is, indirectly at least, to promote the common good. Nor is this all. Since individual welfare is the ultimate, though not strictly the formal, object of the State, that object ought to be deliberately promoted by the State, whenever it cannot be adequately furthered by any other agency.¹ To deny this proposition is to assume that men have been unable to achieve a political organization that is adequate to safeguard their temporal welfare. However, it is neither desirable nor practicable for the State to provide for every individual as such. It can promote individual welfare best by dealing with men as groups, through their most important group relationships; therefore, as members of families, and as members of social classes. When it provides for the needs that are common to members of these two funda-

¹ Cf. Cronin, *The Science of Ethics*, II., 474: "The measure of State function, therefore, is to be found in the necessities of man and the inability of the individual and the family to provide these necessities. Anything, therefore, which is necessary, whether for the individual or for society at large, and which the individual or the family is not in a position to supply, may legitimately be regarded as included in the end of the State."

mental forms of association, it benefits most effectively the whole number of its component individuals.

What are the specific policies and measures by which the State can best attain the objects described in the foregoing paragraphs? To answer this question will be to describe the proper functions of the State.

Among political writers a fairly frequent classification of State functions is into necessary and optional, or essential and non-essential. The former are "such as all governments must perform in order to justify their existence. They include the maintenance of industrial peace, order and safety, the protection of persons and property, and the preservation of external security. They are the original primary functions of the State, and all States, however rudimentary and undeveloped, attempt to perform them."² They may be enumerated somewhat more specifically as military, financial and civil.³ In the exercise of its military function, the State defends itself and its people by force against foreign aggression and prevents and represses domestic disorder. The financial function of the State comprises the collection and expenditure of funds for the maintenance and operation of government. Regulations concerning individual rights, contracts, property, disputes, crime and punishment constitute the State's civil function.

The optional or unessential functions are calculated to increase the general welfare, but they could conceivably be performed in some fashion by private agencies. They comprise public works; public education; public charity; industrial regulations, and health and safety regulations.⁴ Under the head of public works are comprised: control of coinage and currency and the conduct of banks; the postal service, telegraphs, telephones and railroads; the maintenance of light-houses, harbors, rivers and roads; the conservation of natural resources, such as forests and water power, and the ownership and operation of supply plants and municipal utilities. Public education may include not only a system of schools, but museums, libraries, art galleries and scientific bureaus, such as those concerned with the weather and with agriculture. In the exercise of the functions of public charity, the State estab-

² Garner, *An Introduction to Political Science*, p. 318.

³ Holt, *An Introduction to the Study of Government*, pp. 268-281.

⁴ Holt, *op. cit.*, pp. 285-305.

lishes asylums, hospitals, almshouses, corrective institutions, provides insurance against accidents, sickness, old age and unemployment, and makes various provisions of material relief for persons in distress. In the field of regulation, as distinguished from that of ownership, operation, or maintenance, the State supervises public safety and industry. Regulations of the former kind relate to quarantine, vaccination, medical inspection of school children and of certain businesses and professions, and protection of public morals in the matter of pictures, publications, theatres and dance halls. Industrial regulation extends to banks, commerce, business combinations and the relations between employer and employee.

The classification of State functions as necessary and optional has the merit of presenting a comprehensive view of political experience. It enables us to see how States have interpreted their scope, and distinguished between functions that are essential and functions that are non-essential. While all fully developed States have regarded as essential the functions which are so designated in the foregoing paragraphs, not all have agreed in conceiving the so-called optional functions as of that character. Some of the optional functions have been regarded by some States as primary and essential. And the number of optional functions that have been undertaken varies greatly among the various States. The factor determining the course of the States in this matter has been mainly, if not exclusively, expediency.

A somewhat analogous classification is used by many Catholic writers. While conforming fully with political experience, it is also based upon fundamental principles of ethics, and it illustrates the principles of logic. It is thus stated in summary form by Cathrein.⁵ The functions of the State are twofold: first, to safeguard the juridical order, that is, to protect all rights, of individuals, families, private associations and the Church; second, to promote the general welfare by positive means, with respect to all those goods that contribute to that end. Substantially the same classification and principle is laid down by Meyer,⁶ Castelein,⁷ Cronin,⁸ and Lilly.⁹

In a general way the primary functions in this classifica-

⁵ *Philosophia Moralit*, no. 545.

⁶ *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, II., no. 317.

⁷ *Philosophia Moralit et Socialit*, p. 446. ⁸ *The Science of Ethics*, pp. 472-479.

⁹ *First Principles in Politics*, ch. IV.

tion correspond to the necessary, or essential, functions in the grouping made by the political writers. While the second group of functions denoted by the Catholic writers resembles the second category of the political science manuals only in a general way, as regards content, there is a considerable difference of principle. The secondary functions described by the political writers are said to be optional, and their optional character is determined mainly by the varying experience and practice of particular States; but the positive promotion of general welfare is regarded by the Catholic writers as *normal* and *necessary*, because required by the fundamental needs of human beings. According to the Catholic writers, the difference between the primary and secondary functions of the State is not a difference of kind, but only of degree. As noted by Meyer, the primary functions are not sufficient: the State must not only safeguard rights, but promote the general good by positive measures of helpfulness.¹⁰ This is the general principle. In carrying it out, the State may properly undertake some particular activities which are not obligatory, but only more or less expedient.

The concrete activities which fall under the primary functions of the State may be summarized as follows: All natural rights must receive adequate protection. The State is obliged to safeguard the individual's rights to life, liberty, property, livelihood, good name, and spiritual and moral security. Whence it follows that laws must be enacted and enforced against all forms of physical assault and arbitrary restraint; against theft, robbery and every species of fraud and extortion; against all apparently free contracts which deny the opportunity of pursuing a livelihood on reasonable terms; against calumny and detraction; and against the spiritual and moral scandal produced by false and immoral preaching, teaching and publication.

In the individualistic theory, the first two classes of enactments are held to exhaust the functions of the State, apparently on the assumption that they cover all the individual's rights. This is a grossly inadequate conception. Reasonable opportunities of livelihood, reputation, spiritual and moral security, are all among man's primary needs. Without them he cannot develop his personality to a reasonable degree, nor live an

¹⁰ *Loc cit.*

adequate life. Therefore, they fall within the scope of his natural rights. For natural rights include all those moral powers, opportunities and immunities which the individual requires in order to attain the end of his nature, to live a reasonable life. Any arbitrary or unreasonable interference with these is a violation of the rights of the individual. Hence the unfair competition carried on by a monopoly, unreasonable boycotts, wage contracts for less than the equivalent of a decent livelihood, untrue or otherwise unjustifiable statements derogatory to a man's reputation, utterances and publications calculated to corrupt his religion or morals—are all injurious to the individual, and are unreasonable interferences with the security and development of his personality.

All the foregoing rights should be safeguarded by the State, not only as exercised by the individual, but also as involved in the reasonable scope of associations. Hence the family, the Church and all legitimate private societies have a just claim to protection by the State in the pursuit of all their proper ends. Men have a right to pursue their welfare not only by individual effort, but through mutual association.

A corollary of State protection of rights is State determination of rights. To a very great extent the reciprocal limits of individual rights cannot be satisfactorily adjusted by the individuals themselves. This fact is most conspicuously illustrated in connection with property rights, but it receives frequent exemplification in other sections of the juridical province.

While all the rights above described have a general claim upon the State for protection, not all of them have an actual claim to adequate protection at any given time. This is a question of prudence and expediency. What the State may normally be expected to do, is one thing; what it is here and now able to do is quite another thing; for example, with regard to false religious teaching and scandalous moral teaching. Perhaps the most comprehensive and practical principle that can be laid down is this: the State should not attempt to protect any right beyond the point at which further efforts threaten to do more harm than good.

Secondary functions can be conveniently described by following the order outlined in the paragraph which enumerated the so-called optional functions. In general, the second-

ary functions cover all activities that cannot be adequately carried on by private effort, whether individual or corporate.¹¹

Public Works: Under this head are included all those industries and institutions which the State not merely regulates, but owns and manages. The control of coinage and currency are undoubtedly among the necessary functions of government. Almost equally necessary is the government postal service. Telegraphs, telephones, railways, water supply and lighting may in a sense be called optional functions, since the general welfare does not always require them to be operated by the State. When public operation is clearly superior to private operation, all things considered, the State undoubtedly neglects its duty of promoting the common welfare if it fails to manage these utilities. It is a necessary part of the State's functions to provide such public safeguards as fire departments, lighthouses, buoys and beacons; to maintain such instrumentalities of communication as roads, canals, bridges and wharves; and to conserve such natural resources as forests, water powers and watersheds. None of these activities can be satisfactorily performed by private enterprise.

Public Education: As the child belongs primarily to the parents, so the function of education is primarily theirs. Both these propositions are demonstrated by the facts and requirements of human welfare. In very exceptional cases only can the education and upbringing of the child be controlled and carried on as well by the State as by the parents. Nevertheless, the common welfare does require the State to take a rather important part in the work of education. It is summarized in the following excerpts from the Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy, issued in 1920.

As the public welfare is largely dependent upon the intelligence of the citizen, the State has a vital concern in education. This is implied in the original purpose of our Government which, as set forth in the preamble to the Constitution, is "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

In accordance with these purposes, the State has a right to insist that its citizens shall be educated. It should en-

¹¹ Cf. Meyer, *op. cit.*, II., p. 289; Cronin, *op. cit.*, II., 474, 475.

courage among the people such a love of learning that they will take the initiative and, without constraint, provide for the education of their children. Should they, through negligence or lack of means, fail to do so, the State has the right to establish schools and take every other legitimate means to safeguard its vital interests against the dangers that result from ignorance. In particular, it has both the right and the duty to exclude the teaching of doctrines which aim at the subversion of law and order and, therefore, at the destruction of the State itself.

The State is competent to do these things because its essential function is to promote the general welfare. But on the same principle it is bound to respect and protect the rights of the citizen and especially of the parent. So long as these rights are properly exercised, to encroach upon them is not to further the general welfare, but to put it in peril. If the function of government is to protect the liberty of the citizen, and if the aim of education is to prepare the individual for the rational use of his liberty, the State cannot rightfully or consistently make education a pretext for interfering with rights and liberties which the Creator, not the State, has conferred. Any advantage that might accrue even from a perfect system of State education would be more than offset by the wrong which the violation of parental rights would involve.

In our country, government thus far has wisely refrained from placing any other than absolutely necessary restrictions upon private initiative. The result is seen in the development of our resources, the products of inventive genius and the magnitude of our enterprises. But our most valuable resources are the minds of our children, and for their development at least the same scope should be allowed to individual effort as is secured to our undertakings in the material order.

The spirit of our people in general is adverse to State monopoly, and this for the obvious reason that such an absorption of control would mean the end of freedom and initiative. The same consequence is sure to follow when the State attempts to monopolize education; and the disaster will be greater inasmuch as it will affect, not simply the worldly interests of the citizen, but also his spiritual growth and salvation.

There are other public educational institutions which can scarcely be called absolutely necessary, and yet which are so

useful that they may very properly be conducted by the State. Such are museums, art galleries, libraries, zoölogical gardens, scientific bureaus, laboratories and experiment stations. The services rendered by these agencies contribute much to the common welfare, and they could not, as a rule, be adequately carried on by private effort.

Public Charity: The principle that the State should do only those things which cannot be done as well by private action, applies with especial force to the field of charity. In general, this principle rests upon the fundamental truth that the individual reaches a higher degree of self-development when he does things for himself, than when the State does things for him. In the province of charity this fact is illustrated with regard both to the receiver and the giver. The former is more likely to seek unnecessary assistance from the State than from an individual; the latter is more likely to infuse his charity with human sympathy than is the State; and his incentives to charitable action are diminished if the State does too much. In both cases harm is done to individual development.

Nevertheless, the charitable functions of the State are numerous and important. In the field of prevention, it can and should use all proper and possible methods to provide that kind of social environment which renders charitable relief unnecessary. Under this head comes a large list of industrial, educational, sanitary and moral provisions, to assure people a reasonable minimum of the material conditions of living. Some of these are stated in detail in other paragraphs of this chapter. In the field of relief, the State is frequently required to maintain hospitals, asylums, almshouses, and corrective institutions; to grant subsidies to private institutions and agencies engaged in these works; and even to provide for needy persons outside of institutions. Whether and to what extent the State should undertake any of these tasks, is always to be determined by the answer which the actual situation gives to the question: Can the State do the work better, all things considered, than private agencies? "All things considered," refers to remote, as well as immediate, results. For example, it is conceivable that the State might take care of all dependent children more cheaply than could private associations, but this action ought not to be taken if it would lead to a notable de-

cline in charitable feeling, responsibility and initiative among individuals.

Public Health, Safety, Morals and Religion: The State should protect its citizens against disease, by sanitary regulations, such as, those relating to quarantine, inoculation, medical inspection of school children, impure drugs, adulterated food, and the disposal of garbage. It should safeguard their physical integrity, by such measures as: traffic rules, safety requirements for public conveyances, and building regulations. It should, as far as possible, provide them with a good moral environment through the regulation or repression of the liquor traffic, through the suppression of divorce, prostitution, public gambling, and indecent pictures, printed matter, theatrical productions, and places of amusement. Finally, the State is under obligation to protect and promote religion in all ways that are lawful and effective. Here we may appropriately quote the words of Pope Benedict XV.:

Let princes and rulers of the people bear this in mind and bethink themselves whether it be wise and salutary, either for public authority or for the nations themselves, to set aside the holy religion of Jesus Christ, in which that very authority may find such powerful support and defence. Let them seriously consider whether it be the part of political wisdom to exclude from the ordinance of the State and from public instruction, the teaching of the Gospel and of the Church. Only too well does experience show that when religion is banished, human authority totters to its fall. That which happened to the first of our race when he failed in his duty to God, usually happens to nations as well. Scarcely had the will in him rebelled against God when the passions arose in rebellion against the will; and likewise, when the rulers of the people disdain the authority of God, the people in turn despise the authority of men. There remains, it is true, the usual expedient of suppressing rebellion by force; but to what effect? Force subdues the bodies of men, not their souls.¹²

All these matters are of vital importance for public welfare, and some of them are even included within the primary functions of the State, inasmuch as they involve the protection of natural rights. None of them can be adequately dealt with by private effort.

¹² Encyclical, *Ad Beatissimam*, November 1, 1914.

Industrial Regulation: Owing to the complexity of modern industrial conditions, this function of the State is more important than in any preceding age. Owing to its effect upon the pecuniary interests of individuals, it has been more strongly criticized than any other activity of the State. Not much opposition has been offered to State regulation of banks. All reasonable men recognize that the public must be protected through requirements concerning incorporation, minimum of capital and surplus, liability of stockholders, nature of investments, amount and kind of reserves, the issuing of notes, and public inspection and supervision.

The regulation of commerce, public utilities and manufactures, has a varied scope and may be exercised in various ways. Foreign commerce may be regulated through taxes and embargoes on imports and exports, and by other methods of restriction. The regulation of domestic commerce takes many forms: intoxicating liquors, tobacco, explosives, drugs and other commodities are subjected to a system of licensing, or special taxation, or other kinds of legal supervision; railroads are forbidden to exact more than certain maximum charges for carrying goods and passengers, and are compelled to maintain certain standards of service; and such municipal utilities as street railways and lighting concerns must submit to similar requirements. Commercial contracts which are clearly extortionate, such as loans of money at usurious rates, are generally prohibited by law. In this matter the policy of governments is not in accord with the individualistic theory that all technically "free" contracts ought to be legally enforced. As a matter of fact, such contracts are not free in any fair sense. All the foregoing regulations promote the public welfare and are evidently among the proper functions of the State.

The most public important regulation of manufactures is that which strives to prevent unfair dealing and extortion by monopolistic corporations. In some form this is a very ancient practice of the State. Many centuries ago, legislators became aware that human beings cannot be trusted to exercise monopoly power with fairness to either competitors or consumers. Today the most enlightened governments have numerous and complex statutes to prevent and punish both these forms of injustice. Such measures are clearly justified,

not only to promote the public good, but also as an exercise of the primary function of the State, namely, the protection of natural rights. They are intended to prevent and punish unjust dealing and extortion. Nevertheless, they have not adequately attained that end.

Additional measures are required, to limit still further the "individual freedom" of the monopolist to treat his fellows unjustly. Legal determination of maximum prices, government regulation of supply and distribution, and State competition in the manufacturing or other business carried on by a monopolistic concern—are the principal new methods that have been suggested. In so far as they are necessary and would prove adequate to protect the general welfare, they can undoubtedly be classed among the proper functions of the State. Since the main object is to prevent the imposition of extortionate prices upon the consumer and the receipt of excessive profits and interest by the monopoly, these and all other regulatory measures are directed against that "rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless under a different guise, but with the like injustice, still practised by covetous and grasping men."¹³

Probably the most necessary and beneficent group of industrial regulations are those which apply to the labor contract and the conditions of labor. The principal subjects covered are wages, hours of labor, child labor, woman labor, safety and sanitation in work places, accidents, sickness, old age and unemployment. As regards wages, legislation has been enacted regulating the manner and frequency of payment, and fixing minimum rates of remuneration. Underlying most of the latter measures is the theory that no wage earner should be required to accept less than the equivalent of a decent livelihood. So long as millions of workers are unable to obtain this decent minimum through their own efforts or through the benevolence of the employer, they have clearly the right to call upon the intervention of the State. In other words, the enactment of minimum wage legislation is among the State's primary, as well as secondary, functions. Laws prohibiting an excessively long working day, the employment of young children, the employment of women in occupations unsuited to their sex, the existence of unsafe and unsanitary work

¹³ Pope Leo XIII., *On the Condition of Labor*.

places—are all likewise included among both the primary and the secondary functions of government. Legal provisions for insuring the workers against accidents, sickness, unemployment, invalidity and old age, have been made by various countries. When necessary, they evidently represent a normal exercise of, at least, the secondary functions of the State.¹⁴

To the foregoing legal measures for the protection of labor may pertinently be applied the principle laid down by Pope Leo XIII: "Whenever the general interest, or any particular class suffers or is threatened with injury which can in no other way be met or prevented, it is the duty of the public authority to intervene." Indeed, the great Pontiff himself applied the principle quite specifically to the conditions and needs of the working class. He said: "When there is question of defending the rights of individuals, the poor and helpless have a claim to especial consideration. The richer class have many ways of shielding themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; whereas, those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. And it is for this reason that wage-earners, who are undoubtedly among the weak and necessitous, should be specially cared for and protected by the government."¹⁵

Our discussion of the end and functions of the State may fittingly close with the following declaration of the great Catholic authority on law, Francisco Suarez:

The object of civil legislation is the natural welfare of the community and of its individual members: in order that they may live in peace and justice, with a sufficiency of those goods that are necessary for physical conservation and comfort, and with those moral conditions which are required for private well-being and public prosperity.¹⁶

¹⁴ Cf. *Social Reconstruction Program of the Four American Bishops*. In *Church and Labor* (Macmillan). An excellent and fundamental statement of the economic functions of the State will be found in *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, by Theodore Meyer, S.J., II., pp. 683-689. Uninstructed persons who think that legislation for a minimum wage and for social insurance is "Socialistic" will have a better notion of Catholic social teaching after reading these paragraphs.

¹⁵ Encyclical *On the Condition of Labor*.

¹⁶ *De Legibus*, I. 3, c. 11, sec. 7.

CARDINAL GIBBONS IN HIS PUBLIC RELATIONS.

BY ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL.¹



CARDINAL GIBBONS' relations to public affairs had such a wide reach, it seemed to those who were most closely associated with him in the height of his activities that there was no limit to them. Probably no man of the time, churchman or layman, possessed such extraordinary breadth of thought and interest and translated this into action. It was literally true of him, as a bishop who was one of his dearest personal friends remarked the day after his death, that nothing human was foreign to him. His mission, as revealed in deeds, was to all humanity in the truest apostolic sense.

For the purpose of tracing the evolution of the Cardinal's public relations, I shall endeavor to recall the chief of them in the order in which they developed, rather than in any special order based on an estimate of their relative importance in the long perspective of his life. This aspect of his career had its beginnings in the Civil War period, when he held his only pastorate, that of St. Bridget's Church, in Canton, then a suburb of Baltimore and now a part of that city. In Baltimore, among a border population, the fiercest passions of that conflict had full sway. Not a few Catholic priests, as well as ministers of non-Catholic denominations, felt impelled to declare their stand for one side or the other, some of them in an aggressive way.

Confronted with the necessity of choosing a course of action while the powerful popular currents were tugging at his reason and sympathies, the future Cardinal reached a firm decision and adhered to it. In marked contrast to many of his later decisions it was, in a sense, a negative one. It seemed to him that in the welter of strife and stress his duty as a minister of religion was only to diffuse love and mercy. He was not to be content that his ministrations to even one suffering soul should be bent from their full purpose by partisanship.

Fort McHenry, a Federal post where Confederate prisoners

¹ Author of *Life of Cardinal Gibbons*. Baltimore: John Murphy Co.

were confined, was near a little church, St. Lawrence's (now the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel) which Archbishop Kenrick, a short time after giving Father Gibbons his pastoral appointment, directed him to serve, in addition to St. Bridget's. The young priest became a volunteer chaplain at the fort, and to garrison and captives alike he was at all times the devoted "ambassador of Christ," ready to alleviate the pangs of war and lead them to the salvation of the Father of the bond and the free.

Some years ago, in collecting material for the Cardinal's biography, I talked with all the surviving persons whom I could trace who had been in any way associated with him in the congregations which he served in those earlier years. Not one of them mentioned, although some recalled vividly their impressions of him at that stage, that he ever appeared to them in the light of a partisan of one side or the other in the conflict that was racking the nation. So far as could be discovered, they were not even aware whether he wished the union of the States to be preserved or the Confederacy to maintain an independent existence.

It became known later that Father Gibbons had hoped steadily through the long conflict that the Union would stand indissoluble, for he had an abiding faith in the future of a great America that would be a leader in light and progress among the nations, and that the temporary divisions, however acute, would fade before the grander outlook for all his fellow countrymen. He often recalled, after the fuller wisdom of years had come to him, his course during the troubled time of his pastorate of congregations divided in sympathy over the Civil War, and was glad that he had not become a preacher-partisan when the rôle seemed attractive to many of all creeds.

There developed in him at that time two very marked traits which influenced him in all the great affairs of a public nature with which he was subsequently associated. These were courage—the courage of silence no less than that of action, the placing of duty before impulse—and the desire to heal rather than divide. He was by nature a builder, a harmonizer, an optimist. All his inclinations were constructive.

During the later period, comparatively brief, when Father Gibbons was secretary to Archbishop Spalding and assistant chancellor of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, he was

out of the current of general public affairs, though his vigorous patriotism and deep faith in American political institutions were beginning to be more in evidence. When, however, he was sent to North Carolina as vicar apostolic in 1868, a new set of experiences opened before him. These contributed in marked degree to influence the current of his life work.

At that time his mind and sensibilities were highly absorptive. He was taking in, as one takes a deep breath to bring the bodily functions to full vigor, the real scope of his future bent and activities. North Carolina, in the first place, was then a shattered commonwealth, in which the devastation of war and the misgovernment of the reconstruction era had combined to impose an appalling burden of woe on the people, and render their civic and material restoration a task of immediate need, but great difficulty. In the second place, Bishop Gibbons was set down in the midst of a State in which there were but eight hundred Catholics, and where current misunderstandings of the Catholic faith had tended to isolate the influence of the few priests who labored in the vicariate.

Now, what was the new Bishop to do? Was he to go ahead and minister as others had ministered, devotedly and faithfully, but with only a scanty harvest in prospect and the deadening wall of misunderstanding rising up as a barrier to the utmost efforts which he might put forth? Here he emerged at once into a positive rôle, which he kept to the end of his nearly eighty-seven years. He would attack the wall, armed only with the sword of faith and the armor of righteousness. He would breach it, if he could not overthrow it entirely. The way to Catholic progress in North Carolina was through the wall and into the non-Catholic field, where alone there was hope of winning accessions to the Church in substantial numbers, as no Catholic elements were coming into the population of the State from outside. Like his divine Master, Who healed the sick and fed the multitude, he would minister to the material wants of the people with a love as broad as the Christian faith itself, and at the same time would carry to a hostile audience the message that he went to North Carolina to give.

In a short time, almost magically it seemed, the Catholic Bishop of North Carolina became a vivid and pleasing reality to the mass of those for whom he had previously meant only a name, perhaps to be scoffed at. With untiring zeal he

traveled up and down the State, preaching and teaching, founding churches and schools and giving North Carolinians a view of the Catholic faith which they had never had before. All the while he entered intimately into the material struggle of the population, regardless of creed, lending his aid to every project for the upbuilding of their ruined property and institutions.

If a city or town, taking new courage, started a project of civic importance or general benefit, Bishop Gibbons was one of the foremost to be relied upon to lend the encouragement of his voice and effort in rallying support. Soon North Carolinians found, and they were glad to find, for they are disposed to be appreciative, that they had among them a young, aggressive, gifted man of the people, an inspiring exemplar, a sorely needed champion of their interests, whose practical help and sympathy in any good work were always forthcoming and whose sweet personality charmed all alike. And he was a Catholic Bishop!

Catholic and non-Catholic alike hailed him with increasing depth of sincerity wherever he went on his journeys. Protestants began to acclaim him as a leading citizen of the State and contributed to the building funds of his new churches and chapels. Public officials felt honored to receive him on civic occasions and to accord him the place of honor. Converts began to multiply, institutions of the Church, including the Benedictine Order, the Sisters of Mercy, and numerous schools, to spring up. There was a renaissance in North Carolina. It was a renaissance in which Christian charity and toleration began to banish the dark shadow of immemorial prejudice.

Next in Richmond, to which he was sent as Bishop, he continued his work begun in North Carolina along much the same lines and expanded it. For him there was no semi-cloistered seclusion, but he must be up and doing among his fellowmen. Perhaps, he first won his way into the hearts of Virginians by the character of his sermons, to hear which non-Catholics soon began to flock. His eloquence in the pulpit was then developing fast. When he preached in the larger cities of the State he gauged his hearers with rare perception and, if they seemed to be largely non-Catholic, won them by expounding the simple truths of the Gospel in limpid and appealing diction.

As in North Carolina, he preached while on his missionary

journeys in court houses, town halls and other places of public assemblage, meeting the leading Protestants, as well as Catholics, in the places which he visited. Often he was the personal guest of Protestants in the course of these trips, for at some places there were no Catholics who could entertain him. At Culpeper the local judge adjourned court that all might hear Bishop Gibbons' sermon.

Out of the discussions concerning the Catholic faith which inevitably arose when he was thrown with so many whose mental picture of it was distorted by gross errors—discussions which throughout his life he carried on in the highest note of Christian charity and brotherly love—was born the sublime presentation of his creed embodied in *The Faith of Our Fathers*, which he wrote in intervals of his busy life during his incumbency of the See of Richmond.

We have passed now the first stage in the evolution of Cardinal Gibbons' public relations. His lot being cast in the early period of his episcopal career among overwhelmingly non-Catholic populations, his relations perforce had to touch all men if he was to make progress outside a very restricted orbit. What became a necessity in North Carolina and Virginia, he welcomed as an opportunity in the greater activities which were about to open before him. Cardinal Gibbons was a true product of the Church. The influences which shaped his life and work came from within the Church; and for that reason I have dwelt on his early labors as a priest and bishop to show the origin of those wider aspects in which he now appears to men and women everywhere, of all creeds, who mourn his loss as the passing of a great figure of our age.

In Baltimore, where he became archbishop in 1877, after a brief period as coadjutor, he began to rise to his full stature. Here in the primatial See, with the pervading influence left by Archbishop Carroll, he could obtain a hearing from all Americans. Already he possessed a fairly extensive acquaintance among civic officials in Baltimore and, with his marvelous faculty of remembering names, faces and incidents, he extended it rapidly. His predecessors in the See had been known to few Protestants. In a short time he became almost as well known to Protestants as to Catholics, and beloved by all. Governor and Mayor were his friends. In his public addresses he began to speak more of his firmly implanted faith in Amer-

ican institutions and to denounce political evils, such as the widespread corruption of the ballot which then prevailed.

Though in Baltimore, he knew that he was in an atmosphere where there was still a great degree of misunderstanding of the Catholic Church, and one of his chief aims in life was to remove this. After the lapse of years, when the work of Cardinal Gibbons has done so much to lessen this misunderstanding, we can scarcely realize its ominous extent in 1877.

Early in his career at Baltimore, the city celebrated, after long preparation and with a great outburst of civic display, its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. He prepared a circular to the clergy, which he directed to be read at Masses on a certain day, urging that Catholic organizations take full part in the public parades and other festivities that marked the occasion, at the same time exhorting the avoidance of "all sinful excess" during the period of the celebration. His full and cordial coöperation remained a treasured memory with the men who organized that civic event.

When President Garfield was wounded by an assassin's bullet in 1881, the Archbishop, in a circular letter to the clergy, expressed his abhorrence of the deed and ordered prayers for the recovery of the President. After Mr. Garfield's death, he preached in the Cathedral on a religious subject connected with the lessons of the event.

In the same year he issued what was perhaps the first official direction by a Catholic prelate in accordance with the national observance of Thanksgiving Day.

He had met personally all the then recent Presidents. Now he and President Cleveland became warm personal friends. Mr. Cleveland leaned much on his advice, as did several later Presidents, notably Roosevelt and Taft. In 1892 Mr. Cleveland, a Presbyterian, in a letter to William Black, had the courage to write: "I know Cardinal Gibbons and know him to be a good citizen and first-rate American, and that his kindness of heart and toleration are in striking contrast to the fierce intolerance and vicious malignity which disgrace some who claim to be Protestants."

It is fairly well known that Mr. Cleveland consulted Cardinal Gibbons on his tariff message in 1888, which revived that question as a practical issue in American economic and political life. On that occasion the Cardinal predicted the course

of events growing out of the message with an insight that was scarcely short of prophetic.

Americans will not forget that when the Archbishop of Baltimore was elevated to the Cardinalate by his warm friend and admirer, Leo XIII., in 1886, one of the chief aspects in which he considered the award of the high station, as shown in his utterances, was that of an honor to his country; and, more than that, to his fellow countrymen of all creeds and classes. In Rome itself he said: "I presume also to thank him (the Holy Father) in the name of our separated brethren in America, who, though not sharing our Faith, have shown that they are not insensible—indeed, that they are deeply sensible—of the honor conferred upon our common country, and have again and again expressed their admiration for the enlightened statesmanship and apostolic virtues and benevolent character of the illustrious Pontiff who now sits in the chair of St. Peter."

The non-Catholic newspapers of the country had felt it to be no particular concern of theirs when the meek and gentle McCloskey, the only American predecessor of Gibbons in the Sacred College, had received his elevation. Now they took the view, and expressed it in editorials from end to end of the country, that a staunch and gifted defender of the institutions shared in common by all Americans, a spokesman of the nation, had been raised up to represent them in the exalted tribunal composed of the Princes of the Catholic Church.

There was no denying that a part of the distrust in which the Church had been held in America was due to a belief on the part of the non-Catholic majority here, that the Roman Curia frowned upon the constitutional separation of Church and State in this country as inimical to the progress of religion. The keen mind of Cardinal Gibbons had analyzed the causes of this distrust. If it was to stand, his work could not reach full fruition. Speaking at his installation in his titular Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere in Rome in March, 1887, he proclaimed the marvelous growth of the Church in America from "a few thousand souls" and one bishop at the beginning of the nineteenth century, to seventy-five bishops and millions of communicants. Then he declared:

For this great progress we are indebted, under God and the fostering vigilance of the Holy See, to the civil liberty we enjoy in our enlightened Republic. Our Holy Father,

Leo XIII., in his luminous encyclical on the constitution of Christian States, declares that the Church is not committed to any form of civil government. She adapts herself to all. . . . *But in the genial atmosphere of liberty she blossoms like a rose.* For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say, with a deep sense of pride and gratitude, that I belong to a country where the civil Government holds over us the ægis of its protection, without interfering with us in the legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the Gospel of Christ. Our country has liberty without license, and authority without despotism.

The new Cardinal's purpose could not be mistaken, and it had full effect. He meant to declare a message, in the citadel of the Church itself, under circumstances which would lend it the greatest momentum, that the American system, in its practical bearings, meant protection to the Church, and that, in the free atmosphere of this country, she could work out her divine mission without that interference which had so often frustrated her amid the ancient institutions of Europe. He wished the ministry of Christ to be divorced entirely from political bonds. The cry that Rome wishes to interfere with the political institutions of America has long been silenced.

The new Cardinal was bursting with energy, and next threw himself with ardor into one of the greatest struggles of his life, that for the rights of labor. Here again the roots of his work were in the Church, but the ramifications of it extended far outside. The agitation which attended the rebirth of the labor movement in the middle eighties of the last century is now fading into the recesses of history, and it may be well to recall the main facts. Throughout the civilized world capital was becoming more powerful with the development of manufacturing, and was beginning to form combinations which could reduce arbitrarily the wages of thousands or throw those thousands out of work. Half resentful, half despairing, the toilers turned to any means of redress in sight. Strikes multiplied, and in the United States and Canada there was a herd-like rush to join the Knights of Labor, which set out with untrained strength and judgment to right some of the wrongs that were being done.

In Canada the Church authorities, objecting greatly to the

secrecy of the proceedings of the Knights, classed them as a forbidden organization, and in this they were sustained by the Congregation of the Holy Office in Rome. The same procedure was imminent in the United States when Cardinal Gibbons threw himself into the breach.

The Cardinal found that there was nothing in the ritual of the Knights in conflict with Catholic practice and doctrine. Sustained at home as to his viewpoint on the labor question, regarding which he had also consulted President Cleveland and conducted a correspondence with Cardinal Manning, he wrote the famous plea contained in his letter on the Knights of Labor to the Prefect of the Propaganda February 28, 1887. I need not recount here the eloquent power with which he appealed in behalf of toleration for the Knights and for the Church's benevolent help to the cause of the humble and struggling in the ranks of labor. The statesmanship of this paper reached a height which he never surpassed, and won every point for which he contended. The Knights were not only not forbidden in this country, but the ban was lifted in Canada, and Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on Labor, which soon followed, permanently placed the Church in the enlightened position regarding organized labor, which it has maintained ever since.

Of all the battles waged by the Cardinal, I think, he took the greatest satisfaction in the one which he carried on, with such signal success, against foreign nationalism in the Church in this country. The Cahensly movement in the last decade and a half of the nineteenth century is still a vivid memory, and the extent of the Cardinal's victory, for which he was personally congratulated by President Harrison at the time, was brought into bold relief later by developments here in the World War. Basically, the movement was a demand for "national bishops," that is, that groups of the foreign-born embraced within the Catholic population of the United States should be represented in the episcopate in proportion to their numbers. Actually, it took the form of an insistent call, backed by powerful European influences, for the active preservation by the Church here of the nationality of immigrants and their recognition as an element within the Church distinct from other bodies of her people. Had that policy prevailed from the year 1890 to 1917, we can easily estimate the broad lines

of the effect which it would have had in restricting the development and execution of a distinctively American policy in the War.

Cardinal Gibbons' vision, so often of great value to his country, was equal to penetrating the dim outlines of possible future complications growing out of this cause. American to the core, a patriot in every fibre, he fought under obstacles that would have appalled a less resolute soul, until the spectre of the national bishoprics faded before the verdict of Rome itself. It was a struggle of years, but the Cardinal's victory was complete in the end.

The Cardinal hoped that the Spanish-American war might have been averted by the Papal mediation which was formally offered, and worked to prevent hostilities, but when war was declared by the constituted authorities, he upheld them staunchly. In an address at Loyola College, Baltimore, June 13, 1898, while the conflict was in progress, he spoke words that came out of the depths of his heart.

"We must love our country next to God," he said, "and be ready to die for it if necessary. We must loyally and firmly sustain our laws and our governing powers. There was a time, before the war began, when every citizen had the right to express his views upon the policy of the nation; but after Congress has spoken the words that bring us to war, it is our duty now to work with and for our country, and by prayer for, and full sympathy with, those in authority, to help bring the conflict to a speedy and successful conclusion."

It was chiefly due to his direct interposition that the sale of the Friar lands in the Philippines was arranged later on terms satisfactory to the Administration at Washington, when the American Government had used its last resource in a vain attempt to solve the question. In the adjustment of ecclesiastical status in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico under the new American régime he took an invaluable part. Presidents Roosevelt and Taft felt bound to him by ties of the deepest gratitude for his powerful help in these aspects of their own difficulties.

Cardinal Gibbons was not too old to crown his work for his country by vigorous support of the Government in the World War. In the Liberty Loan campaigns, and wherever else he could help, no soldier could have responded more

loyally to the call of patriotism than he did. His work in organizing the National Catholic War Council to bring immediately to the service of the Government all the Catholic resources of the country; and the National Catholic Welfare Council to coördinate all Catholic activities in peace times; and his encouragement of the Knights of Columbus in their work for the American soldiers at home and abroad is a fresh and vivid memory and we need not recount the details here. With his old friend, ex-President Roosevelt, he joined in a message of cheer to the troops abroad. His lucid exposition of the attitude of Benedict XV. in the War was commended with deep appreciation by the Sovereign Pontiff in the midst of the cloud of misunderstanding.

What a sight it was to move men when the aged patriot-prelate of America grasped the hand of the aged patriot-prelate of Belgium in welcoming him, after the sun of peace had begun to shine, on the mission of thanking America for her help to the martyr nation, in which help Cardinal Gibbons had borne such a distinguished part! These two Princes of the Church embodied, in a large sense that all the world could perceive, the conception of the Minister of God whose mission is as wide as the suffering and need of the human race which their efforts can alleviate. They have shown that the sublime spirit in which Leo the Great went out to save Rome from Attila, survives in the leaders of the Church.

Within the compass permitted here it is not possible to do more than refer to Cardinal Gibbons' utterances on a number of public questions which arose from time to time in the course of his long career. Some of these utterances were delivered in addresses on civic occasions, but most of them were solicited by leading journals of our land, which came to perceive that his soundly balanced judgment had become the guide of the great, voiceless multitude of his fellow countrymen. He was, more than any other man, in or out of official life, the mentor of the nation. Whether he spoke upon labor arbitration or constitutional amendments, divorce or Bolshevism, men of all creeds were eager to listen as to no other voice in their time.

THOMAS WALSH: HIS SPANISH FANTASIES.

BY HUGH ANTHONY ALLEN, M.A.



It is Zuloaga's unenviable distinction to have achieved in art what George Borrow accomplished in literature. No intelligent person now considers the author of *The Bible in Spain* a true interpreter of that tragic land—no more should they consider Zuloaga a master Spanish painter in the sense that Sorolla is a master Spanish painter. He is a marvelous craftsman, of course, but he does not get at his people; he is a victim of his preperceptions, and forgets the forest on account of the trees.

All who have been shocked by his blood-stained matadors and *trianeras*, his sensuous *gitanas*, his voluptuous society women and other superficialities, will fall upon Thomas Walsh's poems in Spanish settings as a heart-warming discovery. Here, indeed, are interpretations that actually interpret. Thomas Walsh knows Spain—the Spain of the Koran, as well as the Spain of the Gospel, the Spain of gallant Ignatius, of sparkling Teresa, of valiant St. John of the Cross. With dreamy reverence, he sees a sombre, Gothic Spain swarming with churches full of mystic worshippers, a poetic land in the full Latin tradition of mediæval Europe. The glamour of this Catholic country haunts his heart. That his efforts to reveal this wonderful Spain, to render its blinding chromatics and its myriad moods, have been abundantly successful is well attested by the fact that he has been made a member of the Hispanic Society, and by the further fact that with Salómon de la Selva he was chosen to translate the works of South America's greatest poet, Rubén Darío.

There is a world of truth in the poem, "To Fray Junípero," written for the Bicentenary of Padre Serra, San Francisco, California, 1713-1913:

You that in Palma paced the cloister paving
And taught the Subtle Doctor in the schools,
Yet left your tranquil isle, the tempests braving,
To face the tomahawks and jeers of fools.

Junípero, ha! ha! you wept and shouted
And tore your bosom with a jagged stone
When the poor Indians at your sermons doubted
The clearest things philosophy has shown.

You lashed your shoulders and to blazing torches
Laid bare your breast to make "the brutes" believe;
Junípero, you limped to heaven with scorches,
But took their souls, like scalps, upon your sleeve!

I wonder would you try your syllogisms
From Scotus, if you came unto the tribes
That fill the air with fads and frills and schisms,
Or with your scourge and torches meet their gibes?

You may be certain many would debate you
Among the learned sachems of today,
Though few are likely now to emulate you
And hurt themselves to bring their tribes to pray.

There are still in the world little islands of spirituality, like Ireland and Brittany and Spain. They help us to understand what life must have meant in that olden time when all civilization was Catholic. They fill us with a wistful longing to peer into the past and hold this lovely thing to our hungry hearts. A shining crystal to aid our vision lies in the poetry now under consideration. Like the race with which it is concerned, it is sometimes too passionate and willful; like that race, too, its chief claim to distinction is that, in the main it is truly Catholic.

These poems of Thomas Walsh possess a subtle ambience of atmospheric effect which wafts us through time and space to languorous Andalusia, giving us the things that live in the paintings of Velázquez and the prose of Alemán and Quevedo. He has got the clank and clangor of mediæval hidalgos and swashbucklers into his lines; he knows the secrets of the picturesque beggars and swarthy water-carriers who throng in the narrow, tangled streets. His imaginative vision is as clear as the sunlight that purples the shadows and yellows the ground there. His pictures are rich and hotly colored. We see bleak, treeless stretches, punctuated at intervals by craggy prominences crowned with monasteries; fine, old fountains where women with water jars braced against their hips meet and

gossip; blood-stained bull-rings and blood-stained hermitages—we see changeless Spain in all her aspects, Spain with her strong savor of mysticism, her romantic fervor and her sub-tropical lassitude, Spain the land of countless contrasts and paradoxes, where the cool night air, though too gracious to blow out a candle, will freeze a sentry in his box. His mellow evocations suggest all this. They present a remarkable *chiaroscuro*. Surely, “La Preciosa”¹ is racy of the soil:

On the marches of Pamplona, out to sun and wind and star—
Lift the airy spires and turrets of the kings of old Navarre,
Where the endless dirge is chanted o’er their alabaster tombs,
And the canons drowse in scarlet ’mid the incense and the glooms.
Daily came the little goatherd, Mariquita, lithe, brown,
Through the dusty gates to jangle with her flock across the town,
Lounging barefoot through the alleys and the squares at milking
hour,

Calling shrilly round the doorway and the cloister by the tower.
There amid the ancient portal blazoned o’er with angels rare
Sculptured stands La Preciosa crowned upon her daïs fair,
Whilst upon her breast The Infant turns with smiling eyes to
look—

On the lesson she is reading in her graceful little book.
There the tousled country urchin used to come and shout in play—
“Mary, Mary, neighbor Mary, watch the child while I’m away.”
When—so read the Chapter annals—from the stone would come
reply

With a gentle nod of greeting, “Mariquita, dear, good-bye.”
Till the Canon Don Arnaldo, passing when his Mass was o’er,
Heard that banter so unseemly at La Preciosa’s door,
Little knowing in his wisdom that the Virgin meek and mild
Answered through the stony image to the greeting of the child.
“When again you pray, Our Lady, cease,” he said, “your idle
sport;

Kneel as though the queen or duchess passed you on her way to
court;

Clasp your hands and bend your forehead as more humble words
you say,

Such as ‘Heavenly Queen and Empress, House of Gold, to thee
I pray.’”

Mindful of the solemn lesson, Mariquita, half afraid,
Ever as the good old Canon taught her, clasped her hands and
prayed;

¹ *The Pilgrim Kings*, by Thomas Walsh, p. 97. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Bowed in rustic salutation, ended with a long Amen—
But in stone the Virgin listened—never smiled nor spoke again.

Professor Walsh does not forget that the Crescent long rivaled the Cross in Spain, and his poems inspired by this period of her history are full of gorgeous color; they are of his best. Sparkling with Moorish splendors is his description of "Morning in Granada." In "Zoraya,"² we learn of the havoc played with *haremluk* by the advent of a friendly stranger, when Spain was in a period of transition and Catholic and Moslem, between battles, paused to take stock of each other:

There came by night a northern cavalier
Beneath her terrace when the moon was young,
And she, the fond Sultana, bent to hear
A serenade no Moslem youth had sung.

She stirred—but at her lips the Sultan yearned
And half-asleep entwined her fingers tight
Till soon where down the gorge the pathway turned
She heard the horseman pass into the night.

There came by night though moons waxed bleak and old
No other voice to sing like his again;
The fountains splashed through marbles stained with gold;
Till dawn she heard the nightingale complain.

But day by day adown her mirador
She watched the mountain flocks and herdsmen pass;
Smiling, she fed her parrot o'er and o'er—
But ah, who taught it thus to sigh, Alas?

But reactionary in effect was "The River Song:"³

There came as tribute out of far Bagdad
Unto Alhambra once a minstrel lad
Who all day long touched softly on the strings
The river song the Tigris boatman sings.
A sun-bronzed slave who toiled among the flowers
O'erheard a sob from the Sultana's bowers,
And whispered: "Minstrel, wake that note no more;
She, too, in childhood knew our Asian shore;

² *Garden Overseas*, by Thomas Walsh, p. 110. New York: John Lane Co.

³ *The Pilgrim Kings*, p. 46.

Fair is Alhambra—but by pool or dome,
Sing here no more that song of youth and home.

A little thing, a mere trifle, perhaps, yet is it not marvelous how he gets the perfume of true poesy into such a tiny blossom? It is perfection. It haunts me together with such sheer, exquisite wisps of beauty as Robert Loveman's *April Rain*, Father Blunt's *To Mary*, Lizette Reese's *Tears*, and other precious fragments of delight.

Mr. Walsh is not always so dexterous in the use of his medium, however. *Don Folquet*,⁴ one of his most recent and most ambitious performances, creaks at the joints. It is a long poem, far too long for its strength, done in the old romantic manner. In spite of its colorful background, its vigorous drawing, its brilliant moments, its delicate nuances, the feeling is persistent that Mr. Walsh is in the position of a builder who erects a skyscraper and neglects to take down the scaffolding.

The poet gives us many quaint and captivating vistas of monastic and conventual life, both mediæval and modern. "Egidio of Coïmbra—1597 A. D.," presents a vivid picture of the thrilling disputations between scholastic philosophers when the gentle art of dialectics was in better repute than it is now. His translation of Sister Gregoria's beautiful and touching tribute, "To a Bird at Sunset, Seville, 1686," suggests one of the achievements of the talented nun dramatist, Roswitha. "In the Cloister of San Juan" is a charming rendition of a curious old legend, in which a young novice learns the sorrows of the rose.

Without recourse to the printed page, it is possible to reconstruct historic Spain by studying the heroic canvases of such finished artists as El Greco, Velázquez and Goya. As might be anticipated, therefore, these old masters have been a rich and potent inspiration to Thomas Walsh, and they figure individually in warm appreciations throughout his pages. "Goya in the Cupola" depicts the deaf, lame, half-blind artist at the turning point in his career when he was about to change his motto of "Art for Art's Sake" into "Art for Christ's Sake." No one will gainsay that there was need for such a change. In his self-portrait in the costume of a matador, a costume of which he was inordinately fond, painted for his friend and patron the Duke of Oswna, is revealed a man essentially macabre, fierce,

⁴ *Don Folquet, and Others*, by Thomas Walsh, p. 13. New York: John Lane Co.

arrogant, self-willed, implacable, intolerant, hideously alive, full of avid animalism, with a face utterly sensual and malignant. Though naturally independent and aggressively individual, he spent the greater part of his career in the sycophantic rôle of Court Painter. The favorite of Charles IV. and the frivolous Queen Maria Luisa, he was always a radical at heart. Of humble origin, his chief and most violent love affair was with one no more lowly stationed than the Duchess of Alba. He lived through the Napoleonic period, but during the drama of a twenty years' war he remained unmoved, philosophically continuing in his old office of Court Painter at the shoddy Court of Joseph Bonaparte. Later, when Charles returned to the throne, such was his influence that in spite of his lack of loyalty, he was permitted to go blithely on about the business of producing pictures, pictures that obsess the imagination by their almost Æschylean and Aristophanic genre. A bizarre creature, to be sure, this Francisco José de Goya-y-Lucientes! Mr. Walsh hints at his protean nature in the following poem, "To Francisco Goya in the Gallery of Madrid:"*

They fawned upon you, kissed your brawny hands
And laid aside their masks and veils that you
Might paint their ivory pallor, veined with blue,
Their periwigs and jabots and their slight,
Beflowered waistcoats and bejeweled strands,
They laid their scorn aside in their delight.

You dreamed a parchment beauty from the soul
Of Venice, and revealed it deathless there
In spite of deadened eyes' and lips' despair;
Then as illusion's very shadow died,
The brigand that was in you gained control
And with your peasant fist you slew their pride.

That dab of rouge upon a leering hag
Is where you struck your queen; that reeling string
Of rogues and cripples wrongs your Spain, whose king
You set, to mock her anguished, starving lands!
An imbecile upon a bloated nag,
You struck them, Goya, yet they kissed your hands.

"The Maids of Honor" tells how the tactful Velázquez

* *The Pilgrim Kings*, p. 99.

posed difficult Court personages in his studio in the Alcazar, Madrid, no trifling task, we are led to believe. No painter in all the history of art more strongly has appealed to artists and amateurs of his own and succeeding periods than has Velázquez. He was one of the first of the realists, and was as much an impressionist as Manet. He was, too, a great interpreter, and while a most serious painter, his work shows the joy which he found in it. Spiritually clairvoyant, he has secured in his sitters, expressions and personalities which other artists, however hard they try, cannot find and so cannot express, and which we cannot account for. "The Maids of Honor" gives us a glimpse of his methods, shows us the zest with which he executed his commissions and is, in fact, a veritable slice of his life. The weird figure of the third of the trio I have mentioned stalks before us in "Greco Paints His Masterpiece." Here we almost have the truculent Domenikos Theotokopoulos in the flesh. The scene is in the Cigarral de Buenavista, Toledo, 1588, the character drawing is sharp and incisive, and the entire picture unforgettable. Surpassing this, however, is that delightful and enchanting *divertissement* called "Greco's Last Judgment."⁶

All of these tableaux of Thomas Walsh lend themselves so well to the requirements of a curtain raiser that one wonders why they have never seen stage presentation at some one of our little theatres. Especially is this true of the playlet last mentioned. Here the scene is laid in a Franciscan Friary, Santa Maria de la Sisle, in the mountains of Toledo, 1604. The Father Prior Lupo is discovered in a conference with his friars concerning the claims of Tristán, a young artist employed by the house to paint a Francis on La Verna. This lively youth all but demoralized the brethren with his mischievous pranks, but on account of his indubitable talent, is suffered to remain until his task is completed. The painting being finished, he demands two hundred ducats in payment for his services. The canny friars are loth to part with such a sum to a mere lad. Thereupon, he threatens to expose their niggardliness "throughout all Castile." Finally, both sides agree to refer the matter to the hieratic El Greco, *dios de la pintura* of contemporary Spain. Decades before, when he was a poor and obscure painter, the Franciscans of la Sisle had

⁶ *The Pilgrim Kings*, p. 8.

snubbed El Greco and left the future wizard of the brush to struggle along without their powerful patronage. When, by sheer merit, he rose to his present preëminence, the Fathers became eager to possess in their Friary a specimen of his wonderful art, but the master refused to comply with their wishes, reminding them of their failure to appreciate his early efforts. He compromised, however, by sending them his favorite pupil, Luis Tristán, whose work the Fathers are now trying to get at a bargain. Even as the Friars are chatting, El Greco slowly approaches la Sisla in the monastery carriage.

Hastily, the Prior dispatches one of the friars to get out the royal plate and tapestries that they may make a good showing before their guest. Others help the feeble artist to a chair and arrange cushions around him. At length they confront young Tristán with El Greco. The terrified boy recounts his experiences in the establishment, candidly admitting his pranks; his patron listens in grim silence, sternly censorious, to all appearances. The friars, elated at the way things seem to be going, hasten the sardonically humorous *dénouement*:

Greco: . . . let me see his picture—So,— ha! ha!
 You scamp, you ask two hundred ducats, eh?—
 My stick!—My crutch!—Nay, let me at him there!

Tristán: Mercy, have mercy!

Greco: Let him not escape—
 Hold him, Pomponio! Bring him here to me.
 Now let me see the work again—My Luis!
 You painted this—this rapture of the heavens—
 Francis with Christ's own wounds of hands and feet,
 The wingéd Crucifixion in his eyes!—
 You painted this—and yet, you little knave,
 You would disgrace our craft and steal the bread
 From honest mouths!—

Prior Lupo: Nay, Master, strike him not!
 The boy is young—we wish him well—

Fray Pomponio: Next time he may know better—

Fray Leandro: You forget
 He would submit the judgment to your word.

Prior Lupo: Come, the poor lad's in tears!

Fray Caetano: Which shows at least
There is some good in him.

Greco: He has brought shame
Upon my school and me!—To rob the poor!—

Fray Pomponio: He's but a novice—

Greco: Novice, do you say?
In faith he is! to spoil an artist's price
And ask a mere two hundred ducats, when
His work is worth five hundred!—Come, you scamp,
Five hundred ducats is your price, you hear,
And not a maravedí less, or back
To town Saint Francis goes with us at once!
Roll up the canvas—

Prior Lupo: Don Doménico!—

Fray Pomponio: He'll make us laughing-stocks!—I told you
so.

There's not a convent in Toledo where
I'll show my face this many a day to come!

Fray Isidro: Lose not a moment, Father Prior, pay
The ducats down at once.

Greco: The Brother knows
A bargain; I commend your sense, Isidro.
Be sure not all la Sista's eminence
Will match through future ages with the fame
My little Luis Tristán's prentice work
Will bring your house.

Prior Lupo: We'll close this business;
Let Brother-Bursar fetch the gold.

Tristán: Your hand,
Maestro, blesses when it strikes! I kneel
To kiss it—

Greco: Nay, my Luisito, come
To my embrace!—my blessing and my pride!

Thus the poet is at home "In Old Toledo," where

by night
Greco's visions, ghosts of blight,
Pace your alleys to the stars.

"Sunset Balconies" is a graceful lyric recalling treasured memories of Barcelona, Saragossa and Granada, "Sevillana" is a passionately beautiful tribute, and "The Cathedral, Burgos, 1905," is full of a mystical exaltation which catches one up with the wind of impetuous movement in the devout throng of worshippers at a midnight Mass. Though Spain is his passion, he senses the romance of other lands also, especially when they have something in common with his first love. His poems about them are frequently distinguished. Of such are his "Road Songs from the Armenian." In "The Levantine," with a few deft strokes, he draws a portrait of a swarthy vendor of laces that few throughout our countryside will fail to recognize. His predilection leads him far afield, into the remote past, as well as into the tense, restless present. Following along the trail blazed by Longfellow, he has delved into the musty pages of Spanish literature and brought to light many a forgotten, beauteous thing that we would probably never otherwise have had the opportunity of enjoying. The prerequisites of such a task are infinite patience and a scholarship of the first order.

That Mr. Walsh has both, is amply proved by the felicitous translations of representative Spanish poetry occurring in his books and lately made the subject of an interesting and extremely valuable anthology.¹ In the preface to this thought-provoking compilation, the poet observes: "Spanish poetry, at first glance, would seem to be an unknown world to readers without a knowledge of Castilian; nevertheless, a study of the contents of this volume will show that some of the greatest poets of England and America have presented in our common English tongue the beauties of this exotic literature. While their achievement of the past may be a matter of legitimate pride to the northern Hispanist, the present would seem to be an opportune moment to strengthen whatever claim he may have upon the regard of his brothers of Hispanic speech by presenting a summary, in chronological order, of the translations by northern Hispanophiles of Spanish poems into English verse. The present work is such a summary, and it is offered as a spontaneous tribute of affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—from his English-speaking brethren of the North."

¹ *Hispanic Anthology*, by Thomas Walsh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Walsh then proceeds to marshal a bewildering array of poets, old and young, to vindicate Spanish culture, and the roster goes all the way back to the twelfth century. To my mind, however, the most arresting feature of this significant volume is the splendid showing made by the singers of Spanish America. Their work substantiates the seemingly extravagant claims made for them a few years ago by Dr. Foerster in his ponderous tome on the literary history of that vast continent to the South of which we in the United States are so appallingly ignorant. The anthologist has placed us doubly in his debt by appending many helpful notes and providing portraits of all the poets represented in his offering.

HER NAME.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

WHEN all the springs of song are still,
And silent every lute is flung,
When on the dark Parnassan hill
The useless harps are idly hung,
When poetry hath fled the earth
To heaven where she took her flame
Then fiery song shall come to birth
At mention of the Virgin's name.

That name of Mary, moving sweet,
The springs of song can start again,
Set the dry rivers flowing fleet
With tuneful praise and glad refrain.
Though poetry were still and dead,
This name would stir the dust of death,
Loose of spent song the fountain head
And give the stones melodious breath.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNWILLING PILGRIM.

BY JAMES LOUIS SMALL.



LISBON, Portugal, Sunday Night, May 4, 1919.—It has all happened because of a bull-fight. In our case, certainly, judgment has alighted with the proverbial feet of iron, though it has been far from possessing wings of lead! I daresay, though, that we are properly punished for choosing to go to a bull-fight rather than to be saying our prayers, like well conducted Christians, in the Cathedral.

The *Britannia* left Ponta Delgada, its last port of call in the Azores, on Thursday night. On Friday we fell to discussing Lisbon, which, the Captain told us, we were to reach on Sunday. Señor Fernandez, our Spanish friend, in recounting the glories of that famous city (I didn't know anything about it except that there had been an earthquake there once) suggested the bull-fight. This, it appears, is the weekly social event of the Portuguese metropolis.

"Capital!" quoth we in happy chorus. "Captain Videlle assures us that we shall dock by nine o'clock. That will give us time for the Cathedral in the morning and the bull-fight in the afternoon. At this point Simpson rose to inquire if it would be seemly for eight welfare workers to attend a Sunday bull-fight. No one ever pays any attention to Simpson. He is semi-New Hampshire, and his young life has been blighted by a New England conscience that constantly and consistently "wobbles on the spur of the moment." His objection was promptly overruled. It was decided that we go to the bull-fight.

As luck would have it we were some hours late, so when we went ashore at one in the afternoon the bull-fight was all that was left us. For Woolley, McNaughton and myself that fight spelled nemesis. I shall shudder for years to come whenever it is mentioned, though not over the bull-fight itself, which was comparatively painless. It seems that in Portugal the bull has certain rights denied him in less favored climes. The performers are not allowed to kill him; they simply chase

him around for awhile. After they have engaged in this pleasing sport for fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time he is punctured with several barbed arrows, a number of steers horn into the game and run him out of the arena. There are eight rounds of this, and after each round the audience claps wildly. At the end everybody goes away happy.

We went out happy, but did not long remain so. Upon leaving the ship our party had become separated. Woolley, McNaughton and I were in one group; the rest had placed themselves under the guidance of Señor Fernandez. When they went into the bull-fight they left orders for their taxi to wait outside. We were not so wise.

Upon emerging from the great arena we found the plaza black with people, and very nearly destitute of available vehicles. An evil-looking individual in charge of an ancient horse and broken-down barouche slouched up to us, touched his hat and solicited patronage, in what was assumed to be English. His demands were modest—he only asked the trifling sum of five American dollars to convey us to the Avenida Hotel, eight blocks away, where, presumably, our fellow secretaries were waiting for us.

We gazed despairingly at the sinking sun and recalled the Captain's admonition to be on board at seven; he could wait no longer on account of the tide. Woolley looked at his watch. It was quarter after six. We squeezed ourselves into the chariot, "shoo-ed" away Lisbon's uncleansed youth, who clung to us affectionately, mouthing the solitary Anglo-Saxon word of their vocabulary, "money," and bade our man drive on.

At the hotel we dismissed the barouche and went inside, only to learn from the clerk at the desk that our friends had gone on to the ship. By this time it was 6:35. We hurried out upon the square. There was not a cab in sight; nothing but the evening crowd sauntering leisurely by, with side glances of curiosity at these wild-eyed, distraught Americans, with the strange, cryptic lettering on their caps and the collars of their uniforms.

It was maddening. Time was passing. There was nothing left for us but to walk the two miles, through tortuous streets with pavements still scorching from the day's heat and the buildings on either side emitting blasts, as from a furnace. The moments sped on, and when Woolley sang out "Six fifty-

eight" we heightened our pace to a dog trot. We were still some distance from the dock when a shrill, frenzied whistle tore the air. We flung ourselves, panting, into the fenced enclosure by the river, expecting to be greeted with cries of "There they are!" "Hurry up!" and the like. Instead, there was silence, profound, undisturbed.

The waters of the Tejo were flowing calmly to the sea, flecked here and there with the crimson light of a buoy or the barely distinguishable outline of a sail. Overhead, stars were beginning to come out one by one, and in the west the sky was suffused with saffron and orange, tokens of the dying day. In the centre of the river, moving steadily, surely downstream, hospitably alight from stem to stern, was the *Britannia*.

It seemed incredible. No one spoke. What was there to say? Presently our attention was attracted by voices to our left. They proved to be those of four or five fishermen, who were smoking their pipes in the shadow of a long, low warehouse and resting from the day's catch. One of them spoke English. "Is there," we inquired eagerly, "a motor boat that would take us out to the ship?" The answer was disheartening, to say the least. No, indeed. Did we not know that Lisbon was in a state of revolution? There was no motor boat and no gasoline to be had if there were one. Only yesterday the rioters had burned the customs house and a hospital, and at this moment several thousand soldiers were patrolling the streets. The tram cars were tied up and the water mains had been severed.

We turned about. The ship was so far away now that a rowboat could never overtake it. The *Britannia*, with all our hopes, in the tangible shape of comrades, baggage and bodily sustenance, had, quite literally, gone a-glimmering. It showed, the barest speck of light, on the horizon. The only other vessel within a hundred miles of us, for all we knew to the contrary, was a weather-beaten craft moored farther down the dock. Peering through the gloom, we managed to read her name: "*Skaarsvold*, Stockholm, Sweden." Of what use, pray, could she possibly be to us?

We walked away. It seemed indecent to expose our friendlessness to the gaze of an interested, but callous public.

Woolley assumed command. This was an adroit move on

his part, as it put McNaughton and myself in the wrong, without our exactly knowing why.

He began with me: "How much money have you?"

Now it chanced that I had been furtively taking inventory, so I was ready for the question. "Twenty cents," I replied with artless candor.

"Where is the rest of it?"

"In American Express Company checks in my steamer trunk."

"That's a hell of a place for it!" and he turned his back on me unfeelingly and proceeded to cross-examine McNaughton.

I registered pained surprise at such coarse language from a welfare worker—on Sunday, too; but Woolley would not be diverted from the business in hand.

It developed that my companions had two hundred dollars between them, enough, we hoped fervently, to see us through to Paris. Fortunately, we all had our passports with us.

"Now," said Woolley, "that's settled. I'll act as treasurer. You speak French (this to me), so you can be interpreter." He appraised McNaughton thoughtfully. "Mac," he remarked, "you're always poking around in churches. You do the praying."

Personally, I am of the opinion that we shall require a good deal of praying before we are through.

Monday, May 5th.—In normal times the Avenida Palace Hotel may be all that our good Señor Fernandez claims for it. At present its grandeur is visible to the naked eye in descriptive circulars only, and in the size of the bills presented. Owing to the revolution it is minus electricity, minus water, minus nearly everything. We presented ourselves at the desk at 9:30 last evening, footsore, heartsore, jaded, after our walk up from the dock. An unlighted waterfront in the wretched suburb of Alcantara, with dogs barking from dark and sinister looking interiors, was not calculated to cheer.

When Señor Fernandez came down, in answer to the hotel clerk's summons, he, quite naturally, looked surprised. "Why," said he, "I thought the boat had gone."

"It has," said I, endeavoring to appear casual, "but we are not on it."

"So I perceive."

Explanations were in order. The Señor laughed. "There is nothing for you to do but remain here overnight. I will make the best arrangement I can, and in the morning we shall see what is to be done."

We were ushered to a room with a double bed in one corner and a trundle arrangement in the other. The latter fell to my lot. Señor Fernandez assured us that it was "*comme il faut*" for one to leave one's shoes outside the door for nocturnal polishing. I demurred. Suppose they should be stolen? Eventually, however, I rose to the occasion. When one is already penniless (save for twenty cents) and is destitute of handkerchief or hairbrush, why make a fuss over a pair of shoes?

This morning, such a morning as only these southern shores may know, with turquoise sky, floods of golden sunshine, and a breeze blowing in from the sea, found us hopeful. I spent my twenty cents for breakfast, and Woolley parted reluctantly with twelve dollars for our night's accommodation.

At nine o'clock we had our conference with Señor Fernandez. We told him how much money, or rather how little, we had. How were we to make Paris? Inquiry revealed the fact that there is not another boat out for three weeks. Only one course lies open to us—we must go by rail: Lisbon to Madrid; Madrid to Hendaye; Hendaye to Paris. There are but three trains a week that make the connection, one each on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. First we must call on the American consul to find out what is necessary for an exit from the country; then to Cook's to procure tickets.

"The Van Deusens!" I exclaimed. "Luck is with us!"

"Where do you get that stuff?" asked Woolley, lapsing into army vernacular. "Have you gone off your head?"

"Not at all," I insisted, "don't you remember Mrs. Van Deusen, who came over with us on the *Britannia*, the wife of the American military attaché at Madrid? Her husband was to meet her at Lisbon. Here they are now."

Sure enough, the Van Deusens were coming down to breakfast. Presentations followed. The military attaché and his lady are taking the Wednesday train. Obviously, that is the time for us to go.

Woolley and Mac left the hotel before me. On the corner of the square, I overtook them, hemmed in by an excited, ges-

ticulating crowd. I elbowed my way through the wriggling mass of humanity, with Woolley's red hair as a guiding light. He was drawn up to his full six feet, bristling with indignation, and Mac was striving to quiet him. In front of them an aged Portuguese fish peddler hopped up and down like an enraged toad. His toothless gums worked wildly and from them proceeded squawks of protest. He had been walking along, peaceably enough, with an enormous basket of fish suspended from either end of a bamboo pole balanced neatly upon his head, when, in some way, it swung around and caught Woolley squarely upon the jaw. I had visions of all three of us languishing in a Lisbon prison, so hastened to second Mac's efforts. After further parley, which included a small cash settlement, we succeeded in pacifying both Woolley and the offending fish merchant and went our way in peace.

It is astonishing that I should have to miss a boat in Lisbon, Portugal, to bring me to a realizing sense of my American citizenship. I am quite sure that never before have I set a proper value upon it. No sight ever gladdened my eyes as did that of the Stars and Stripes floating above the door of the Consulate, and if there is anything that Mr. Douglas, the consul, has left undone in our case I cannot imagine what it is.

Our passports must have the visa of the French, Spanish and Portuguese consuls before we can leave the country, and he gave us letters to each. We visited the French and the Spanish consulates this afternoon, and they attended to us with neatness and dispatch.

Mr. Douglas has also secured rooms for us at his hotel, the *Internacional*. It is a pleasant little place on the corner of the *Plaza Pedro IV.*, which is the centre around which the business and social life of Lisbon revolves. There is a statue of the estimable Pedro in the plaza, besides a fountain or two and all manner of luxurious foliage. On the opposite side of the square from us is the great Theatre, *Maria II.*, while shops and cafés line it on the east and west. The plaza is paved in zigzag strips of white and terra cotta marble that produce a weird effect of uncertainty as to one's sanity or sobriety. I do not wonder that the English sailors call it the "roly-poly."

The Hotel *Internacional* is much less expensive and vastly more simple than the *Avenida*. We three sit at a table by ourselves and at a table adjoining are the consul and a couple of

young fellows connected with the United States Naval Office. It is all very novel to our American eyes. The hotel clerk is elderly and as distinguished looking as a judge, and sits behind a shiny desk with all sorts of brass trimmings. José, the "buttons," is fat and rosy-cheeked, not a day over ten years old. He wears braided trousers, tightly buttoned coat, and a bright red cap cocked to one side and held in place by a strip under the chin, like a regular soldier, if you please.

I am tasting the blessings of detachment, with someone else to do the worrying! Elijah fed by the ravens has, as Mac would say, "Nothing on me." Am I ready for breakfast or do I require a shave? I call upon Woolley, and Woolley pays. Financial operations at luncheon and dinner are a bit more involved. As our tickets to Paris have cost \$53.00 each (without sleeper, for we cannot indulge ourselves), our balance is steadily diminishing. Before each meal, therefore, Woolley makes a statement of cash in hand, and we decide upon the amount to be spent. I fancy we might give even expert economists some valuable suggestions.

As I write, an interesting scene unfolds itself beneath my window, and I pinch myself occasionally to make sure that I am really here. Daylight is fading rapidly and the street lamps are beginning to shine about the plaza and before the cafés. Laughing voices float upward through the soft evening air, with now and again a strain of music. Through and under it all there sounds a grim note—the chatter of cavalry on the cobblestones of the narrow streets opening into the square. But it takes more than a revolution to quench Lisbon's gayety. As nearly as I can find out, the Portuguese simply *must* have have a revolution every few weeks, if only for the sake of their health.

All in all, "It's a gay life if you don't weaken," as they say back home. We haven't weakened yet.

Tuesday Evening, May 6th.—Our preparations for departure are at last complete. The chief difficulty has been with the Portuguese authorities, who exhibited a touching reluctance to let us go. They demanded \$16.00 in American money, to be placed in revenue stamps upon our passports, before they would consent to a visa. What with the imprimatur of the various consulates, French, Spanish and Portuguese, these

give an impression of having broken out with some new and startling variety of rash.

Formalities were concluded by ten this morning, so the rest of the day has been free for sightseeing. We particularly wished to visit St. Jeronymos and the Tower of Belem, the exquisite outlines of which we viewed from a distance as we came up the Tejo on Sunday. This treat has been denied us, as the street cars are not running and we could not afford a taxi, so we have contented ourselves with the places of interest that lie closer at hand.

I doubt if there is a city in the world, certainly not in the Occident, that flaunts more glaring contrasts in the traveler's face. Lisbon is at one and the same time lovely and sordid; fascinating and repulsive; clean and filthy; religious and godless. One dodges a high powered motor car, the elegance of which is scarcely paralleled in New York, to feel a beggar dragging at one's coat. Yet idlers are relatively few. Most people seem to be doing something, from the pushcart merchants on the sunny side of the square to the handsome, dark-eyed fisher women who cry their wares in the streets.

Many of the fine old churches have either been closed or diverted to secular uses by the new Government, which members of the former régime, with some show of reason, declare to be both irreligious and tyrannical. Of those that remain open, I like Santo Domingo the best. It is but a step off the Plaza Pedro IV. and just back of the Theatre, Maria II. In its shadow are all sorts of queer little shops and only a stone's throw away is the great market. Once inside its portals, you are back in the centuries of Faith. There, in the spacious interior, with gorgeous saints looking down from the midst of carvings black with age, you are breathing an atmosphere in which present and past mingle curiously. In musty corners, crouched close to altar railings, dark-skinned, withered old women tell their beads, while near by gold braided officers and modishly gowned ladies kneel at their prayers.

A Portuguese funeral, I take it, is an affair of some import. Woolley and I saw one this afternoon. We were on our way from the Archæological Museum, formerly the ancient church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and a relic of the earthquake of 1755, which crowns the height above the plaza. As we were resting in the shade of some trees on a tiny square at the foot

of the hill, the funeral procession passed. First came the hearse, drawn by six black mules, richly caparisoned, and driven by a man in mourning livery, including knee breeches and cocked hat. The hearse was of polished ebony, shaped like a pyramid and hung about with clusters of wisteria and purple satin ribbon. Immediately following it were several carriages filled to overflowing with charming children, then a line of equipages with the grown-ups.

Thus far we have not availed ourselves of the elevators that facilitate travel between the numerous hills upon which Lisbon is built. We have looked longingly at them, but did not know the amount of the fare. Truly, our poverty is an increasing source of inconvenience, not to say discomfort. Mac is a bit inclined to grumble. "I never thought," he observed ruefully, "that I should be too poor to ride in an elevator!"

Thursday, May 8th, 9:00 A. M., En Route.—Our plans nearly miscarried at the last moment, and for a time it looked as if we should not get away on the Wednesday train. Yesterday noon we were accosted in the lobby of the hotel by an elderly gentleman who introduced himself as Captain Bailey, the United States Naval Attaché. He asked us who we were and where we were going. We recited our experiences, colored with a pardonable pride at our cleverness in surmounting obstacles.

"You cannot go through Spain, that is, as you are now," commented the Captain. "Spain is neutral, and no representatives of the warring nations are permitted to cross the country in uniform. You will be obliged to change to civilian clothes."

"Civilian clothes, indeed, when Woolley's morning report had shown a cash balance of \$24.10! I protested. "We have just enough to see us to Paris. Why, we couldn't buy so much as a bathing-suit."

"Well, then, come up to my office and we will talk it over."

The entire staff considered our case. Young Armstrong, vice-naval attaché at Madrid, had been visiting Lisbon and was to return on the train for which we had purchased tickets. He was of the opinion that we could "get by" by removing our insignia and substituting civilian for military headgear. If questioned at the frontier, we were to give our occupation as

that of "missionaries." Also, Woolley and I were bidden to remove the films from our pocket kodaks, as it might go hard with us if we were caught snapping any "castles in Spain."

Immediately after luncheon we paid a visit to the shops on the east side of the plaza. For a dollar we bought a large, round wicker basket such as the Portuguese women carry to market, and for sixty cents each, three soft caps. Woolley, with an eye to color harmony, chose light brown, to go with his red hair. Mac, who never cares how he looks, selected a nondescript "pepper-and-salt." My cap is gray, lined with bright green.

We burst into peals of laughter as we surveyed ourselves and one another in the long mirror. Woolley, in brown cap and puttees of the same shade, resembled nothing so much as a portly landlord about to eject a tenant—the type that used to figure in "The Colleen Bawn" and other domestic dramas. He and Mac declared that I looked like a "regular" missionary and ought to begin my studies as soon as I return home, if I am ever so fortunate as to reach that happy haven.

On our way back to the hotel we lay in a stock of fruit and pastry. Meals in the dining-car, the "*wagon-restaurant*" they call it over here, are, of course, out of the question for us.

The train was to leave at 3:30, and at three o'clock we fared forth. A group of interested spectators stood in the doorway of the Internacional and watched us go, waving their hands and calling out farewells as long as we were in sight. I took first turn in carrying the basket, at the bottom of which, overlaid with layers of lunch, were our military caps and insignia. Young Armstrong and the Van Deusens were at the station, and had already deposited their wraps and hand luggage in the "*wagon-lit*."

I confess that as the train pulled out, amid clamorous adieus shouted by excited Portuguese upon the platform, a feeling of regret mingled with one of relief at our escape. After all, Lisbon had not been half bad, and in all probability I should never see it again. Never again should I stand in the dusky nave of Santo Domingo or stroll with the carefree throng on the Avenida Liberdade. I leaned back and closed my eyes. In fancy I saw the old city as at first, from the river: in the foreground, fishing sails of blue and yellow and rust-red; beyond them, buildings of white stone rising, tier upon

tier, against the sunny May sky; and high above all, the towers of the Cathedral and the solid mass of the royal palace.

In an hour we shall be in Madrid. Thanks to our friends in the "*wagon-lit*," who sent in blankets and steamer rugs to us, we have passed a comfortable night. There was no trouble at the frontier, although when the guard came through to collect the tickets, I overheard a whispered inquiry as to why these Americans were traveling in uniform. I made myself as inconspicuous as possible behind the convenient bulwark of Woolley's two hundred pounds.

The embassy car is to meet Armstrong, and he will take charge of us during our twelve hours' stay in Madrid.

Friday Morning, May 9th.—We are due at Hendaye, on the French border, at noon.

True to his word, Armstrong placed us under his protection during our stay in Madrid, and, all things considered, we had quite a wonderful time. He and four other fellows connected with the embassy, have an apartment in a quiet street just off the Avenue Castellana. Bath, breakfast and an opportunity to lounge for an hour in the sunny library were most welcome. Our pleasure at chatting with our hosts was equaled only by their delight in meeting someone from the States.

After an hour's rest, Armstrong loaded us into a cab and drove us to the American consulate, where our passports must needs be looked after. Our story told, the consul had difficulty in finding words to express his astonishment. No Americans in khaki, he said, were going through Spain. We assured him that we were, and that having come thus far we had no intention of retracing our steps. In half an hour we were in the street, with another visa upon our passports.

Woolley and Mac, disposed to be cautious, wished to retire to the apartment for the balance of the day. Suppose we should be arrested? I demurred. Stay within four walls, with the opportunity of a lifetime beckoning outside? Submit to banishment, with Madrid, the city of romance and song, lying just beyond the threshold? Never.

Street life in Madrid is much as it is in Lisbon, but cleaner and a bit more modern. Many of the women wear the traditional lace mantilla, and there are the usual number of dogs

and donkeys. On our way to the Prado, which is to Madrid what the Louvre is to Paris, we saw a handsome cavalier carrying on a lively flirtation with his Juliet, who waved her fan, in return, from her station in the balcony overhead. This, we were told later, is an accepted social convention. After a number of such visits the lover obtains permission to call upon the senorita, in her mother's presence. They tell an amusing story at the embassy of a youthful member of the staff, just out from the States and unversed, consequently, in local usage. He became smitten with a Spanish maiden and requested, and was granted, leave to escort her to the opera. When he called for her, in a carriage designed for two, he found the lady, her parents, and her two sisters, all waiting to go with him!

To me the Prado will always be as a dream in which certain details stand out vividly against a blurred background. Rows upon rows of originals that in my wildest flights of fancy I had never hoped to see: the cherubs and ethereal Madonnas of Murillo; the eloquent contrasts of Velasquez; the colorings of Titian and Tintoretto and Rembrandt; and, to me, most striking of all, the ghostly paleness of Ribera's hermit-saints—they are all here.

More remarkable even than these works of the masters is the study of them by the people, for whom the Prado is maintained. As I watched them come and go I pondered over cursory and unthinking comment of past days. I thought of the difficulty we in America experience in raising the level of artistic interest and of our easy, off-hand allusions to the "ignorance" supposed to prevail in Latin countries. Then I looked at the panorama passing before me. In front of the masterpieces, absorbed in them, drinking in their beauty of form and delicacy of coloring, were not only those of the well-to-do class. Beside them stood the woman of the poor, shawl drawn over her head, her child's hand clasped in her own, admiring, explaining. It led me back to the old, old question: In what does education really consist? If it be lacking in the gossamer-like, yet all pervasive, quality of appreciation, is it really education? If, on the contrary, the faculty of appreciation be unwedded to literal knowledge, can its possessor be said to be wholly ignorant?

The trees that border the Avenue Castellana were casting

long shadows across that busy thoroughfare as we stepped out from the Prado. An unbroken procession of motor cars and smart victorias swept down the Avenue. It differs from Lisbon's Avenida Liberdade in that it boasts fewer apartment buildings and more large private residences. Before some of these the wrought-iron gates were thrown wide open, showing delicious vistas of walled gardens and gleaming statues, half hidden in shrubbery. At the entrances liveried servants awaited their master's return.

Armstrong accompanied us to the station and remained with us to the last. At ten o'clock the wheels of the Paris special began to move; our friend of the embassy grasped our hands in cordial adieu, and we were projected into the night.

We wakened this morning in the foothills of the Pyrenees, and have climbed steadily higher and higher. At times we have actually been in the clouds. Had the window been open I might almost have touched them. Viewed in this way, the country has a curious effect upon one. It fascinates as would a beautiful sleeping woman come upon by chance. One scarcely dares speak lest one awaken it.

The little towns in the lower stretches show almost no signs of life; they stand, silent, in the midst of verdant pastures. The aged houses crowd close to one another, as if for mutual protection; and the majestic, red-tiled churches look like sentinels, with the scars of many years' vigil graven on their faces. Occasionally the train stops for a moment at a wayside station, and a momentary diversion is created. Then it moves on again towards France.

We have been a bit apprehensive since discovering the presence on board of two Spanish officers, who leave their compartment at each station and walk up and down on the platform. They are in scarlet uniform, with broad-brimmed hats and long cloaks, like those worn by the bandits in one of the more sanguinary operas. These, with their fierce, up-turned mustaches, invest them with an air that is decidedly awe inspiring. We should much like to know whether they are on a tour of inspection, or simply out for pleasure. It might make all the difference in the world to us!

Saturday, May 10th.—We have passed the Gare d'Austerlitz and a few moments will bring us to the Quai d'Orsay.

Our fellow travelers are gathering up wraps and parcels, and with insignia restored to its rightful place, we are ready to resume our status as members of the A. E. F.

We were left unmolested at Hendaye, in spite of Colonel Van Deusen's predictions. He told us that the American military police keep a sharp lookout for stragglers at these border posts, and are arresting a great many Yanks who have surreptitiously caught glimpses of Spain. "You need not worry, however," he added consolingly, "for if they intern you it will be at Biarritz, which, otherwise, you might have no opportunity of seeing."

The French country has grown more beautiful to our eyes as we have neared Paris: the villages, in setting of plowed fields, with here and there a stooped figure, like one of Millet's, passing up and down the furrows; and the spires of the little churches, each with the inevitable weather-cock, pointing heavenward with an implication of brisk piety. It all bespeaks thrift and industry and readiness to labor; far removed, one feels, from the dreamy languor of Spain.

We are steaming into the Gare d'Orleans. Our adventure is ended. When the consul at Madrid handed us our passports, he said that we have had an experience unique in the annals of the American Expeditionary Forces. We are not in the least disposed to question his statement.

THE CALL.

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN.

A ROBIN calls: "Come, sweet, my mate!"

Believing she will hear.

Within the tree's new leafy green,

A fluttering bit of joy unseen,

She answers low and clear

A few sweet notes.

And one who hears

Turns sobbingly away,

Her heart a wild, awakened thing

Of poignant pain—for robins sing

The meaning of the May.

"THE LEAGUE OF CATHOLIC WOMEN IN URUGUAY."

BY JOHN P. O'HARA, C.S.C.



URUGUAY is the smallest of the South American republics. In area it is about the size of Nebraska, and it has a population of approximately one million four hundred thousand inhabitants. It is located south of Brazil and east of the Uruguay River, which divides it from the Argentine Republic.

Its capital, Montevideo, is located on a beautiful bay in the south central portion of the Republic. It corresponds in latitude to about North Carolina, and its mildly temperate climate makes it a summer resort for Buenos Aires. Its winters never have very cold days, except when the *pampero*, or wind off the *pampas*, creates a storm in the bay.

Although the smallest of the South American republics, Uruguay is one of the most progressive, and it possesses a charm for the stranger that makes it unique. It is an agricultural country. In the old days it depended entirely upon grazing for its wealth. Cattle and sheep fed on the beautiful grass of its rolling hills; and meat products, wool and hides, paid the inhabitants a splendid return on their investment. In recent years Italian farmers have introduced the cultivation of cereals, and in the southern part of the country fields of grain are supplanting the immense *estancias* of earlier days.

Unfortunately, farm life has not brought to little Uruguay all the blessings of peace and harmony which we associate with those who live close to the soil. From the beginning, politics have been the curse of the country. In ninety years of independence this Republic has witnessed more than forty revolutions or insurrections, and some of them long and bloody.

In recent years the tendency to religious bigotry has become quite marked in the predominant party. This tendency can be traced in direct line to the school of false philosophy that animated the French Revolution. Luis Alberto de Herrera, in his book, *La Revolución Francesa y la América del Sur*, traces the influence of this philosophy through the history of the South American republics, and laments the fact that

while practical example and aid came from the United States to South America in its struggle for independence, the dominating spirit, and especially the philosophy of government upon which the new republics began to function, were essentially byproducts of the French Revolution.

This false philosophy had its particular effect chiefly in the secularization of education. The University of Montevideo especially became a centre of infection, and has produced a generation of very active propagandists of atheism, who now have practical control of the Government, and who lose no opportunity to annoy and persecute the Church and win adherents to the cause of atheism.

The very active period of anti-clericalism began seventeen years ago when José Batlle y Ordoñez assumed the presidency, a post which he occupied for two terms of four years each, the second term beginning in 1911. One of his first acts of hostility to the Church was the removal of the crucifixes from the hospitals, because, it was alleged, they reminded the patients of death and consequently had a depressing effect. He later secured from Congress the suppression of the stipends paid to the seminary and archbishops, and in 1907 he secured the passage of a divorce law. As he has selected his own successors in office, he has maintained his own policies with practically no opposition within his party. A separation of Church and State was finally brought about, with conditions, however, more favorable than the Church had at first hoped to obtain. The chapels in public institutions constituted the only property secularized by the law, and the additional liberty conferred upon the Church by the separation, has enabled it to work out a programme of reform that would have been impossible under the old régime. The latest manifestations of bigotry on the part of the Government came during July and August, 1920, when Congress ordered the chapels in the public cemeteries dismantled, and passed a law permitting duelling.

As already suggested, this opposition has had a good effect in awakening the consciousness of the Catholics of Uruguay, and it may be safely asserted that there is more manifestation of Catholic life in that little Republic now than there has been since colonial days. A few months ago the Pope created a new archbishop to fill the See left vacant since the death of Monsignor Soler in 1908, and erected two new bishoprics in the

country. The long *interim* was due to the failure of the Government to comply with the conditions of the concordat by which the new dioceses were created some sixteen years ago. The present Archbishop, Monsignor Aragone, is only thirty-seven years of age, and is blessed with the youthful virtues of zeal, energy and resourcefulness, while his prudence and judgment would do honor to a man many years his senior. He has begun his administration with a full programme of organization, which includes Catholic labor unions, Catholic societies for boys, young men and old men, and the organization of the social work of the country under a common head. He is carrying on at present, with American methods, a "drive" for the necessary funds for this purpose. The goal set was one million dollars. The "drive" has now well passed the two million dollar mark.

One of the finest results of the persecution of the Church in Uruguay has been the *Liga de Damas Católicas del Uruguay*, "League of Catholic Women of Uruguay," which has developed into one of the most efficient Catholic social organizations in the world. It was born out of the protest of decency against the divorce law, and has since that time widened its scope to take in almost every possible form of social work. Its most curious, yet most effective, work has been the betterment of theatrical productions.

When the divorce question was first agitated in Uruguay, a few Catholic women held a meeting of protest against this assault upon home life, and decided to circulate a petition throughout the country to be presented to Congress. The work was carried into effect and some tens of thousands of signatures to the protest were secured. This was presented to Congress in due time, and was rejected, because it had not been made out on the stamped paper required for legal documents. Undaunted, the women framed their protest in proper legal form, with an increase of signatures.

In the midst of the divorce agitation Sarah Bernhardt came to Montevideo to open a new theatre, the *Urquiza*. She was announced for three plays, all of them arguments for divorce. The Committee of Catholic Women waited upon her and begged her in the name of common decency and womanhood not to present these plays, but "the divine Sarah" rejected their pleas and presented the plays announced. The Catholic women then

inserted a brief note in the columns of the Catholic newspaper, *El Bien*, which stated: "The Committee of Catholic Women announces that the performance advertised for the Urquiza is reprehensible." The effect was electrical. The newspapers are in the habit of publishing the names of those who occupy boxes at the theatre, and no person who aspired to recognition by the social leaders who formed the Committee, would witness the plays. The boxes were not occupied by the better class of society on these three evenings.

The effect was so gratifying that the Committee was encouraged to continue its good work. The programmes of theatres were obtained in advance; the plays were read by a commission of intelligent women, and the little announcements in *El Bien* appeared from time to time and ruined the season of many a successful star. I remember that Eleanora Duse appeared at the Urquiza in 1907 for two weeks with a programme of salacious plays. The prices charged were within the reach of only the wealthier class, and few people of wealth cared to risk their social position by attending them. The result was a flat financial failure for the venture.

The work grew by leaps and bounds. All the plays in any language that were likely to be offered to the public of Montevideo were secured and the enormous task of classification was begun. Very often the true character of a play stood out in its first few pages, and the critics were saved the nausea of reading them through. The enormity of the task can be realized if we consider that in the Theatrical Guide issued by the League in 1916, six thousand and five hundred plays were listed, representing one hundred and four separate classifications according to national theatres or translations of national works into other languages.

In the actual classification five qualifications are used: good, medium, bad, risky, and anti-Catholic. The commission does not assume the functions of a theological censor. Its criterion is: the canons of decency and morality as understood by the Catholic layman. The only sanction for their laws is the Christian conscience and social propriety. It is a most effective form of criticism, and its originators have had the satisfaction of seeing it adopted in Paris and Rome, as well as in different parts of South America.

Some idea of the broad scope of the present work of the

League can be gathered from the annual report issued in January, 1920. It now has three hundred and fifty-one chapters in different parts of the country, with sixteen central committees and one hundred and twenty departmental committees. It conducts sixty-five sewing circles for girls, ten general schools, sixty-five oratories, various Sunday Schools, ninety centres for religious instruction, thirty-two libraries and thirty reading rooms.

The work accomplished by the central committees is divided as follows:

1. The Committee in charge of the devotion to the Sacred Heart secured the "enthronization" in five thousand eight hundred and ninety-five homes, and established a hundred secretariates for the spread of this devotion.

2. The Press Committee secured twelve hundred subscriptions to the principal Catholic newspaper, *El Bien Publico*, and five hundred and sixty-five for other Catholic newspapers, besides redistributing twenty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-eight copies of Catholic papers.

3. The Committee on Theatrical Censure has classified six thousand five hundred works and published an Index, which has been very favorably received.

4. The Hispanic-American Committee sent to Santiago de Compostela in Spain an excellent museum, illustrative of the culture of the country.

5. The Sewing Circle reported a total of thirty-four thousand two hundred and forty-six pieces of work, representing a capital turnover of \$36,074, and announced, besides, as spiritual fruits of its labors among five hundred and twenty-seven girls, a total of twenty-nine thousand and eighteen Communion, two hundred and thirty-five "enthronizations" of the Sacred Heart, and twenty-five spiritual retreats.

6. The Children's Protective League took care of hundreds of street urchins and newsboys, instructing them in their religious and moral duties, and furnishing them with food and clothing whenever possible. This Committee hopes to be able to broaden the scope of its work, to furnish a wholesome asylum for all children of this class in the country, after the manner of the *Protectora de la Infancia* in Santiago de Chile, founded twenty-five years ago by the distinguished Catholic woman, Doña Emeliana Subercaseaux i Concha, a work which

today furnishes an asylum for eight hundred and thirty-four children whose parents have neglected them.

7. The Committee on Schools of Religion has for its object the religious instruction of children who attend the public schools. It has seventeen schools in Montevideo with more than two thousand pupils.

8. The Matrimonial Association has brought about one thousand two hundred and ninety-six marriage ceremonies, with nine hundred and fifty-six legitimizations and four hundred and eighteen baptisms. It has contributed \$7,114.14 to the Civil Treasury out of a budget representing receipts of \$18,139 and disbursements of \$16,181. The work of this committee is exceedingly important for social welfare. Many poor people neglect both the civil and religious marriage ceremonies because of the expense entailed. It is the duty of this committee to seek out such cases and supply the necessary funds for the requirements of the law.

9. The Committee for the erection of a votive sanctuary in honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has constructed a beautiful church in Punta Carreta, where it was badly needed, at the cost of \$50,000, all of which was collected within the past year by the members of the Committee.

10. The Central Committee of the League for Young Women, which is a branch of the League of Catholic Women, secured the coöperation of its members in many of the important duties of the League. Its budget shows receipts of \$5,912 and expenses of \$4,335.

11. The Clothing Committee, which provides First Communion dresses and wedding gowns for poor girls, distributed 1,879 white dresses during the year, and hundreds of yards of veiling, and is at present providing house-dresses for those who persevere in their religious duties.

12. The Committee for the Poor has distributed to poor boys during a year and a half, six thousand suits, including First Communion outfits, and has provided in addition hundreds of suits and dresses for the Matrimonial Association and for poor girls.

13. The Schools-and-Asylums Committee, which had for its object the promoting of festivals and bazaars for raising funds, has had to postpone its activities for the time being because of lack of funds.

14. The Club for Working Women has been in operation for only a few months, but its success inspires hope for the future broadening of its scope.

15. The Diocesan Commission for Vocations to the Priesthood has been organized lately.

16. The Central Committee of the Association of Catholic Women Students, another recent committee, has taken in hand the welfare of the young women who study at the national university.

In addition to the work of the committees, numerous other tasks were undertaken by the central organization. Among others should be noted the formation of a class in Pedagogy, directed by the rector of the seminary; a solemn and effective protest against the movement in Congress to put an end to private schools; a successful campaign against the indecency of the Carnival; a campaign in favor of modesty in dress (supported by the ecclesiastical authorities to the extent of refusing the Sacraments to women who violated modesty in their dress); a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady in Florida; the construction of a college for boys and chapel for the Salesian Fathers; the publication of one hundred thousand pamphlets, two thousand lectures, one hundred thousand leaflets, five thousand copies of the Theatrical Index, eighty thousand copies of the bulletin of the League, and five hundred novenas to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. These and numerous other tasks have occupied the attention of these Catholic women—women who have been maligned without scruple by malicious meddlers who have labored to give a wrong impression to South Americans here in the States.

One other work in particular commands our admiration. During the War, Montevideo was a naval station for both American and British fleets. These women worked unceasingly to see that the Catholic members of the crews attended the Sacraments. They organized social events for them, and for the first time in the history of the country, they allowed their daughters to go to dances with American sailors and promenade with them in the parks. Be it said to the everlasting credit of our sailors, they behaved like gentlemen, and they made of Uruguay one of the stanchest friends we have in South America.

This brief outline of the work of the League of Catholic

Women would be incomplete without a word about its moving spirit from its beginning, Mrs. María García Lagos de Hughes. Mrs. Hughes, the daughter of an ancient and distinguished family of Montevideo and widow of the late Ricardo Hughes, of English ancestry, reminds one of St. Bridget of Sweden in her scrupulous care for her family and ceaseless activities for the good of the Church. Whenever there is a question of social work to be undertaken, a protest against an abuse, or an investigation to be made, the first step towards action is a consultation with Mrs. Hughes. Her beautiful, but modest, home in Pocitos, the famous seaside suburb of Montevideo, is a rendezvous for Catholic social workers. She was the organizer of the League and its President, until the death of her husband, about a year ago, caused her to retire from its active direction. She has kept constantly in full touch with her work, however, and no matter of importance is ever undertaken without her counsel. Recently, Benedict XV. recognized her active zeal by conferring upon her the cross, "*Benemérita*."

This brief sketch of one of the many Catholic social organizations functioning in Latin America, will give some idea of the fecundity of the Church there, which is so frequently described as decadent and corrupt. The work of these noble women, who devote many hours a day to labors for decency and morality, for the education and general welfare of the poor, for the spread of the kingdom of God upon earth, is full of inspiration and suggestion for Catholic society people of the United States. These women are not nuns, and they are not "queer;" they are the "Four Hundred" of Uruguay, and their influence is such that by a printed line of disapproval, they can empty a theatre in the populous city. They are intelligent and instructed, and they have the courage of their convictions. Certainly, we can learn something from them.

THE CARDINAL'S HAT.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

REMEMBRANCE wings no more from any part
Of that wherein his soul had her dominion:
Forgetfulness has nested in his heart
Whose spirit fluttered off on eager pinion
As when, from out the niche of trembling spire,
A swallow flees the knell
Of tolling bell.

But while the mitre crowns a heedless clay,
His scarlet hat is hung neath chiming steeples:
A vigil-keeping memory in his gray
Cathedral for its future times and peoples,
Where meekly burns New Bethlehem's altar-star:
A mindful light before
The Lord's inn-door.

And though we need no bright remembrance here
Of martyrdom that purple princes covet,
Behold! Above James Cardinal Gibbons' bier
Is now installed the gules insignia of it:
The cardinal's hat, the cresset that preserves
For us the ardent fire
Of his desire.

O Countryman! O Prelate over whom
That crimson holds the altar-flames' reflection;
Who lingers as the spirit days intomb;
Arise with Christ's diurnal resurrection

And bless our sacerdotal banner-stars
That they may bless, in turn,
Our hearts that burn

As lights of love recessed at freedom's shrine
Whereat thy heart was as a luminary:
As flames of faith before the Lord, Whose wine
Made Blood is shed within our sanctuary
Where ever stands New Calvary's altar-cross.
Yea, bless these guardians of
Soul-faith, heart-love.

Yet would we crave thy benediction on
Our tapered hopes alcoved above the Seven
Side-Altars of angelic orison—
Sequestered neath the apse of templed Heaven
Where hangs that Thorny Chaplet, from the dome,
Which crowned the Sacrificed!—
The Martyr, Christ.

He is the Living Altar under it;
Faith's Reliquary, Love's Repository:
Aye, He, the Living Altar one time lit
With hopes of thine eclipsed by fulgent glory:
Our Living Hope, thy Living Crucifix;
Our mystically Slain,
Thy Living Fane.

And do thou pray the seven-dolored One,
The Living Roseal Window, in that choir,
Through whom doth shine New Eden's supersun
Of Living Light, of Infinite Glory-Fire;
That she, our country's Patron, mind us all
Who hail thee now as her
Remembrancer.

Who know thee still as citizen of this
Our native land, our fathers' blood-bound Union;
Yet patriot of Paradise whose bliss,
Being both of God and them in blest communion,
Is greater in that Temple cruciform
Since thou, of blood unshed,
Art robed in red.

For lo! Within that Living Fane a throne
Is crested with thy shield, O goodly fighter;
Though death, in stamping heraldry his own,
Has left thee but the hatchment of a mitre.
Ah! lingering spirit strengthen this our love
Of country, foes would scathe;
Confirm our faith.

And may we not appeal to thee for her
Thy foster-mother, Ireland, of the spirit
That glories in her martyrs? Harkener,
We pray that she obtain what we inherit
From sires who won their liberty, their flag
That God's free wind unfurled
To bless His world.

Hail, almoner of benisons recalled!
Thy memory wings no more across the nation,
Yet do we ever mind thee, purple-palled,
As one whose fame is of thy soul's duration;
The while, from out the niche of trembling spire,
A swallow flees the knell
Of tolling bell.

THE LITTLE WOODEN BOWL.

BY MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.



D ID you ask me why that little wooden bowl is the greatest treasure in the village? It's a long story, and the most of it happened a long time ago, but I'll tell ye about it if so be ye have the time to listen. Part of it took place here before our eyes. Part of what had gone before that, my daughter, Mary, had from Aileen McSwiney herself, God rest her soul. Some of it Richard told us before he left. Then, of course, some of it just spread around. You know how news do spread.

"Well, I must be getting to my story. It all began in the days when the laws were all to be again the Catholics. What with rack rents, and paying tithes to the English Church, and famines every few years, and having to keep the priests hidden for fear of their lives, we were in a bad way entirely. Not that everything is so fine now.

"Some distance beyond, in — lived Aileen McSwiney. I don't know much about her people, for that was before we knew her, but a sweeter, better girl never lived—except my Mary's mother. There was a young fellow lived there, named Danny Owen. I think he'd been driven wild by oppression, for the poor boy did some bad things. Whether he and Aileen had been sweethearts, I could not be saying, but Aileen, maybe, had a bit of a liking for him, and I don't believe that he was the only boy in — who didn't like her.

"Some way or other he came to be dying, and he cried out pitiful like for the priest. And sure he must have needed him. The soggarth couldn't go around openly, for fear of the magistrates. He had always to be hiding in caves and huts.

"Now when Aileen was fetching the priest to the poor dying lad who should come upon them but Richard Wilson. He was a Protestant boy, who came of English people, and he was nephew to the Magistrate, a fierce, cruel man.

"Aileen knew that Richard's uncle would expect him to take the priest, for that same had been an Irish lad who had slipped over to France to study for the priesthood, and they were hot against him. If Richard captured the soggarth, poor Danny would lose his chance to make his peace with God, and he seemed so despairing like, Aileen feared for his soul.

"So she said to the Father: 'I know this lad well. Do you wait here, your reverence, and I'll see what I can do with him. It's no risk to me,' she added as the priest hesitated.

"She sweetly steps up to Richard and says: 'Do ye mind what ye told me last night?' For Richard had made no secret of his love for Aileen. 'And do ye still mean it?' He answers: 'I'll mean it till I die, Aileen, darling!'

"Then, says Aileen, 'here's the priest, going to comfort a dying man. If you'll not betray him, we will be married right now, for it's only by a priest I'd ever be married to you, Richard.'

"Now it was against the law for a Protestant to be married by a priest, and if Richard did that, he couldn't inform against the Father without putting his own head into the noose, as Aileen knew right well.

"But the girl was his own heart's jewel, so didn't he take her hand and step up to the Father.

"'Father,' says Aileen, 'will ye please marry us as quickly as ye can, and then hasten on the way? If you're taken,' she adds, coaxing like, 'and he dies without you whatever will happen to his poor soul? Richard's a good lad,' she continues, seeing the Father still hesitate, 'and he knows I'll never be changing my religion even for the likes of him! He's running a big risk for my sake,' she says.

"So they were married there in the glen, with two of the neighbors for witnesses. Aileen promised to meet Richard late the next night, so they could go away, and start life somewhere that they weren't known. Then the priest gave Danny the last sacraments, and helped his poor soul depart in peace.

"That was when Richard and Aileen came here to live. Being a Protestant, Richard got work easy. They lived in that neat little house yonder. We didn't know for some time that Aileen was a Catholic. Indeed, all I've just been after telling you, we only learned years after.

"Well, Aileen didn't say much for fear of hurting her husband. He was real good to her, but he was so afraid that someone would find out that he'd been married by a priest, that he was quite short with the Catholics. He went to the English Church regular as Sunday came around, but Aileen wouldn't go. Folk didn't suspect at first that she was a Catholic. They thought she might be a Presbyterian from the North, but she was so laughing and merry spoken, it puzzled them.

"When the new parson came from England and his house wasn't finished, Richard had him come and board with them. Like as not, he thought it safer to have a parson in the house. Things went well enough, but that the parson used to nag Aileen about going to church of a Sunday, until Aileen told him flat, that if he didn't leave her be, he'd get nothing but cold potatoes and tea on Sundays. She said that often she didn't really feel well enough to do more than cook for Richard, anyway. She never was very strong. The hardships she had as a girl wore her out. Well, the parson was an Englishman and fond of a hearty meal—and Aileen's cooking was the best in the parish—so he passed no more remarks about church-going.

"After they had lived here for nine or ten years, came a famine. The suffering of our people was terrible to see. My wife was ill with a fever, and there was my daughter, Mary, with all the little ones to care for and never a bite for them. I was sore troubled. But so were the whole of us. There was not a house in the valley that was without keening and sorrow.

"The Wilsons had food, for Richard was Protestant, but often I saw Aileen stand in her doorway and look out over the valley, with her face as sad as the Mother of God at the foot of the Cross, and her thin hands clasped, as if she was praying God to have mercy on the people here in the valley.

"The parson very kindly wrote to England for help, and promised assistance to all who would attend Protestant services on Sunday. Being what he was, he couldn't understand how we'd let a small thing like religion come between us and a good dinner. Aileen looked sadder than ever, and even Richard didn't like it, for one of the boys heard him say: 'In God's name, parson, have you no charity? You'd let these people starve to death, while you wait to bargain about the food.'

You, who live on the tithes extorted from them, when they have not money to pay their rent.' The parson and Richard weren't so friendly after that.

"Richard tried to help, but he was just a workman like the rest of us, and his people were all angered at him that he ran away and married Aileen, and he could do nothing for us.

"One day I had been searching everywhere for food and none could I find. I would not turn souper even for the sake of herself and the childher, but I had a dread of going home with nothing to give them. I was determined to ask nothing of the parson—a blight on him—but my feet would turn towards the Wilsons' house.

"Aileen was at the door. 'Myles,' she called, 'oh, Myles O'Brien.'

"I steps up. 'Yes, Mrs. Wilson?' I says. 'You were after calling me?'

"'I was that,' she answers. 'Please tell me if you have any food at home.'

"'I have not, ma'am, but I'll take no devil's gifts from the parson.'

"'No, don't,' she says, 'don't give up your blessed Faith, Myles. God will help you if you are only true to Him.'

"That was the first she let drop to show she was one of us. She went on, pointing at a hollow tree a few steps from the door. 'Send your Mary here after dark, and bid her fetch you the wooden bowl out of that hollow tree. What's in it will be some of my own,' she added, 'but I have a right to share.'

"That night Mary went down the road and to the hollow tree. There lay this same wooden bowl, covered as it is now. Mary took it and hurried home. When she brought it in we uncovered it, and there lay a savory stew. There were bits of meat, and potaties and some bread. It was just the size of a meal for a hungry man or woman in easy times, but sure we had a feast. We gave herself a taste of the gravy, for she couldn't eat anything heavier, and each of the childher had a chunk of potatie and a bite of meat. Then as Mary and I ate a bit of the bread dipped in the gravy, Mary said:

"'Dada, Mrs. Wilson is after sending us her own dinner?'

"'I couldn't tell ye that,' I said, 'but ye must wash the bowl and put it where ye found it.'

"As the days passed we heard tell of more and more who had received gifts in the little wooden bowl. There were many good men whose courage had been worn by the sight of little suffering childher, and the brave smile on the sunken cheeks of the uncomplaining women. Some way, Aileen always seemed to know when a man could bear no more, and she would direct him to the little wooden bowl. There were others in the parish whom a thousand deaths could not make untrue to their God, and sure these same also received comfort.

"Aileen could have had nothing herself all those days but a sup of tea at noon, for before the dawn in the morning, and just after dark at night time, there was the bowl filled with food for someone.

"There were some desperate enough to rob the parson's supplies, but no one could learn where he hid them. When Larry Flynn managed to scrape together a few pence and went to the parson, and begged him to sell him a bit of food for his wife who was waiting the coming of a little stranger, what did the omadhaun do but say he'd sell nothing to Papists?

"Well, my Mary went over to Aileen and told her of this, and of the elegant fight Larry had with the parson, and the little wooden bowl soon found its way to poor Nora Flynn.

"As time went on, it gradually came to be that the families in the valley took turns going to the little wooden bowl. All this time Aileen had been growing paler and paler. She seemed weak and faint like, when one of us would see her, but none of us dreamed that she could be hungering. My Mary worried about her. One day Mary was over there, telling her how grateful the whole of us were to her, and how, if there should ever be anything we could do to help her or to ease her, the doing of it would make us that proud and happy.

"'Could you get a priest in time of—of trouble?' asked Aileen.

"'We could that,' Mary answered, wondering like.

"Aileen pulled a bit of green ribbon from its hiding place behind one of the bricks in the chimney.

"'If ever I need a priest bad,' she says, 'I'll put this bit of green in the wooden bowl, and try and get Richard and the

parson out of the way. Whoever it be that finds it, can try and get me a priest. Will ye ask the others?"

"My Mary promised, wondering the while if poor Mrs. Wilson had maybe had a warning—and not knowing the truth.

"Aileen had been giving out of help in her little bowl for nigh more than two months when Nora Flynn, up again, and with a thin little baby in her arms—may the blight rest on the parson, and his English masters—went to the tree to get a bite and a sup for Larry and the babe.

"The bowl was empty save for a scrap of green ribbon. Nora, just up from bed, didn't understand, so she came to my Mary—just like everyone did—to have it explained.

"As soon as Mary ever saw the bit of ribbon, she turned to her brother: 'Tim,' she says, 'Mrs. Wilson wants a priest. Go as quick as ever you can, and see if you can find Father O'Hea. I think he'll be at ——,' she whispers the place to him.

"Some of the others were after objecting. 'Sure it's a trap got up by that dirty English parson and her black Protestant husband. It's murdering the priest they'll be. Don't go.'

"'Shame!' says my Mary, 'and is it this way ye reward Aileen's kindness? She saves all of ye from death, and some of ye from worse, and ye try to keep the priest from her. Sure if there's any danger at all, at all, its Father O'Hea would be the first to come. Tim, you go!'

"Tim knew his sister too well, and he was too wise a lad to disobey, so he set off at a quick pace.

"'Now,' says my Mary, 'about four others can go and look in different places, in case Tim misses the soggarth.'

"'Sure and the holy man don't mind risking his neck at all, at all,' says Annie Mulvaney, but some of the others were disputing like, when who should come running up, all out of breath, but Richard Wilson.

"'Do any of you know where I can find a priest?' he asks.

"'Why do you want to know, Mr. Wilson?' questions my Mary.

"He turns to her, quick like. 'I fear Aileen is dying,' he says, sort of choked, 'and I asked her what I could do, and she said: "I want a priest." So I said: "You shall have one, sweet-heart, but he wouldn't come with me, would he?" She answered: "If you'll put this bit of green ribbon in the little

wooden bowl in the hollow tree, and get the parson away, 'twill be all right." So I did as she asked, but I feared she might be delirious or dreaming. Can you get me the priest?"

"'I have sent for the priest just now,' Mary says, 'and four of you others go, too.'

"'I'll be one,' says Larry Flynn, 'for sure she was powerful good to Nora.'

"'There is not one of us that has not received a kindness from her,' said Andy Dongan. So Larry and Andy and two more set off.

"Then Mary turns to Mr. Wilson. 'Sure we got the green ribbon, Mr. Wilson. Your wife has been kind to the whole of us, and I had been after telling her that if ever she needed the priest just to leave her ribbon in that same place where you put it, and we'd try and fetch him to her.'

"'She has been putting part of her dinner there to give those who are starving,' piped up little Thady Malloy.

"'Now,' says Mary, paying no more notice to Thady than if he lived in the moon, 'now, Mr. Wilson, the best thing you can do for Aileen is to put this in her hand,' and she gives him the bit of green ribbon, 'and if ye are one of us ye can say your prayers with her until the Father gets here.'

"'I'm not one of you,' Richard says, 'but I'll do what I can. Thank you for your kindness, Mary.'

"He hurries off, and as soon as he's gone Mary says: 'Sure, he means all right to us, but there is no knowing who might come along. We might walk down and see what is doing.'

"So we all strolled down to the Wilsons' house and waited around. Inside we could see Richard kneeling by Aileen's bed.

"'Why did ye tell him to take her the ribbon, Mary?' asks Nora Flynn.

"'Didn't ye notice,' says Mary, 'the poor woman had it all knotted up into a rosary, with a knot for each bead? That bit of stick at the end was a cross made of two twigs. Sure and this blessed moment she'll be saying her beads.'

"Just then along comes Tim with Father O'Hea. Mary went in with him to the sick room. Richard came outside with Mary while Aileen made her confession. When that same was finished, the soggarth called to Richard that he might go in

again, and some of the women followed him in and knelt to pray while Aileen received Holy Communion. We were keeping a close watch lest the parson—bad cess to him—should come strolling along.

“‘Well,’ says Richard, as his reverence knelt to pray for the dying woman, ‘I’m no Catholic—I’m not one of you—but you’re all kindly and good and you risk your lives for others—and I’d rather be one of you than one of the parson’s.’

“‘Oh, Richard,’ whispers Aileen, rousing a little, ‘when ye spared the priest that night—our marriage night—ye helped save a poor lad’s soul, and I have prayed and prayed that ye’d be given a reward.’

“‘I’ve had my reward. I’ve been rewarded with the best wife a man ever had,’ he says, holding her thin, thin hand in his.

“‘But I wanted ye to have a better reward,’ mutters Aileen, ‘I wanted ye to have your soul saved, Richard, dear.’

“‘Please God, I will,’ he answers, solemn like. ‘I’ll be a Catholic as soon as his reverence will let me.’

“Aileen smiled, and her face looked like an angel’s, as she kissed him and said softly: ‘Good-bye, then, Richard—I’ll be seeing ye—in the morning.’

“Then she died—a martyr who had starved to death for others. We took the Father away without the parson’s seeing him, but before he left he had promised to instruct Richard.

“We were all thinking he had just been disturbed like by his wife’s death, and maybe he wouldn’t turn at all—all but Mary. She was not surprised when he became one of us some months later. But even Mary was surprised at what happened a little after that.

“Richard was sitting by our fire one night, for since Aileen’s death he seemed to be liking our company, who had loved her, better than his empty house and the parson.

“Suddenly he spoke: ‘Do you remember, Myles,’ he says, ‘in the Gospel Christ says to the Apostles, “Feed My lambs, feed My sheep?”’

“‘Yes,’ I says, wondering what he could be thinking of.

“Aileen died feeding His lambs, in one sense of the word,’ he goes on, looking at the childher on the floor, ‘and I’d like to spend the rest of my life “till the morning” feeding His lambs

in another way. Do you think if I could get to France I could study for the priesthood?"

"'Sure that ye could,' says Mary, 'and it's that same that would be pleasing Aileen in heaven.'

"'Please God, I would like to become a priest, and come back here to Ireland, and work for souls,' says Richard.

"Well, it all came to pass as he planned. For some twenty years past Father Wilson, God love him, has been risking life and limb here in God's green isle, and everywhere he goes a little rosary made of a knotted green ribbon goes with him. The little wooden bowl stays here in Mary's care, and in it the whole of the neighbors put their spare pence to be used for charity in Aileen's memory. And that same is the story of the little wooden bowl."

THE SHRINE.

BY HARRY LEE.

I HAVE made me a shrine to Mary,
In a little upper room.
It is fair with fleckless linen,
Fair with the Maytime bloom.

Blossomy boughs of the pear tree,
Wild, sweet things of the wood,
And a slender candle burning
To stainless Motherhood.

The blossomy boughs will perish,
The flickering flame depart,
But I've made me a shrine to Mary
In the upper room of my heart.

New Books.

HEREDITY AND EVOLUTION IN PLANTS. By C. Stuart Gager.
Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons. \$1.25 net.

This is a little book to which we can give hearty commendation, for it is well written and illustrated, many of the diagrams being especially excellent and useful for teachers, and, as prices now go, not expensive. Further, and it is an important "further," the attitude taken up with regard to evolution and religion is eminently sane. We own that we think the term, used here and in other books, of "special creation" is ambiguous, for we doubt if many persons hold the older view in the Miltonic sense or anything approximating to it. But the author makes it quite clear what he means, and with his statement, "Creation is regarded, not as having taken place once and for all, but as being a continuous process, operating from the beginning without ceasing—and still in process," we need not quarrel if it is remembered that *it is the process* which is continuous and progressive, though the conception was one and eternal. At a later page (85) we find: "To state that species were created by God does not satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the scientific man. What he wishes to know is: *By what method* was creation accomplished? God might have worked in various ways." Nothing could be better put, and it is really refreshing to read such words in place of the too often ignorant and, what is worse, uncomprehending statements which we meet far too frequently in modern books on science. There is no real dispute over this matter when properly understood, but too many writers will not take the trouble to ascertain the views of those who hold the Christian Faith.

We have read with great interest the discussion of that very vexed question on the heredity of acquired conditions on which we note that the writer refuses to accept the view that such are heritable; and places himself, therefore, in opposition to such recent writers, for example, as Bather and MacBride. What we do not find is an answer to the question, "Where do variations come from, if the environment is of no effect?" We cannot suppose that the author would be prepared to accept the extreme view hinted at by some Mendelians, though, so far as we are aware, definitely put forward by none, that everything was in the original germ of life and is gradually unfolding itself as the "stops" are being removed. Yet, if this is not the case, where is the explana-

tion? Herbert Spencer said that either there was a hereditary transmission of acquired characters or there was no such thing as evolution, and Haeckel thought it would be better to follow the Mosaic account than to deny such transmission—which was a fearful length for such a man to go! Of course, we cannot discuss this question here nor many other interesting points which we have marked in this excellent little book.

Those who desire an accurate yet simple explanation of the “live” problems of the biology of today will find them here, and the Mutation Theory has not—to our knowledge—been as well dealt with in any manual as in this! Indeed, its fate is too often to be ignored or slurred over, probably because it cuts across the extreme Darwinian view of small variations, which so many of us find it impossible to hold. To teachers of biology, in schools especially, we commend this book, for they will find it a real gold mine.

THE CONTROL OF PARENTHOOD. Edited by James Marchant.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

This book is announced by the publishers as a collection of essays in which “distinguished scientists, economists, and leaders of religious thought give their frank opinions on the reduction of population and birth control.” The essays number nine, and are prefaced by an introduction from the pen of the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, England. Dean Inge, of St. Paul's; Sir Rider Haggard, Mr. Cox, Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Principal Garvie, are the best known names among the contributors.

It need hardly be said here that, for the Catholic, there can be but one legitimate method of birth control: voluntary continence in marriage, and even that only with the consent of both parties. No human being can be forced to enter the married state, which is, in its very essence, a free contract, but once having entered it, he is morally bound to live up to its obligations; and nothing can be plainer than that the primary obligation of matrimony is to do nothing to hinder the primary end of matrimony, the propagation of the human race. The fundamental error in birth-control propaganda—an error resulting from the superficiality and loose thinking of modern philosophy, and underlying in one or another phase much of the modern craze for reform—is a confusion of expediency and morality. No less signal an error is the subordination of individual rights, even those inhering by natural law, to the supposed good of society or the State; the mistaken conclusion, of course, from utterly false premises on the relations of the individual and the State. Large

families among poor people are a severe burden, and keep the standard of living of the family—and of the State, which is only the sum of many such families—at a very low level; thus the argument for birth-control opens. Therefore, they go on to say, *it would be better* for parents, for children and for State, if unwanted children were not brought into the world. To limit the families of the poor, a knowledge of contraceptive methods *must* be available, and, since the law, almost universally throughout the United States, prohibits the giving of information on methods of preventing conception, the law *must* be repealed. It would be better: therefore, such a thing must be done; a fallacy patent to any fledgling logician. And in all this never a word of God, the Author of the human race, the Founder of the order of nature, Who has written His law in the heart of man.

The essays in this volume run the whole gamut from a fairly close approximation of the Catholic position to sheer Materialism. They exemplify the danger of approaching a moral problem from a purely logical standpoint, for thus may a very reverent and sincere consideration of an ethical question prove utterly mistaken. Dean Inge, for instance, recalls St. Paul's fine metaphor, that our bodies are the temple of the Holy Spirit, and recognizes that self-restraint, because it spiritualizes, makes for the increase of conjugal love. But, because he believes that ignorance of contraceptive methods encourages the practice of abortion, he would, apparently, be willing to see that ignorance dispelled, and rely on other methods to discourage undesirable habits, "if we think they are undesirable." Principal Garvie is much nearer the Catholic view, though he cannot quite let himself go the full length to which it would seem that his convictions were about to carry him. Mr. Cox, on the other hand, approaches the question in quite a different spirit; for him it is more natural to take simple and obvious precautions against the procreation of unwanted children than it is to wear clothes or cook food. He thinks, too, that ecclesiastical opposition to the practice of birth control is based on theological dogma; "the whole matter turns on a somewhat squalid story related in the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis." Has Mr. Cox forgotten the concluding verse of that "squalid" story? "And, therefore, the Lord slew him because he did a detestable thing." Such summary punishment can only be explained by the heinousness of the sin; nor has the lapse of centuries since the first sin made the practice less detestable in the sight of the eternal God. Regard for His immutable law is the all-sufficient reason for the Church's teaching on the matter of birth control.

THE NEW JERUSALEM. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$3.00.

Mr. Chesterton, in his preface, announces that this book is "only an uncomfortably large notebook." It is, however, much more than that. Here and there, it is true, we learn interesting things about Jerusalem as it is today, about the different elements that make up the population, their jealousies and misunderstandings, about the turmoil which slumbers underneath the surface ready to burst out at any moment. Occasionally, too, we are given typical guide-book descriptions, which Mr. Chesterton doles out a bit shamefacedly like so many sops to Cerberus.

The real Mr. Chesterton, the charming, the brilliant, the maker of paradoxes, who enjoys fairy tales and loves life, and who has a Macaulayesque way of stating difficulties in the large, while reducing them to their lowest common denominators, and who has equally well the Macaulayesque way of solving them with such scintillating nonchalance as if to say, "Simplicity itself when you know how," this, the real Chesterton, appears in nearly every one of the three hundred pages of this book. What Mr. Chesterton really did was to take half a dozen notebooks in his bag and set out for Jerusalem, ruminating on the way and ruminating on his arrival, and carefully jotting down his ruminations in his notebook. And he ruminates about many things—about critics, about the English worship of old customs and red tape, about factions and fashions and politics, about the Crusades and the very human men who took part in them, and about dozens of other things, finally, almost as an afterthought, devoting a chapter, and a brilliant one, to the psychology of the Jew.

Some of the chapters in the book are so frankly isolated units that they belong almost anywhere in the world except in a book on the new Jerusalem, but they are typically Chestertonian, which means that they are brilliant, surcharged with vitality, thought-provoking, paradoxical. Of critics he says: "The mistake of critics is not that they criticize the world; it is that they never criticize themselves. They compare the alien with the ideal; but they do not at the same time compare themselves with the ideal; rather they identify themselves with the ideal." Spoken like a wise man, yea, a very Daniel. Meeting the unthinking sightseers, Chesterton says: "I delicately suggested to those who were disappointed in the Sphinx that it was just possible that the Sphinx was disappointed in them. The Sphinx had seen Julius Cæsar; it had very probably seen St. Francis when he brought his flaming charity to Egypt; it had certainly looked, in the first high days of the revolutionary victories, on the face of the young Napoleon.

Is it not barely possible that after these experiences, it might be a little depressed at the sight of you and me?"

One of Chesterton's most brilliant pages is devoted to the repulsive sight not of the poor asking for money, but of the rich asking for *more* money, as they do, he declares, when they thrust their clamorous advertisements into every corner of civilization. By the next page, he has turned his thoughts to the ephemeral nature of mere fashion, and takes a thrust at the "educated English who are now trying to forget their very recent idolatry of everything German." It is a delight to read: "The way to be really a fool is to try to be practical about unpractical things," or to learn that it would be diverting to find English politicians imitating the methods of Eastern politicians, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George no longer merely vamping, but "hopping and capering in front of a procession, spinning round and round till they were dizzy and waving and crossing a pair of umbrellas in a thousand invisible patterns."

Whenever the prolific Mr. Chesterton presents the public with a new volume, that public is certain to find it, as in the present case, full of brilliancy, charm, and wisdom, overflowing with that personality which is so large and so buoyant that it has impressed powerfully and for good the literature of our day. The children of light, whether they are Chestertonians or not, cannot afford to pass by *The New Jerusalem*.

THE CHURCH AND LABOR. Prepared and Edited for the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council. By John A. Ryan, D.D., LL.D., and Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.75.

In publishing this work, Dr. Ryan and Dr. Husslein have performed an important service. They have given us in a single volume every official pronouncement of present importance issued by any Pope or bishop on the labor question since the Industrial Revolution. The authoritative Catholic teaching on labor relations is presented in the words of the last three Popes, and in the official statements of the hierarchies of America, Ireland, France and Germany, and Cardinals Gibbons, Manning, O'Connell and Bourne. In addition, the views of Frederic Ozanam and the teaching of Bishop Ketteler are expounded by Father Husslein, with frequent quotations from their works. There is a short introduction by Dr. Ryan, all too short in fact, which serves as a very helpful guide to the study of the documents as a group. The editors have also prefaced to some of the documents brief sketches of the circumstances under which they were issued. The volume con-

cludes with reprints of two essays by Dr. Ryan, on *A Living Wage* and *The Reconciliation of Capital and Labor*, and Dr. Husslein's *Catholic Social Platform*.

As is so well pointed out by Dr. Ryan in the Introduction, a study of the material which comprises this book will not only acquaint one with the content of the Church's teaching on the labor question, but will reveal also the historical continuity of that teaching. It will throw into high relief the stand made by great Catholic leaders like Ozanam and Bishop Ketteler, in the middle of the last century, against the tide of individualistic economics that was engulfing the thought and making barren the industrial policy of Europe in their day. It is indeed consoling for Catholics, and should be enlightening to non-Catholic students, to contrast the teachings of these two enthusiastic advocates of Catholic principles in social relations, with "The Mind of the Rich" and "The Conscience of the Rich" of England so scathingly portrayed by John and Barbara Hammond in the chapters under those titles in their work, *The Town Labourer, 1760-1832*. Father Husslein sermonizes a bit, which may be somewhat irritating to non-Catholic readers, but he sounds a call to action which we Catholics will find it difficult to ignore with comfort to our own consciences.

The great founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was not content with merely combating the fallacies of Socialism. He offered a positive system of economic thought and a programme which he derived from the rules of justice and charity enjoined by the Church. He enunciated the principle of the living wage, and pointed out exactly why the settlement of wages and conditions of employment by individual bargaining operated to prevent the securing of just terms by the laborer. Nor did he shrink from remedies at variance with the prevailing economic philosophy of his day. Like Leo XIII., nearly a half century later, he advocated labor organization and, as a last resort, state interference in the labor contract.

Bishop Ketteler, too, condemned the fallacies of *laissez faire* no less strongly than those of Socialism. The way out, he insisted, was to be found only through the application of the old Christian rules of life to industrial relations. Not Lasalle, not Mill, not Bastiat, but St. Thomas Aquinas was his guide. A full seventy years ago this great-hearted Bishop, equally great in intellect and vision, whom Leo XIII. called "my great precursor in the labor cause," attacked the notion that labor should be regarded as a commodity and advocated trade-unionism, legal regulation of hours and conditions in workshops, prohibition of child labor, and

compensation for industrial accidents. He also held out the ideal of group ownership and management by the workers themselves. Father Husslein had a difficult task in culling the views and teachings of these two noble Catholic leaders from their many writings and making them available for us in such brief space. He well merits our gratitude for having done it so well.

The next document in chronological order brings us to the America of the eighties. It is Cardinal Gibbons' Memorial to the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda urging that the Knights of Labor in the United States be not condemned by the Church. It is difficult to set limits to the pride and gratitude with which American Catholics should regard this plea, a gratitude which should be shared by all who believe that workingmen should be allowed to organize, to protect and advance their legitimate interests. Yet how many of those who turn the pages of this volume, Catholics as well as non-Catholics, will here see this far-sighted document for the first time!

The Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, the key document of the whole series, is next in point of date. It sets the seal of Papal approval on the teachings that have gone before and proclaims anew, for an altered industrial society, the ancient rights and duties of labor. The lessons taught by the Holy Father, old in principle, but modern in their application, may be read again in Cardinal Manning's masterly, eloquent, and even jubilant review of the Encyclical. We find the same Pope applying these principles in his Apostolic Letter on Christian Democracy. These rules of action are summarized and confirmed by Pope Pius X. in his Apostolic Letter to the Bishops of Italy on Social Action. Five other Papal documents, all in the spirit of *Rerum Novarum*, and urging or commending action in accordance with it, are also included. One of these is the Encyclical of Pius X. to the German Hierarchy, approving the practice of Catholic workmen in joining trade unions not exclusively Catholic in their membership, so long as these organizations do not require them to act contrary to the teachings of the Church.

The pronouncements of the hierarchies of the four countries are all recent. The earliest is the Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of Ireland on the Labor Question, of February, 1914. The Pastoral of the German Bishops on Socialism was issued after the establishment of the Republic. Cardinal Bourne's pastoral was written before the armistice, but it is occupied in the main with the principles by which the post-war readjustments should be governed. One may observe its consonance with the Bishops' Programme of Reconstruction and the sections on industrial rela-

tions of the Pastoral Letter of our own hierarchy, both of which are republished in this volume.

Even the listing of these documents by title establishes the value of the book. Some of them are now fairly well known, by name at least, in America. Others are not only practically unknown, but difficult of access to the ordinary lay student of social problems outside the covers of this volume. Father Husslein's sections on Ozanam and Bishop Ketteler are a real contribution to our knowledge. The importance of the book is so great and its wide circulation so desirable, as evidenced by the fact that it was published under the auspices of the Social Action Department of the Welfare Council, that we cannot but regret that the publishers are compelled to charge so high a price for it. Let us hope that a cheaper edition may soon be possible so that the volume may be accessible to all.

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO. By Robert T. Kerlin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a gravely important book. It seriously demands wide and interested attention. Its author is Professor of English at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va. His work is a compilation from the Negro press of the United States for the four months immediately succeeding the Washington, D. C., riots in 1919. Virtually the entire Afro-American press, consisting of two daily newspapers, a dozen magazines and nearly three hundred weeklies, were closely studied by the author, and copious characteristic utterances have been quoted, and grouped together, under various important heads, which show the state of feeling and of opinion among negroes concerning such events as the Washington riot, the Chicago race war, and the lynchings of the South. The quotations also illustrate the Negro reaction to the World War and to the discussion of problems of reconstruction. In this book you hear, as from a phonograph, the actual voice of the Negro Race as it now is, uttering the Negro mind on one of the gravest problems of the United States—the race question.

One of the most remarkable of the many remarkable points concerning this vital book is the light it shows upon the amazing growth of the Negro press in the United States; its practical and very effective organization; its truly wonderful expansion; the vigor and merit of a great deal of the literary expression to be found in it; and, most significant of all, what may be termed the press-consciousness of American negroes. "As for the prosperity of these periodicals," says Professor Kerlin, "there is abundant evidence. As for their influence the evidence is no less. The

Negro seems to have newly discovered his fourth estate, to have realized the extraordinary power of his press. Mighty as the pulpit has been with him, the press now seems to be foremost. It is freer than the pulpit, and there is a peculiar authority in printer's ink. His newspaper is the voice of the Negro."

Fifteen years ago it was the exceptional Negro home that received its race newspaper each week; five years ago it was the average home; today the average Negro home receives usually two or more race periodicals; and many homes, offices, stores, schools, churches and libraries, receive from six to more than a score.

The quotations deal with such subjects as the condemnation of the white press for its alleged unfairness to the Negro; the coming of new leadership for the Negro race; the repudiation of the Negro's former spirit of subservience and timidity; the pride of the Negro race in the achievements of its members who took part in the War; the bitter resentment felt for alleged unjust discrimination against colored service men; the ardent hopes inspired in Negroes by President Wilson's utterances on the rights of racial groups, subject peoples, and safety and freedom for all, during the Paris Conferences; the grievances and demands of the Negro in such matters as the ballot, participation in government, the administration of justice, the question of social equality; race riots and lynchings; the economic and living conditions of the Negro in the South and in the North; and the various proofs which the Negro advances to prove the progress of his race in business, education, art and literature. It is truly the voice of the Negro, in the pulpit and in the press, crying out to the American people for justice, and all these subjects are illustrated by the vivid extracts grouped together in this most remarkable book. And it is not heard at second-hand, or as an echo, but is the living, passionate voice of the Negro. No book dealing with the problems of the United States deserves more instant and statesmanlike attention than the volume under discussion.

CHARACTER AND OPINION IN THE UNITED STATES. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

Santayana is not merely that *rara avis* among our contemporaries, a penetrating and, quite often, a profound thinker. He also commands a style of exquisite lucidity and grace, and in a very real sense his best work is literature. His reputation in Europe is much higher than it is in America, where for more than twenty years he lived as a professor of philosophy at Harvard. Indeed, recently an anthology of Santayana's prose writings was com-

piled with rare selective skill by a distinguished expatriated American now settled at Oxford, Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith. The present volume contains four remarkable chapters enshrining the author's matured and detached opinions upon the American life and thought of today, and there are, in addition, two able chapters devoted to the personalities and philosophical achievements of James and Royce. Another chapter keenly discusses "later speculations." Especially interesting are his analyses of the academic environment of American life from the beginning to the present time, and his portraits of James and Royce are unforgettable. To do this book justice would be impossible within the limits of a brief review. One can do nothing more than indicate the nature of the work and commend what in it seems genuinely deserving of commendation. With much that Santayana says the reviewer is in whole-hearted sympathy. But the American Catholic reader is not unlikely to find, on at last two of Mr. Santayana's pages, opinions expressed about the special ethos of Catholicism in these United States, which will cause a mild wonderment, shading off into mild irritation, and ending in heart-easing mirth. The dark revelation comes on pages 47 and 48.

THE MAKING OF THE REPARATION AND ECONOMIC SECTIONS OF THE TREATY. By Bernard M. Baruch. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.00.

The moral, political, and economic character of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles will doubtless remain a subject of acute controversy for many years to come. Already it has become evident that the Treaty, which it was hoped would both make redress for the wrongs committed by Germany, and restore Europe to a more stable condition, is far from accomplishing that object. Omitting consideration of those features of the Treaty, and they are many, to which no exception can fairly be taken, the controversy has chiefly raged over the economic and reparation clauses. A year ago a formidable attack was made upon those clauses by a volume entitled, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, in which the author, J. M. Keynes, a member of the British delegation, undertook to show that the Treaty of Versailles was not only false to the principles asserted during the War by the Allies as the basis of a just peace, but would be the cause of perpetuating national antagonisms and endangering the peace of Europe for the future.

The present volume comes as an apologia for the part played by the American delegation in the making of the Treaty. Mr. Baruch was economic adviser to the American Commission and

American member of the two important Reparation and Economic Commissions, and he, therefore, speaks with authority. In order to explain why it was that the "ideal peace," which onlookers in America demanded, could not be obtained, Mr. Baruch calls attention to the conditions of hatred and suspicion of the enemy which reached their climax in the days following the armistice. His conclusion is that while the American delegation struggled hard to obtain fairer terms, the Treaty embodies the best that could be negotiated under the circumstances, and that its terms are sufficiently elastic to permit of subsequent modification on points that shall be shown to work injustice. In particular, the Reparation Commission is given powers of discretion which will enable it to help bring about a just peace, if the Powers really desire to obtain such.

ATHENIAN TRAGEDY. A Study in Popular Art. By Thomas Dwight Goodell, Late Professor of Greek in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press.

"The aim of these pages is to clear the way to a better understanding of Greek Tragedy. They are intended for any who are reading the plays with serious interest." This is the purpose which Professor Goodell set before him in *Athenian Tragedy*. It is a modest understatement of the work which he successfully accomplishes. He gives us a comprehensive account of the background, conventions, external and internal structure of Greek tragedy with a minutely detailed exposition of the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. There is, perhaps, no single book in English which covers this ground so thoroughly and with such fullness of information for the general reader.

The most interesting passages of Professor Goodell are those in which he is stirred to earnestness by the refutation of some theory, such as that of Archer on the nature of the drama. Here he is excellent, and, indeed throughout, he displays a commendable independence of judgment and a stanch conservatism even in the presence of such formidable exponents of Greek Tragedy as Freytag, Ridgeway, Gilbert Murray and Verrall. Yet the general tone of *Athenian Tragedy* is restrained and professorial, though not at all pedantic. The book is expository, satisfying with full information, but outside of the successful controversies mentioned above and the fine analysis of Euripides' specific contributions to Athenian tragedy, the book rarely stirs the reader.

The rhapsody of Symond's Greek Poets was not to be expected, nor, in the space given to his subject, could the Yale professor attempt to rival Weil and especially Patin. The crystal

pregnancy of French criticism is not often reached. Rare is such criticism as: "A fundamental character of Athenian tragedy, as of Greek art universally, is relative simplicity and perspicuity in the larger masses with exquisite proportion and minute variation in details, which are never made so conspicuous as to withdraw attention in the least from the larger masses." The whole paragraph on page 111, setting forth imaginatively the analogy between the Parthenon and Greek tragedy, is splendid, and we believe that had not Professor Goodell so scrupulously burdened himself with information and detail, he would have given us something far finer if not so encyclopedic.

If Greek literature is to be saved, it will be because of its artistic form. Its form has made it live so far, and in its art lies the immortality of Greek literature.

THE UNITED STATES IN OUR OWN TIMES, 1865-1920. By Paul L. Haworth, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25 net.

This is a work well done and one that meets a long-felt want. As Dr. Haworth aptly remarks, most of our present problems do not take their origin earlier than the days of Lincoln, and to understand them we should know the transitions that have taken place during the past fifty-five years. This is a sane thesis, and one that justifies a history that might otherwise be called fragmentary. We have attained that degree in the development of our nation where distinct periods are becoming visible. It is, therefore, perfectly proper, and in this particular instance, very profitable, that any such clearly defined epoc be treated separately and, consequently, more fully.

With this in mind, the author begins his review with the surrender of Lee, and carries it down through the comparatively recent date of Lansing's resignation from Wilson's cabinet.

The account of the recent War, would of itself make the book worth while. Outside of the intrinsic value of its presentation of fact, the most attractive feature of the book is its readability. It is a work worth having—and worth reading, too.

THE CHRISTIAN MIND. By Dom Oscar Vonier, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50 net.

"Ever so many Christians," writes Abbot Vonier, "even amongst those who profess piety and possess education, shape their thoughts and order their lives on principles that have no direct relationship with the central fact of Christianity, the Incarnate Son of God."

His aim, therefore, in these original and suggestive pages, is to bring out clearly and vividly the true psychology bred in a Christian through a practical assimilation of the wondrous truths of the Incarnation. In his use of the word, "mind" is both a view and a behavior. It is something more than character, as it implies a relish and a keenness for wide views, a thing not necessarily combined in character. The volume is really a series of nineteen conferences on the text of St. Paul: "For to me, to live is Christ; and to die is gain" (Phil. i. 21). It is a blending both of spiritual possibilities, such as the Incarnation may produce, and of the spiritual activities, such as It did produce in St. Paul.

Some of the best chapters treat of the true attitude of the Christian mind towards death, the souls in purgatory, eternal life, the Church and the Eucharist. Unfortunately, his pessimistic theory on the small number of the saved, seems to contradict the thesis of the entire volume.

SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION. By John A. Ryan, D.D., LL.D.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

This is a series of lectures on the general subject of the Bishops' Programme of Reconstruction given by Dr. Ryan at the Fordham School of Sociology in 1919 and 1920. It is a matter for congratulation that Dr. Ryan has made these lectures thus widely available. Any authoritative and capable expansion of the points summarized in the Bishops' Programme would be eagerly welcomed. We are doubly blessed in having the exposition come from one who is preëminently qualified by his grasp of the subjects dealt within the Programme, and his close association with the preparation of the document itself, to explain more fully the necessity and feasibility of the several lines of action urged by the Bishops. And the book is admirably adapted to spreading an intelligent understanding of the moral and economic principles on which the Programme is based. One need not be an advanced student of moral theology or of the social sciences to follow Dr. Ryan's thought. The language is untechnical and the style direct, clear and informal.

Not the least interesting or valuable of the chapters is the first, in which Dr. Ryan tells of the occasion of the issue of the Programme and of the reception accorded it, and answers those critics who attempted to dismiss it as a statement of personal views, rather than an expression of the thought of the American bishops as a group. Dr. Ryan does not refer, as he might well have done, to the reiteration in the Pastoral Letter drawn up by the hierarchy in September, 1919, of the proposals in the

sphere of industrial relations contained in the Bishops' Programme.

Some of the policies included in the Programme and, consequently discussed at some length by Dr. Ryan, seem now, unhappily, to have been relegated to the category of things no longer of public interest. To some the reasons advanced in favor of the retention of the federal employment service and the War Labor Board, to cite two examples, are of as little present moment as the arguments in the Dred Scott case. Yet the points urged in favor of retaining these agencies have not lost their pertinence, because they have been overlooked by those who rule us.

The Programme also opposed a general reduction of wages to pre-War levels in terms of purchasing power. Attempts to reduce wages even more than in proportion to the fall in retail prices are the order of the day. Many railroad companies, to take a conspicuous example, have proposed reductions of the wages of the more poorly paid classes of workers to a rate as low as thirty cents an hour, and have advanced in support of their proposals the statement that in other employments the wages of similar groups have already been brought that low. What they ask is that we return to the familiar principle, or rather unprincipled practice, of making the bargaining weakness of the worst-off workers the determinant of their wages. The arguments from Christian principles and sound economics against the revaluation of labor on such a pagan basis are well stated in this book.

The limitations of the volume arise largely from its purposes. One cannot expect a series of popular lectures covering so many topics to furnish a systematic exposition of the economic forces at work or an exhaustive explanation of the ways in which these may be modified in their operation, and so guided as to bring about and secure the continuance of the results which moral obligations require shall be secured. The discussion of some of the topics is admittedly inadequate. For example, the chapters on "Labor Sharing in Managament" and "Co-Partnership and Coöperation" would be more convincing if the positive functions and financial risk that are inseparable from ownership in our complex industrial order were specifically recognized, and it were shown how these could be assumed by the workers. There are points, too, in his treatment of present conditions on which Dr. Ryan's appraisals may be challenged by some as based on incorrect information or incomplete evidence. However, these judgments are not propounded in dogmatic fashion, but frankly offered as necessitated by the facts as they appear.

The shortcomings of the volume, when its purposes are re-

membered, are minor and incidental. It is a highly serviceable contribution. It is concerned in the main with principles that are enduring and issues that are still before us, and likely to demand our attention for years to come. The book should not be passed over by anyone who is honestly anxious to advance by intelligent advocacy the application of Catholic principles to our troublesome industrial problems.

NATURALISM IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Stopford A. Brooke.
New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

These posthumously collected lectures and essays of Dr. Stopford Brooke make up a highly instructive, if uninspired, volume of criticism. The various papers cover a definite and important epoch in English literature—the return to “naturalism” or nature love, beginning with the revolt from Pope and Dryden and culminating in the work of Wordsworth. Within his own definite limitations of sympathy (limitations which permit him to comment upon the religious poets of seventeenth century England without reference to Crashaw, and to consider Shelley quite seriously as a defender of Christian faith!) Dr. Brooke is a sound scholar. But it is an open question whether almost every subject in the present collection has not been more interestingly treated by greater critics. Certainly one cannot forget Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater’s interpretation of many of these poets—while Francis Thompson’s electrifying treatise upon Shelley long ago joined the ranks of the classics.

CALIFORNIA TRAILS. An Intimate Guide to the Old Missions.
By Trowbridge Hall. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00.

The story of the Franciscan missions of California has been told over and over again, but there is always an interest in the telling, whether one has visited them all from South to North like the present writer, or whether one sits at home and dreams of one day making that sacred pilgrimage. For a thorough account of their history, read the five stout volumes of that scholarly and saintly Franciscan, Father Engelhardt of Santa Barbara, but for an entertaining guide book, well illustrated, we commend the chatty and interesting volume under review.

Mr. Hall, is, as he himself says, a saunterer—like a pilgrim to the Holy Land in the Middle Ages—although, not being a Catholic, he cannot grasp perfectly the work of Junípero Serra and his valiant companions. His traveling companions are Imagination, Sympathy and Understanding, and they help him to tell the old story of the Missions with reverence and appreciation.

THE GREATEST FAILURE IN ALL HISTORY. By John Spargo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a book that grew out of the collection of material on the workings of Bolshevism in Russia. Mr. Spargo, as is well known, is a Socialist who believes that Bolshevism is a crime against Socialism. In the preface he says that Bolshevism is "a vicious and dangerous form of reaction, subversive of every form of progress and every agency of civilization,"—"a monstrous and arrogant tyranny." He believes that his book proves his case. Starting with no intention of writing a sensational book, he thinks it even worse—"a terrible book," terrible because of the cumulative effect of the scenes and deeds in Bolshevik Russia, the tyranny and the outraged ideals that it depicts. Step by step the Soviets are described—the electoral system, the treatment of the peasants, the terror, industry in Russia, nationalization and the method of management, the rights of the press and assembly, and labor conscription. The most telling parts of the book deal with the more fundamental parts of Bolshevism—the position of the individual in relation to the conditions of his livelihood and in relation to the State.

FATHER ALLAN'S ISLAND. By Amy Murray. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe. \$2.50.

Eriskay, better known to the Gaelic fishermen of the Hebrides as Father Allan's Island, lies in the Atlantic to the northwest of Scotland. There Miss Murray spent six months of a glorious summer in her search for the folk-songs of the Gael. With Father Allan as mentor and guide, she was able to jot down thirty of the most characteristic melodies, a most difficult task as she herself says: "To set down such ways (of singing) is to deal as it were with the wind in its liltings and in its long whisperings among the quicken-leaves, and with the mouthings of the brook in pebbly places. One comes in time to make a good shot at the pitch and intervals—bearing always in mind that the tone is rather that of speech than of song. The puzzle is—where to be putting in your bars."

Although not a Catholic herself, she writes most sympathetically of Father Allan and his people. She admires their simplicity, their faith, their purity, their devotion at Mass, their austerities, their patience, their kindliness. Above them all looms the figure of Father Allan, a true Gael, bespeaking the supernatural in his every word and action, and an ardent lover of his people—their customs, their songs, their piety.

Miss Murray writes of the legends of the Gael in a language

borrowed from the fishermen of the isles—quaint, lyrical, rhythmical, and Gaelic to the core. Surely, the Catholics on the edge of the world are praying for her conversion.

ADVENTURES AMONG BIRDS. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.00.

It is too late in the day to say much about the work of W. H. Hudson. He has long been recognized as the greatest living master of the fine art of English prose. Conrad once said of him: "Hudson writes as the grass grows; the good God made it to be there." And he is the supreme biographer of birds, perhaps the greatest living ornithologist. *Adventures Among Birds* is a group of wonderfully vivid and exquisite studies. Hudson treats of "Bird Music," of "The Immortal Nightingale," of "Avalon and a Blackbird." Perhaps these three chapters are the most beautiful of the twenty-seven; but every page is pure joy, and bears the mark of the master-artist.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT. By Glenn Ward Dresbach. Boston: The Four Seas Co.

This slim little volume contains as delightful verse as we have seen in some time. The adjective, "modern," attached to a poet has developed a strange connotation; no longer is he one who views life and views it whole; rather does he view a small cross-section of the seamy side of life through a microscope fitted with a blue lens, giving to airy nothings, so to speak, a local habitation in Spoon River. A poet need be no less a poet because he lays bare the hidden springs of human weakness, as Crabbe proved long since. But when a reader tired of the rude manners and unbridled passions of Crabbe's smugglers and poachers, he could turn to Burns or Cowper, later to Coleridge or Wordsworth, for relief. So, on ears that are wearied by the excessive blatancy of so much of modern literature, occasionally falls the clear cool notes of one singing that poetry of earth which never dies, and an avenue of escape is opened from the thronging cares of life.

Such notes are struck in most of Mr. Dresbach's work; his few sallies into realism are less happy. He has a real gift for the singing line in which the sense is borne along on the lilt of the meter, and a true eye for color. He sings of nature and of love; the trees make melody for him that stir an answer in his heart, and all nature speaks to him of the loved one. There is an occasional strain reminiscent of the War, but surprisingly little, considering that Mr. Dresbach served as captain in the Sanitary Corps. Most of the poems are written in the old traditional

meters, and there are several in blank verse. An interesting feature is a series of four sonnets: "To the Night Wind," written according to the Shakesperean rhyme-scheme, a form rarely seen. This present volume is Mr. Dresbach's third wooing of the Muse, and, if his previous ventures reach the same standard, he has assembled a body of lyrical verse which entitles him to serious consideration among the poets of the rising generation.

JAILED FOR FREEDOM. By Doris Stevens. New York: Boni & Liveright.

One wonders at times how woman suffrage became a *fait accompli*—how the nineteenth amendment was written into our organic law. You may have your own opinions of the psychology of the thing. If you have, be prepared to give them up. Miss Stevens will soon convince you that the dominating cause that brought about the "emancipation" of women was the work of that militant group headed by Miss Paul and herself who picketed the White House and served terms in prison for their activities.

Her story is a most interesting one. It is a vivid narration of the suffragists' activities from the early days of Wilson's first administration until Tennessee ratified the amendment. It glorifies the work of the women who had the courage to suffer for their convictions; it shows you the enthusiasm and fervor of a crusading host, unselfish, noble, envisioned. It tells you of a wondrous moral victory—the casting off of the shackles of womankind.

One must not take Miss Steven's book too seriously. Its title shows the futility of this. While we must appreciate its peculiar value in showing the suffrage mind and the psychological reactions of the militant suffragist, we cannot but smile at its absurdity. Perhaps, even, there is reason also to condemn it. The unwarranted conduct and false philosophy of these agitators would surely justify this. Still its bombosity, its lop-sided logic and its neurasthenic femininity incline one more to smiling charity than biting contempt.

ENSLAVED. By John Masefield. \$2.50.

RIGHT ROYAL. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

Apparently John Masefield writes his verse with ease and rapidity. The second of these two volumes was published so soon after the first that it found its way to the reviewer's desk only a few days later. One may surely question if such rapidity of production ultimately makes for work of enduring quality. The *Enslaved* volume contains—besides the title poem and some others—a group of sonnets; "The Passing Strange" (a beautiful

poem which attracted much admiration upon its recent publication in the *Yale Review*); and the exquisite "On Growing Old." *Right Royal* is a wonderfully vivid and exciting description in verse of a horse race. *Enslaved* is a thrilling, but sadly unequal, description of an attempted escape from Moorish captivity. In both poems one notices examples of Mr. Masefield's ancient fondness for archaic, and sometimes Wardour Street, diction, and some of his lines are just plain prose. In *Right Royal*, e. g., the line: "Do not exaggerate the risks I run." But this poem is not without moments of the old Masefield magic:

She was the very May-time that comes in
When hawthorns bud and nightingales begin.
To see her tread the red-tipt daisies white
Was to believe Queen Venus come again.

WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA. By George Lansbury. New York: Boni & Liveright.

In giving this title to his record of a visit to Russia, Mr. Lansbury opens himself to both a quip and a congratulation. As H. G. Wells has recently observed, the Soviet Government has a sort of tourists' route for friendly visitors to Russia, and one sees what the Government wishes him to see. On the other hand, the title is a guarantee of good faith. We have had too many books of hearsay on Russia. However misguided Mr. Lansbury may seem to many people, his sincerity, ardor and persistent religious faith are not to be questioned. If what he saw in Russia makes merely a rosy picture of a vast national brotherhood, the blame cannot be laid to Mr. Lansbury, but to the canny Soviet leaders.

By far the most interesting pages are devoted to personal interviews with Lenine and other leaders. Like Gorky, Lansbury looks upon Lenine as a sort of angel of light, tender as a woman. Of the leaders, he is about the only one who is living the life of discipline imposed upon the proletariat. The Soviet attitude toward such moderates as Kropotkin is the attitude one assumes toward a weak brother. Kropotkin and the Tolstoyans, by the way, are very scornful of the Soviet Government and its methods.

Mr. Lansbury's observations on trade and business are rather confused. It is difficult to find from him just where the coöperative movement of the old days stands under the present system of national trade union. Certainly the Soviet has instituted some remarkable reforms for the benefit of the workman and his family. Education is going ahead at a remarkable rate, if we count schools and lecture courses as education.

But—and here one stops to wonder—what is holding all this

theoretical fabric of government together? These vast schemes for public health? This government education? These maternity homes? And all the hundred and one activities. What supports them? And how long can they last? How long will the people of Russia permit themselves all to be classed as equals?

What Mr. Lansbury saw makes a thrilling picture of great promise. And yet, and yet, one cannot accept it whole. Something is lacking from the picture—stability, sanity and freedom. One looks at this beautiful scene, not aware of the storm clouds in the zenith. But close the book, and upon the mind flashes the image of Terrorism. That, apparently, is what Mr. George Lansbury failed to see in Russia.

TRESSIDER'S SISTER. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.50.

Like all of Miss Clarke's novels, this book has the pronounced virtues of a "best seller." The story is well and interestingly told; it is free from subtleties; there is plenty of dialogue in which the characters are made, not too ostentatiously, to reveal their own virtues and defects, the heroine is beautiful, the end is thrilling.

But superadded to these qualities Miss Clarke's novels are always—what best sellers are not always—irreproachably moral, and they are always—what best sellers are never—strongly, splendidly, and compellingly Catholic. This great virtue glorifies the more ignoble traits of the best seller, and makes us welcome this writer's stories as a wholesome counter-irritant to the often mischievous sensational fiction craved by the adolescent.

A YEAR WITH CHRIST. By William J. Young, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.60.

In our present feverish economy, we seem to want our spirituality, like our meals, in the midst of varied other activities. We prefer a concise thought without too much verbiage, a mere hint without a too leisurely development. This book caters to the demand. It chooses just one salient idea from the Gospel of each Sunday of the year, and makes that the subject of a three minute reading. It does not intend a sermon analysis, nor yet a thorough treatment of even this one aspect of the Gospel. Its purpose is suggestive rather than exhaustive; it furnishes the starting-point, whence new thoughts may arise and new lessons be developed. Best of all, the book teaches Christ as He is variously portrayed in the Ecclesiastical Year, and shows in a vigorous way how He can be made the inspiration of our daily lives.

THE STORY EVER NEW. By Rev. James Higgins. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.12.

The knowledge—and through knowledge, love—of Jesus cannot be too early inculcated into the minds of children. It is the basis of our catechism, and yet it is often crowded out by our too great insistence on mere memory work. This simple story of the life of Jesus, is designed to parallel the catechism study, and for that reason is cast into the form of a textbook. Every child loves a story, especially when it contains conversation: hence, the use of this little book of stories will help much to arrest the wavering attention during the period of religious instruction. The Gospel narrative is followed closely, only such changes being made as tend towards simplicity and a clearer understanding. Since the book is for class use, after each section, to test the knowledge of the pupils, "Questions on the Text" are introduced; for the inspiration of the teacher, are subjoined, suggestive "Correlated Studies." The Notes on the Text, compiled from various approved sources, are especially good, and should be illuminative for the teacher. It might be suggested that, in future editions, the pronunciation of proper names be indicated.

ANDREW JACKSON AND EARLY TENNESSEE HISTORY. By S. G. Heiskell. Nashville: Ambrose Printing Co. \$10.00.

Mr. Heiskell, newspaperman and son of a pioneer journalist of Knoxville, has written an interesting, intimate relation of early Tennessee, affording valuable sidelights on the settlement of the State, and presenting curious information concerning the early pioneers and founders. There is a desire to give proper place to Tennessee leaders in our national annals, and to portray a more rounded life of Andrew Jackson by showing the General in his home and among his neighbors. Much space is given to Jackson and his friends, along with a minute description of the Hermitage. All local material is compiled regarding Boone, General James White, builder of Knoxville, Senator William Blount and his expulsion from the United States Senate for western intrigues, the Cherokee nation and their removal, John Sevier and his descendants, General Evan Shelby, the Indian fighter, Major William Lewis, confidant of Jackson, the beginnings of Memphis, Samuel Houston, and James K. Polk. There is a reference to Dr. James White, a member of Congress from Tennessee, who removed to Louisiana, where his son, Edward D. White, was to serve as a member of Congress and governor (1835-39), and from whose bar his grandson was to be elevated to the chief justiceship of the Supreme Court. One finds John Sevier's incomplete

Washington journal (1812-15) of some interest, especially his frequent attendance at the Catholic church, while apparently never attending any other service on those Sundays for which he accounted.

Mr. Heiskell's work will meet with favor among local historians and genealogists, and, if used, may aid in a more correct appreciation of the national importance of Tennessee's favorite sons. The volumes could be better arranged, although they are superior to the usual local history.

A STUDY OF POETRY. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.25.

In this volume Professor Bliss Perry has provided the student with a competent and gracefully written discussion of poetry and æsthetics. He has treated sympathetically and skillfully such topics as "The Impulses to Artistic Production," "Imagist Verse," and "The Nature of Rhythm." The purely technical part of the book is also excellent, though here Professor Perry is traveling along a well-worn path. Teachers will find simply invaluable the very thorough appendix, in which the author prints a careful model topical outline for the study of a poet, selecting Tennyson as his poetic *corpus vile*. Several of the very young American poets could do worse than read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the contents of this useful and scholarly manual.

ENGLAND IN TRANSITION. By William Law Mathieson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$6.00.

The reaction brought about by the French Revolution profoundly affected Europe both socially and politically. The evidences of that reaction in England furnish Dr. Mathieson with a theme full of interest, and he has handled it in excellent fashion. He knows intimately the period of which he writes (1789-1832), and appreciates the great forces that were genuinely at work to modernize England, and to permit the triumph of the Reform Movement.

Dr. Mathieson tells fascinatingly of the struggle to purify the election system, to abolish the slave traffic, to banish various brutal practices, and his narrative brings out vividly the power of the reactionaries who affected to find in every movement for betterment a menace to the stability of the constitution. Pope Leo X. had denounced slavery as an outrage on "not the Christian religion only, but human nature itself," but not until centuries had passed, was it possible to get Protestant England to destroy the terrible traffic by act of Parliament. Not the least interesting pages of Dr. Mathieson's book recount the sufferings of the chimney

sweeps, some of whom were but four or five years of age, since only such infants were able to penetrate chimneys seven inches square. The author of *Utopia* had inveighed against the brutal punishment of even minor offences by death—but in vain. In the year, 1819, two hundred and twenty-three crimes were regarded as capital. The public conscience rebelled against such injustice, and the great fight led by Sir James Mackintosh to “make the punishment fit the crime,” for which More had pleaded, finally ended in success.

Admirers of Wordsworth and Coleridge will learn with surprise that they joined Southey in protesting against Catholic Emancipation, while Nonconformists and Quakers supported the Catholics, as well as a large majority of the practising barristers of London.

The sidelights we gain upon the leaders of the time, such as Castlereagh, Wellington, Canning, and Earl Grey, make them very real and help to lend vivid reality to Dr. Mathieson’s brilliant volume.

THE STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA. By Charles Domville-Fife.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00.

GLIMPSES OF SOUTH AMERICA. By F. A. Sherwood. New
York: The Century Co. \$4.00.

The first of these books is a radical revision of an earlier work of the same title. The scope of the present volume has been extended to include all the States of South America, and its purpose is said to be the furnishing of a compendium of information on the commercial and financial possibilities of South America.

The book contains a great deal of useful information, but much of it is of the sort that would appeal only to the paid lecturer who deals with generalities. There is a dearth of statistical information and detail of the sort looked for by investors and traders, although it seems intended as a guide-book for the British banker and merchant. Throughout the volume the author hints rather strongly that British conservative methods must be changed to meet the ways of aggressive Americans. It is rather refreshing to have it put that way. We are more used to hearing that Americans must copy English methods if they would succeed in South America.

The book is well printed, and has a full index, but the illustrations are inferior. Some of these portray the beauties of the South America of twenty years ago, and will seem a trifle grotesque to travelers who have visited the continent since the awakening that came with the dawn of the twentieth century.

Mr. Sherwood's book is a novel experiment, and the results are rather pleasing. It contains some three hundred short sketches of South American life, taken from the notebook of a business man. It is full of good illustrations made from snapshots, and in this way it presents a very pleasing contrast to the work noticed above.

The author is neither a profound thinker nor an uneducated bigot; consequently, his point of view is different from what we are accustomed to in books on South America. He sees South American life through the curious, friendly eyes of the good-natured American who sympathizes even when he does not understand. He takes a gratuitous fling when he retails a story of a statue of "Death" found in one of the churches in Lima. Since his grammar leaves something to the imagination, the story can best be given by a quotation: "It is said that the monk that carved it died from seeing the completed statue in an attack of delirium tremens. We saw this statue, and consider the report grossly exaggerated and a base libel. In our opinion, there was no need for him to have had the delirium tremens at all. If he did, it was while he was carving the statue."

Mr. Sherwood has a good eye for detail so far as the surface of life is concerned. He makes no attempt to philosophize, and apparently knows nothing of the spiritual side of the South Americans. His book makes pleasant reading for an hour or so, and will commend itself to hectic Americans who desire to break the record for speed in circumnavigating South America.

The book has a beautiful appearance, as it is well printed on excellent paper; and its style is so simple and natural that one almost forgives the many grammatical errors and slips in proof-reading, and is content to be a commonplace and listen to a commonplace story of strange and wonderful places.

THE STRENGTH OF THE PINES. By Edwin Marshall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.90.

The Strength of the Pines is an absorbing tale of life in the open by Edwin Marshall, who gave us an exceptionally good Far West story last year in *The Voice of the Pack*. The theme of his latest novel, an Oregon mountain feud, gives him an excellent chance to display his intimate and detailed knowledge of the wild spots of the Oregon forests, and the ways of the wild creatures that range them.

The hero, Bruce Duncan, is a city-bred man of mountain stock who leaves his eastern home for the West in order to solve the mystery of his parentage. In the Oregon woods he comes

across Linde, the playmate of his childhood, who alone, for years, had defied the Turners, the murderers of his father. The hero and heroine form a compact, with love as the seal, to avenge their parents' murders, and after many stirring adventures they come out victors despite enormous odds.

"The Killer," an enormous grizzly, the last of his race on the range, plays a most important rôle in the story. The hero is rescued from his clutches at the last moment as he lies bound and helpless in the forest, and the villain of the piece, by a happy nemesis, meets his death in the Grizzly's last stand.

It is a good story, well told.

THE SPELL OF BRITTANY. By Ange M. Mosher. New York: Duffield & Co. \$3.00.

Mrs. Mosher has written a fascinating story of her travels in Brittany for many years. Although not a Catholic, she learned to love the Bretons, their history, their simple faith, their customs, their folk lore, their legends of Mont St. Michel and good St. Yves. She takes us with her on her journeyings from Vitré to Nantes, touching at all the interesting towns and villages on the way—Les Rochers, St. Malo, Dinard, Dinan, Guincamp, Morlaix, Audierne, Quimper, Carnac, Ploermel and Le Croisic. She describes the chief shrines, churches and castles, gives us glimpses of a Breton wedding and a Breton pilgrimage, tells countless legends of the past, and gives brief—and we must say inaccurate—sketches of Brittany's writers and heroes—Madame de Sevigné Chateaubriand, Renan, De Lamennais, Briseux, Anne of Brittany. The wars of La Vendée are mentioned in but a few lines, whereas the fight of these Catholic peasants against the Revolution might have added many a vivid page to her history. Her spirit is most kindly and devoid of prejudice, but she has no understanding of the teaching of a De Lamennais, and no idea of the harm done to France by the sneering unbelief of Renan. Anatole Le Braz writes a most eulogistic introduction, in which he calls the writer an honor to her sex and humanity.

THE PRELIMINARY ECONOMIC STUDIES OF THE WAR, recently gotten out by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (New York: Oxford University Press), are: "Prices and Price Control in Great Britain and the United States during the World War" and "Early Effects of the War Upon the Finance, Commerce and Industry of Peru," by L. S. Rowe. The Division of International Law has given us the *Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787, Reported by James Madison*. The editors of this valuable contribution to American History are Gaillard Hunt and James Brown Scott. *The Project of a*

Permanent Court of International Justice and Resolutions of the Advisory Committee of Jurists, is put out by the same division with "Report and Commentary," by James Brown Scott.

WORLD-WIDE unrest, like an autumnal wind among the leaves, has stirred up many "reconstructive messages." *The New World*, by Frank Comerford (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00 net), is a problem-volume devoted to a portrayal of Bolshevism, both in theory and action. Written by one who trailed this social serpent to its native haunts, and later wielded the legal sword as special prosecutor of red revolutionists in the State of Illinois, the nervous, newspaperly style of the book may be easily pardoned. Economic problems are indicated rather than comprehensively discussed. Socialism and Bolshevism are shown to be two tracks leading to one and the same civic derailment. To guard the public against being deceived into taking passage on either of these roads, collective bargaining and better methods of adjusting labor difficulties are advocated.

The book is padded with appendices, in which the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States have their gentlemanly proportions brought out in full contrast by being made to brother with the ruffian Platforms and Manifestoes of the Communists.

THE FRINGE OF THE ETERNAL, by Rev. Francis Gonne (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00). The sorrows and the faith of the Irish have found many portrayals, but perhaps none more sympathetic, competent, and restrained than the Rev. Francis Gonne. He knows what to see and he knows how to write. He makes the supernatural real for us as it is for the dwellers on the West Coast; he urges us, like them, to soften and purify our pains by joining them to the Cross of Christ. In these twelve charming stories he continues worthily the tradition of Monsignor Benson and Miss Dease.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART CULLED FROM THE WRITINGS OF JULIANA OF NORWICH, by F. A. Forbes (New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents). No one could read the *Revelations of Divine Love* by Juliana of Norwich, the holy fourteenth century anchoress, without being warmed by the fire which burned in her soul. Although in her day devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was not so prominent as now, yet it has been easy to gather from her writings sentences which aptly aid that devotion, and the ingenious author of this little book has to this end placed under each of the titles of the Litany of the Sacred Heart short pithy quotations, helpful in themselves and doubly useful if they send readers to their source.

FIRST COMMUNION DAYS, by a Sister of Notre Dame, illustrated by Wilfred Pippett (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 75 cents), is a companion volume to *True Stories for First Communion*, by the same

author. The stories are very devotional, and are told simply and pleasantly. Some of the child characters seem a bit overdrawn, and are certainly unusual. The little volume has an attractive makeup.

WE have constantly urged upon Catholics the necessity of an intelligent understanding of the Mysteries of our Holy Faith. The perfect harmony and oneness of Catholic doctrine are in themselves strong evidences for the truth of the whole. A book that strikingly illustrates this is *From the Trinity to the Eucharist*, translated from the French of Monseigneur Maurice Landrieux (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.30 net).

The explanation here given of what is meant by the Ever Blessed Trinity and what is meant by another mystery, "The Blessed Eucharist," will raise both our intelligence and our hearts to a greater appreciation and a deeper love of God and of the ever present Incarnate Christ.

ADAM OF DUBLIN, by Conal O'Riordan (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe), is a picture of life, not as it ought to be, nor as we would like to have it, but as, unfortunately, it too often is, seen through the eyes of a Dublin *gamin*. The point of view is ingenious and fresh and the interest well sustained, but a minute account of life in the Dublin slums, however sincerely related, makes dreary reading. There probably are people like the McFaddens in Dublin as in any large city of the world, but what end is served by exposing their sordid lives to pitiless publicity? There may even be priests like Father Tudor, for the priestly character could, theoretically, coexist with the savage cruelty which is his chief characteristic; but if the author has met even one such in real life, his experience has been singularly unfortunate. Charity prompts us not to inquire too closely into the motives behind his attitude to Catholic faith and practice; there is one instance of blasphemy which is indefensible. It may be readily understood that, though the story centres around a small boy between his seventh and twelfth years, the book is in no sense a "juvenile."

TALKS FOR THE LITTLE ONES, by a Religious of the Holy Child Jesus, suggests to the child thoughts and prayers conducive to a more intimate approach to Our Lord in Holy Communion and Holy Mass, and to the Blessed Mother and the Holy Angels. Written by one whose vocation familiarizes her with the child, it is suited to the comprehension of the child mind and to its gradual development in piety. (London: Catholic Truth Society.)

FROM The International Catholic Truth Society we have a new edition in paper of Rev. Daniel Lyons' valuable book, *Christianity and Infallibility: Both or Neither*. This should make it accessible to the many and enhance its usefulness.

Recent Events.

Germany. Despite the fact that Germany won Upper Silesia on March 21st by a large majority, representing something like sixty-five per cent. of the total poll, detailed results later showed that the Poles had carried the most important communes. The final vote as announced by the Inter-Allied commission was: Germany, 716,408; Poland, 471,406. On the other hand statistics indicate a majority of fifty-two per cent. in the industrial district, which was the principal bone of contention. The industrial district, in the south-eastern part of Upper Silesia, comprises about one-third of the disputed territory. In Zaborze, Beuthen, Kattowitz and Königshütte, around which are located steel and other manufactories, in addition to zinc and lead mines, the Poles cast approximately twenty-two per cent. of the votes, while in the country districts adjoining these four cities and bearing the same names, the Poles claim fifty-five per cent. of the votes. In the districts of Rynik and Pless, which contain coal mines of considerable importance, the Poles contend that they cast respectively sixty-five per cent. and seventy-eight per cent. of the vote.

The view is put forward in authoritative quarters that the Allies will have to resort to partition instead of deciding the status of the whole province by the total vote. It is expected that to each country will be given the districts where they obtained a substantial majority, except small areas where geographical difficulties are in the way. These areas, together with those where the voting was close, will have to be allotted in a spirit of compromise. If this policy is pursued, it will mean roughly that the north and west of the province will go to Germany and the south to Poland. In the east the territory probably will be divided. The French Government takes the stand that Upper Silesia should be divided in accordance with the results of the voting, and according to this view, Poland would get eighty per cent. of the mineral resources of the disputed territory. Against this proposal the German Government has protested, and on April 8th delivered to the French Foreign Office a lengthy document arguing that the whole of Upper Silesia be given to Germany. The same note has been sent to the English, Italian and Japanese Governments. Under the terms of the Peace Treaty the Allied Supreme Council must decide the boundaries between Poland and Germany in this district before April 21st.

Towards the end of March a series of Communist disorders and strikes broke out in a number of the great industrial cities in central Germany. Communist workers seized the city administration buildings in Hamburg, and in Leipsic, Dresden, Rodewisch, Halle, and other cities, directed their efforts against courthouses, city halls, public banks and police headquarters. The disorder was particularly violent at Eisleben, where the Communists were in control for twenty-four hours. The riots raged for over a week, with numerous casualties, and spread to Berlin, where a series of dynamite explosions occurred. Finally, uprisings broke out in Rheinhausen, Moers, and Crefield in the Belgian zone of occupation. In this region the Belgian troops succeeded in quelling the disturbance, and the German police restored order in the other regions. The persistent campaign of agitation carried on by the *Red Flag*, a Soviet organ in Germany, the proclamations published by Communist papers in different cities calling on the workers to rise against the present Government, and Bolshevik documents that have fallen into the hands of the authorities, lend color to the belief that the disorders were planned in Moscow and carried out through a central directing power in Berlin.

On April 2d the Council of Ambassadors completed the difficult task of drawing the customs line between occupied Germany and the rest of the country, which was one of the London reparation penalties. The measure has considerable political, as well as economic, importance. Unoccupied Germany must pay to the Allies a levy upon all it receives from the great industrial districts under Allied control. Duties also are levied on everything passing from the unoccupied Rhineland into Germany. The machinery set up is extremely complicated and subject to many readjustments. The new tariff line is five hundred kilometers long. It does not exactly follow the Rhine because of administration difficulties, but in general will be just within the military occupation line, including Duesseldorf and other German towns recently seized by Allied troops. The Director of Rhine customs will have his office at Coblenz, and there will be established some seventy-five customs offices.

In retaliation big manufacturers and mine owners in Rhenish provinces have started a movement at Münster to boycott all English, French and Belgian products. The Hansa League, also, a central organization for the German wholesale trade, and the Hamburg Retail Dealers' Association have joined the boycott, pledging their members not to buy or sell Entente products, and to start an agitation among their customers to the same end.

In addition to these measures the German Government has, on two different occasions, sent notes to the Secretariat of the League of Nations protesting against the presence of French troops and the exercise by them of military jurisdiction in the Sarre territory. Germany considers these measures contrary to the Versailles Treaty, and demands that the protest be sent to the members of the League. The protest has been transmitted to the Council of the League.

Premier Briand, as President of the Council of Ambassadors has notified Berlin that the Allies will not consider the German note of March 26th, asking that pending questions of German disarmament be submitted to arbitration. In this note Germany also refused to disarm the forts on the eastern frontier, and alleged that the Allies had miscalculated the amount of arms still to be turned over. M. Briand's note says that these questions were all settled by the Allies on January 29th, and calls on Germany to fulfill the demands or take the consequences.

Rumors are to the effect that conversations have recently been under way between Paris and London relative to possible occupation of the whole Ruhr Valley, should Germany not agree to an acceptable reparation accord on May 1st, or shortly subsequent to that date, when the Reparations Commission will notify Berlin of the total indemnity account. It is estimated that about 250,000 troops will be needed for this purpose, and it appears likely that the burden of this military effort would almost, if not entirely, fall upon France, as London is reported to have given little encouragement to a request for considerable material assistance. On the other hand, London is said to be disposed to give full moral support to further military action should Germany continue recalcitrant.

On April 4th, President Millerand signed a decree, increasing the tariff on practically all manufactured goods imported from Germany by anything from one hundred to three hundred per cent. The effect of the new law will be to kill importations of manufactured goods from Germany to France, which reached a high figure last year and has been steadily increasing.

Early in April, the German Government exchanged notes "informally" with the new Administration at Washington regarding the German proposal to assume part of the Allied debt to the United States. In reply, Secretary of State Hughes ignored the loan question and notified the German Government that the United States Government stood with the Allies in holding Germany responsible for the War, and, therefore, morally bound to make reparation to the extent of German ability to pay. Recog-

nition of this obligation by Germany was declared to be the "only sound basis on which can be built a firm and just peace, under which the various nations of Europe can achieve once more economic independence and stability."

It is expected abroad that this declaration of the American Government will result in a renewal of negotiations between Germany and the Allies, in an effort towards a definite acceptance by Germany of a fixed plan for payment of reparations.

The German Army bill abolishing conscription and fixing the strength of the army at 100,000 men and of the navy at 15,000 men, passed the Reichstag on March 19th. The Independent Socialists and Communists voted against the measure.

The trial of "war criminals" before the Supreme Court at Leipsic will probably commence at the beginning of May. According to the newspapers, the cases brought by the British Government will be taken up first, witnesses coming to Germany from England to testify. Four cases have been set for trial, the first being against a non-commissioned Landstrum officer, accused of ill-treating British and French prisoners in an internment camp in the Ruhr region.

France. With the exception of the direct measures taken against Germany for fulfillment of the Treaty previously referred to, the most important news of the month has to do with the Allies' attitude towards the American protest on the island of Yap and the the British mandate for Mesopotamia. The definite refusal of the United States Government to recognize the allocation of Yap, or the validity of the mandate to Japan over former German islands in the Pacific, was communicated in a note sent by Secretary of State Hughes early in April to the British, French, Italian and Japanese Governments.

The American contention is, that the right to dispose of the overseas possessions of Germany was acquired "only through the victory of the Allied and Associated Powers," and that the United States participated in, and was largely responsible for that victory. Hence, the conclusion is drawn that the right which accrued to the Allied and Associated Powers through their common victory over Germany, is "shared" by the United States, and there can be no "valid or effective" disposition made of Germany's former overseas possessions without American assent. This position harmonizes with the stand taken by former Secretary of State Colby. A significant feature of the Hughes' note is the disclosure that former President Wilson, on March 3d, the day before he gave

up office, went on record in opposition to the contentions of the Japanese Government.

According to recent dispatches, the French Government, which at first expressed a desire that a settlement be effected between Washington and Tokio individually, appears to be swinging toward support of the American attitude, and will probably favor a review of the official Allied decision assigning Yap to Japan. At the same time, it is held that the Allies are bound to support Japan, but they would be relieved if she waived her agreement on Yap.

The changed attitude of France on the Yap question is partly ascribed to the fact of the mission of former Premier Viviani, now in this country. The purpose of the mission is twofold: to pay a visit of courtesy and to obtain and exchange information mutually advantageous to France and to the United States. It is evidently the hope of the French Government that, before he completes his American visit, M. Viviani will have obtained a true understanding of the attitude of the United States towards world problems, and will have succeeded in impressing upon this Government, the ardent desire of France to have America's moral coöperation, at least, in the reconstruction of Europe.

The League of Nations on March 22d issued the text of the mandates for the administration of Samoa by New Zealand; of Nairu, or Pleasant Island, in the Pacific, a short distance south of the equator, by Great Britain; of German Southwest Africa by the Union of South Africa, and of the former German possessions in the Pacific, south of the equator, other than Samoa and Nairu, by Australia. The mandatories are required to report to the League of Nations annually on the territory under mandate, and the consent of the Council of the League is required for any modification of the terms of the mandate.

The question of putting Austria once more on a stable financial basis, was considered by the Financial Committee of the League at several meetings at the end of March. These meetings were the result of the Allied policy laid down during the London conference on March 17th, when the British Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the Allied Powers were prepared, on certain conditions, to postpone payments due them from Austria under the Treaty of Saint Germain, and also payment of capital and interest on advances to Austria for relief. Among the findings of the Committee is a proposal that long credits, for at least twenty years, be established for Austria. The Committee recommends that an internal loan be floated to cover the entire existing budget deficit, thus making it possible to issue further

paper currency. Budget expenditures, it believes, should be reduced to a minimum. According to the proposal, the Committee would control the use of sums realized through loans and credits, and would have the trusteeship for the management of the Austrian assets on behalf of the new lenders and the present creditors. It also stipulates that no external loan is to be raised without the Committee's assent.

Consideration of amendments to the Covenant of the League of Nations, dealing with the organization and operation of the League, is to be undertaken by a group of jurists named by the Amendments Commission of the League. The Committee will report its decisions at the meeting of the League Council in May.

The Spanish Government, early in April, signed the protocol for the establishment of the International Court of Justice. This makes the thirtieth country to sign. Bulgaria has authorized its Minister at Berne to sign, the Dutch Government has sent notifications that a bill ratifying the Government's adhesion to the Court is shortly to be submitted to Parliament, and similar procedure for ratification is under way in several other countries.

On April 7th the Foreign Office dispatched to Ambassador Jusserand, for the information of Washington, a memorandum setting forth what has been accomplished by France through the expenditure of 35,000,000,000 francs to repair the damage in the devastated regions, towards which Germany, to date, has made no payment. In 1914 the population of the invaded regions was 4,700,000. At the time of the armistice this had fallen to 1,900,000. Today the population is 4,100,000. Of the land devastated by the Germans, ninety-five per cent. has been restored to good condition, and, at present, slightly more than eighty per cent. is under actual cultivation. Of all the factories destroyed in northern France, fifty per cent. have resumed operation in new or repaired plants. Ninety-nine and one-half per cent. of the destroyed railroad mileage is again in use. Eighty per cent. of the works of art damaged have been restored. The vast majority of private homes, however, have not been rebuilt, as it has been the French policy to reconstruct first the means of production.

Russia. The chief events of the month in Russia have been along lines of negotiation for trade resumption, beginning on March 16th with the signing of the trade agreement between Great Britain and Russia. The agreement is essentially the same as the draft taken to Moscow by Leonid Krassin, the Soviet Minister of Trade and Commerce in January, and provides for the elimination of all

hostile propaganda. The Soviet Government also agrees to recognize, in principle, debts to private persons for goods or services. Severe criticism of the agreement has been expressed both in England and in foreign countries, the general view being that it had its origin in political expediency, both English and Russian: that the question of trade was distinctly secondary. Under this aspect it is considered that Lenine wished to make use of the prestige gained from an agreement with Great Britain, the bulwark of conservatism, to further his international revolutionary ideas, and that Lloyd George was seeking to relieve the pressure of affairs in the British possessions in the Near East and Middle Asia. The general opinion is that there is no immediate prospect of trade with Russia, an opinion borne out by the report of a delegation of English business men, who shortly before the signing had been sent to Copenhagen to study the situation. Although the agreement does not recognize the Soviet Government in the regular diplomatic sense of the word, it is nevertheless tantamount to recognition of the *de facto* Government and is most likely, according to the view held in well informed circles, to be soon followed by a regular political treaty.

A few days after the signing of the British agreement, the All-Russian Central Executive Committee addressed a communication to the American Government suggesting that negotiations be started immediately for trade resumption between Russia and the United States, and proposing to send a delegation to this country. On March 25th, Secretary of State Hughes replied, definitely refusing even to consider entering into such relations, so long as the present communistic economic system prevails in Russia. The keynote of the American declaration was: that until the United States Government received convincing evidence of the consummation of fundamental changes in the political and economic system in Russia, such as restoration of the right of private property, protection to human life, recognition of the sanctity of contracts and of the rights of individual pursuits, Washington would ignore all appeals from Moscow.

An interesting sidelight on the general situation is afforded by a recent report from Reval, Esthonia, that despite the new trade agreement between Great Britain and Soviet Russia, the largest proportion of the extremely small amount of goods entering Russia through Esthonia continues to be of American origin. Reval has been considered the most important port of Russian imports, but the official statistics published by the Esthonian Government show that only 15,569 tons of goods were in transit to Russia, through Esthonia, from January 1st to March 31st, or

about six average shiploads. During the same period no Russian goods were exported through Esthonia. The latest issue of *Economic Life*, published in Soviet Russia, says that, in February, Russia imported 1,401,250 poods (about 25,271 tons) of all commodities, of which 1,261,000 poods were coal from the United States, going to Archangel and Murmansk. The exports, it is stated by the same publication, were only 132,575 poods (about 2,386 tons), including lumber to England and flax to Letvia.

In addition to the above negotiations, the draft of a Russo-German trade agreement is reported to be complete and ready for signature. The agreement provides for a continuance of the present missions of both nations in Germany and Russia, to which will be attached special representatives for trade. It is also provided that the German trade representatives in Russia may take over the economic interests of Germany in Russia, and register all agreements made by Germans in Russian territory. The properties in Russia of Germans, who have gone to that country on affairs covered by the agreement, will be inviolable.

The Norwegian Government has nominated a delegation to negotiate for a trade agreement with Russia; and, according to a special dispatch to Berlin, Russia and China have made an agreement, forming the base for a coming trade treaty, Russia giving a guarantee that Bolshevik propaganda will be stopped in China and Chinese losses in Russia refunded.

On April 9th, the French Foreign Office gave out the details of a Treaty signed in Moscow on March 16th by the Bolsheviks and the Turks. Both parties to the Treaty make remarkable concessions. The document comprises four principal points, as follows: The Russians recognize Constantinople as the capital of Turkey. The Russians and Turks both demand an international agreement, wherein all States bordering the areas in question will be represented at a Conference for organizing the régime of the Dardanelles and the Black Sea. The Turks will abandon Batum, giving the port to Georgia, and they will recognize the autonomy of Georgia. Armenia disappears, being divided up among Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Turkey. The attitude of the Soviets in abandoning the Muscovite claims to Constantinople, is considered especially notable, as Russia was promised Constantinople in a secret treaty early in the War, when the Russian people and army, after their initial defeats, were clamoring for peace.

Soviet Russia and the Soviet Republic of White Russia have signed a treaty, under which they become a single republic. In future the two countries will have single Commissaries for War, Marine, Economics, Foreign Trade, Finance, Public Works, Com-

munications and Posts and Telegraphs. Dispatches last month from Scandinavian sources had reported the formation of a democratic White Russian Republic, taking in the region around Minsk and Vitebsk. The "White Ruthenians," in this district were said to have proclaimed their independence from Soviet Russia, planning to assemble a Legislature in Vitebsk in May and later to make Minsk their capital.

After months of negotiating and many false reports of peace, a Treaty finally was signed on March 18th at Riga by representatives of Russia, the Ukraine and Poland. The first four paragraphs establish the Russian-Ukrainian-Polish frontier, covering the present demarkation line and allowing for alterations under which 3,000 square kilometers are ceded to Poland near Minsk and the District of Polesia on the Ukrainian frontier. Under the Treaty 30,000,000 gold rubles are to be paid to Poland by Russia and Ukraina within twelve months. The terms of the Treaty are virtually the same as those of the preliminary draft, except as concerns the amount to be paid by Russia. A strong protest against the Treaty has been made by Alexander Kerensky, former Prime Minister in the Provisional Government of Russia, now in London, who terms the peace one of "oppression and national subjection" so far as Russia is concerned.

A new constitution was adopted by Poland late in March, and will go into effect as soon as the necessary legal machinery is set in motion. It is expected that the present Parliament will be dissolved in April, when it is believed the arrangements for the election of a new Parliament under the Constitution will be perfected. The Constitution, as it now becomes the fundamental law of the land, provides for a Parliament comprising a House and a Senate, the members of both of which shall be chosen by popular vote, both men and women, twenty-one years of age, being eligible to the franchise. The executive power is vested in a President and a responsible Cabinet. The President will be elected for a term of seven years by a National Assembly, composed of the members of the House and the Senate. The President may be a Catholic or a Protestant. He is Commander-in-Chief of all the military forces in time of peace, but in the event of war the responsibility shifts to the Minister of War, who is empowered to appoint the commander of the army. Catholicism continues to be the leading faith of the country, but equal rights are accorded to all religions. The relations between Church and State will be legally defined by an agreement with the Vatican, which is to be subject to ratification by the Parliament. The Constitution provides for free, compulsory education in district

and municipal schools. Every citizen has the right to the use of his own language, and a special bill ensures the free development of the minority nationalities living in Poland. The different nationalities are permitted to have their schools and teach their own languages under Government supervision and with partial support by the State. Land reforms provided for, restrict the individual ownership of large tracts, and all classes receive equal rights in this respect. The care of orphans by the State is provided for, and night work by women and by children under fifteen years of age is prohibited.

The fortress of Kronstadt, which had been in rebellion against the Moscow Government, was captured by the Soviet forces on March 17th. The Kronstadt garrison, consisting of between fifteen and sixteen thousand men, of whom ten thousand were sailors, were forced to capitulate through the cutting off of their food supplies. The Revolutionary Committee of Kronstadt, accompanied by General Kostovsky, leader of the revolutionists, and over five thousand men succeeded in escaping to Finland. Before retreating, the revolutionists blew up the warships *Petro-pavlovsk* and *Sebastopol*. All officers and civilian leaders captured by the Soviet troops, were ordered by War Minister Trotzky to be put to death. From information that has since come to hand, it would seem that the rebellion arose from hatred of discipline and was not political in origin.

Reports of revolts in various parts of Russia were numerous towards the end of March. An anti-Soviet rising was reported to have occurred in Kazan, about five hundred and fifty miles east of Moscow, on the Volga, and in Western Russia anti-Soviet movements are also reported. Fighting occurred in White Russia between Bolsheviks and peasants, and Pskov was reported to be in the hands of the counter-revolutionists. Another disturbed section is said to be Minsk. The counter-revolutionary activities so far have resulted, according to reports, in the driving out of twenty Soviets in various parts of this region.

The Social Revolutionists, the Mensheviks, in Petrograd have started a new and active propaganda in that city by means of pamphlets, in which they renew the demands for the convocation of a Constituent Assembly. The food situation in Petrograd is represented as desperate. There are no rations for the authorities to distribute, and the populace is utilizing the right, granted after the recent period of unrest, to buy or procure provisions from the country.

On the other hand, indications that Lenine's influence is far from waning was afforded in the election of the central com-

mittee at the recent Communist congress at Moscow, when all his proposals regarding internal policy were accepted almost without opposition. With regard to the decision of the congress on freedom of trade, foreign trade is still nationalized, but trade within Russian borders becomes free.

To reconcile the peasants and encourage enterprise with them, Lenine has permitted the coöperative organizations to resume activity in the hope that they will be able to start distribution and get in circulation the raw material now hidden by the peasants.

Italy. Clashes between the Fascisti, or Extreme Nationalists, with grave disorders and

much bloodshed, continued throughout the month, the climax being a bomb explosion on March 23d in the Diana Theatre at Milan, killing thirty-one and wounding over one hundred. Several anarchists have been arrested on the suspicion that the explosion was inspired by them, as a protest against the imprisonment of Enrico Malatesta, the anarchist leader. Malatesta, who has been in jail at Milan since his arrest last October, in connection with an anarchist plot, is reported to be in a serious condition as a result of a hunger strike.

Rioting and bomb outrages have occurred also at Florence, Genoa, Rome, Allesandria, Padua, Bologna, Venice, Turin, Trieste, Ferrara and other places. Following searches by the police along the Italian Riviera and the seizure of letters showing relations with Italian anarchists, about one hundred Russian, Hungarian and Polish Communists have been arrested at Genoa. The investigation is being continued and further arrests are believed to be imminent. A decree has been issued from Rome, ordering the dissolution of the Communist Town Council at Bologna.

The inhabitants of the strips of Istrian territory that were ceded to Italy under the Treaty of Rapallo, are proving most unruly. Recent incursions of Italian Fascisti into the frontier villages of Rignano and Carnizza, to make patriotic demonstrations, have been met with bullets. It is explained that the Istrians do not object to Italians as such, but dislike very much the propaganda methods of the Fascisti.

On April 6th, the King promulgated a decree dissolving the Chamber and fixing the general elections for May 15th. Although a general election has for some weeks been regarded as imminent, many Deputies hoped that the present excitable condition of the country would cause the King to refuse to call the electors to the polls at this time. Giolitti, however, convinced the King that the Chamber as constituted not only did not represent the will of the

people, but could not assure a safe majority to the Cabinet. The party which dreads the elections most is the Socialist; as it realizes that the reaction of the middle classes has been so thorough that not half their number will be sent back to Parliament.

As for the Popular, or Catholic Party, which claims one hundred seats in the Chamber, they have several grave reasons for disagreeing with the policy of the Government. Notable among these are the failure of the Government to keep its promises regarding educational measures, dissatisfaction with the economic policies of the Giolitti bill, and contempt of the Government's failure to deal effectually with the Fascisti, who have been creating a reign of terror in many parts of Italy. Of these causes, that dealing with the education measures is regarded as the one on which the Popular Party will have the most solid backing among the Catholic population. The rejection by the Parliamentary Commission of the measure intended to remove the handicaps which penalize students of private schools, caused universal surprise and indignation in Catholic circles, especially as Giolitti had given definite assurances that the Catholic programme for freedom of the schools would be respected. When it was found that only one Liberal voted with the Popular Party for removing the handicaps, the prediction was freely made that the party would pass over into opposition against the Government. The failure of the Giolitti economic bill, in the eyes of the Popular Party, was due to the fact that it secured merely workingmen's supervision of management, whereas the aims of the party included workingmen's participation in management, profit and ownership. The activities of the Fascisti furnished the most recent cause of the party's opposition to the Government's policy. Deputy Miglioli, in a fiery speech, flayed the inability of the Giolitti ministry to deal with the activities of the trouble-makers.

The main provisions of the preliminary draft of an Italo-French agreement as outlined in recent advices from Rome are as follows: France to export to Italy 100,000 tons of coal monthly from the Sarre and other mines at the domestic consumer's price. France to assure Italy of scrap iron and steel to the amount of 150,000 tons this year, to be sold at current market prices, and on leaving France to be exempt from export duty. The amount of scrap iron and steel may be increased by an amount equal to the weight of pig iron which Italians may export from France at the same time. Italy to be bound by the agreement to import 35,000 tons of French pig iron this year at the market price.

Considerable feeling was aroused in Rome against the Russian Commercial Commission when, on their baggage being examined,

the Italian customs officers found, besides thousands of pamphlets of Bolshevik propaganda, gold, platinum, strings of pearls, jewels of the Tsar's family, and other valuables. M. Vorovsky, head of the delegation, was fined eight hundred lire for importing contraband. First reports were to the effect, that as their protest against examination of their baggage proved unavailing, the Soviet delegation broke off relations and departed for Russia, but this has not been confirmed.

Hungary.

After rumors extending over many months, of Royalist plots for the restoration of former Emperor Charles to the throne of Hungary, on March 25th Charles suddenly left his retreat at Prangins, Switzerland, and, passing through Vienna, went to Budapest. In Austria, Charles' reception was distinctly hostile, but in Hungary, which was his real objective, and where there is a strong monarchist sentiment, the populace were apparently in his favor. Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, however, told the ex-Emperor that his presence in Hungary at this time was inadvisable and counseled his immediate departure.

This advice of the Regent was reënforced by the action of the Allied Powers, who, through the Committee of Ambassadors at Paris, served solemn notice on Hungary that the return to the throne of Charles of Hapsburg would not be tolerated, and called on the Budapest Government to send the ex-Emperor out of the country. Formal action was taken on the initiative of the French Government. The representatives of Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia made a collective protest to the Hungarian Government against the restoration, threatening military action.

Meanwhile Charles had removed to Steinamanger, Hungary, where after several days, he finally agreed to leave the country. Before his departure he issued a proclamation maintaining his claim to the throne of Hungary, but declaring that he could not permit the assertion of his right to entail disturbances in the present state of the kingdom. He returned to Switzerland on April 6th. He was not allowed to return to Prangins, however, but was conveyed to a place in the canton of Lucerne. The Swiss Government permitted the ex-ruler to return to Switzerland only on condition that he take part in no intrigues or propaganda measures. He is prohibited from giving interviews or from leaving the canton of Lucerne. Charles' return to Switzerland is looked upon as the definite closing of the incident.

April 15, 1921.

With Our Readers.

THE Catholic Church in the United States suffered immeasurable loss in the death of His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons. It is not our purpose to offer an estimate of his character and influence. Simplicity and sincerity were the twin gifts that crowned him great in the acknowledgment of all the world. The most effective protagonist of the Catholic Faith in the United States, he was esteemed, and even revered, by a nation predominantly non-Catholic. An American of the truest, most loyal type, he placed the Catholic Church, particularly during the late War, in the forefront for leadership in patriotic service. He loved the Church: he loved America. Age did not weaken his vision: nor did struggle or adversity lessen his virile hope. His counsel was sought by Presidents: his pronouncements were read attentively by the entire nation. The Associated Press had a standing order that whatever statement was issued by Cardinal Gibbons should be sent entire at once over the wires. The testimony of the world to his worth and influence should be the strongest incentive to us to study his life and imitate his example.

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THROUGH the National Catholic Welfare Council, of which Cardinal Gibbons was the first President, our Holy Father, Benedict XV. sent the following tribute:

The death of Our dearest Brother, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, is a great grief not only for his diocese and his Country, but also for the whole Church. Cardinal Gibbons was the living testimony of the magnificent development and the powerful organization which the Catholic Church has attained in his Country, and for this reason he, more than anybody else, could show to the people the marvelous fruits that the Church can produce for the good of mankind even in our times, and notwithstanding numberless difficulties.

Cardinal Gibbons, excellent priest, learned master, vigilant pastor, was also an exemplary citizen, and by the example and preaching of Christian virtues in private, as well as in social, life, he contributed efficaciously to the sound progress of his great Country. His memory, therefore, must be cherished with profound veneration not only by every Catholic, but also by every citizen of the United States of America.

His Excellency, Archbishop Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate, wrote:

Cardinal Gibbons, ever since his accession to the See of Baltimore, and especially since his elevation to the Sacred

College of Cardinals, has occupied a position of commanding and beneficial influence in the affairs of Church and State. His is the one name that during forty-three years has won the favor and confidence of the whole country. Even those outside of the Catholic Church have had unbounded sympathy with him in his movements, and implicit confidence in his practical wisdom.

All have admired his gentleness, affability and kindliness of heart which were displayed on all occasions; and they have testified profound respect for his dignity and official preëminence. He was devoted to the interest of the Catholic Church, which he loved intensely, and he was just as devoted to the interest of his Country, which he loved none the less tenderly. The United States was for him the best country in the world, and Baltimore the best city in the universe. He gave to both the Church and State the best that was in him, and was never found wanting when it was a question of aiding the onward progress of either.

As a man, his uniform virtues were urbanity, humility, patience, accessibility. He was ever the same gentle, consistent friend and counselor to young and old, rich and poor. The Church has lost a powerful priest and prelate, and the Country has lost one who really, during the last thirty or forty years, has been its most distinguished citizen.

His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, declared:

The death of Cardinal Gibbons removes a foremost figure from America's national life. It means to the Catholic Church in this Country the loss of an eminent and distinguished churchman.

With his passing closes a remarkable career filled with noble and far-reaching achievements. His was a long span of life in the civil and religious history of the United States, and his services to the nation and the Church have indelibly stamped his name upon the pages that record the story of both.

Cardinal Gibbons was America's first and finest citizen. American born and American trained, he cherished America's traditions, and for more than half a century was actively engaged in promoting the noblest ideals of American life. All his years were devoted to serving the best interests of the American people; to every worthy movement he gave his encouragement and support. The soundness of his judgment and the clearness of his vision made him a prudent counselor whom statesmen sought when vital and complex problems called for solution. With unerring accuracy, he felt the pulse of the American public. With unusual keenness, he detected and diagnosed social maladies even before others were conscious of their existence. These great gifts of mind, accompanied by exceptional wisdom born of long years of varied experience, gave

to his pronouncements an extraordinary value and won for his words respectful recognition.

Instinctively, in every great crisis his fellow countrymen turned to him as a leader. Invariably, as if by habit, they found themselves awaiting his judgment on every important national issue. To him they were attracted no less by the magnetism of his personality than by the power of his statesmanship. By the gentleness of his manner, by the broadness of his sympathies, by his loyal and patriotic devotion to national interests, whether in time of peace or in time of war, he won them, irrespective of race, class or creed, and, type of the true American, he gave to America the example of one who, after the service of God, desired nothing more earnestly than the service of his Country.

More still, perhaps, will Cardinal Gibbons be remembered as an illustrious churchman. Few great ecclesiastics in modern times have played so large and so conspicuous a part in the religious life of their country. He had been closely identified with the Catholic Church in America for fully sixty years. For more than a generation, he had presided over her destinies. Far back in the early sixties his ministry began. In his long, laborious life he embodied the noble traditions of those pioneer days, and from the splendid prelates who governed the Church in the period of her struggling weakness he imbibed the majestic spirit with which he guided her so ably through years of marvelous growth and development to her present position of prominence and power.

A Prince of the Church is dead. A mighty chieftain has fallen. A kindly shepherd is taken from his flock. The loss is irreparable.

And from Rome, our new American Cardinal Dougherty cabled:

By the death of Cardinal Gibbons, the Church in America has lost the greatest man in its history and our Country its foremost citizen. He was the only survivor of the Vatican Council which met under Pius IX., and also of the Bishops' Third Plenary Council in Baltimore, and was the oldest member of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Several generations of Catholics in the United States looked up to him as their leader.

Cardinal Gibbons' salient traits of character seem to have been his keen interest in men and the progress of the world, and his rare judgment, his tact, and his kindly sympathy for everything human. I had the honor, as a student in the American College, to serve as an acolyte when Cardinal Gibbons took possession of his titular church, Santa Maria in Trastevere, in 1887, the year after he was created a cardinal.

These are the tributes of leading Catholic dignitaries.

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THE President of the United States not only sent his personal representative to the funeral Mass at Baltimore; but as soon as he received the news of the Cardinal's death, wrote this appreciation:

In common with all our people, I mourn the death of Cardinal Gibbons. His long and notable service to Country and to Church makes us all his debtors. He was ever ready to lend his encouragement to any movement for the betterment of his fellowmen. He was the very finest type of citizen and churchmen.

It was my good fortune to know him personally and I held him in the highest esteem and veneration. His death is a distinct loss to the Country, but it brings to fuller appreciation a great and admirable life.

* * * *

AN entire issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* might be occupied with the laudatory editorials published in the secular press of the Country. The chorus was spontaneous: magnificent. No man in the memory of the present generation received such high and such universal praise. The non-Catholic religious press were likewise generous in their estimate: though the praise was bestowed now and again, as in the case of *The Christian Advocate*, with such remarks as "The Italian Popes rule the Roman Church in the United States," "the aggressive political programme of the hierarchy (of the Catholic Church in the United States) is abhorrent to our ideas, yet we must admit their presence here contributes to the maintenance of law, the preservation of order and the promotion of morality." Such extraneous comments only serve to make the praise of the dead Cardinal more noteworthy.

Lyman Abbott in *The Outlook*, who knew the dead Cardinal for many years past, testifies:

Cardinal Gibbons was both a loyal Catholic and a loyal American, true alike to the principles of his Church and the principles of his Country. Throughout his long career, he was a lover of liberty—not a gentle and quiet lover of liberty in the solitude of his closet, but an active and aggressive soldier of liberty.

A single fact is worth a volume of theory. If any controversial Protestant is inclined to say, as some have said, that no Roman Catholic can be a true lover of liberty, the conclusive answer is—Cardinal Gibbons. Churchmen and patriot, ecclesiastic and democrat, all the more loyal to his flag because loyal to his altar, servant of God, servant of his fellowmen, his character and career reveal not only to his own communion, but to all his fellow-citizens of every faith the true ideal of a Christian priest.

Harvey's Weekly declared:

He was always on the side of his Church and his Country;
and of the right. Peace to his ashes, and honor to his
name!

The Weekly Review wrote:

The balanced influence of his life is a lesson for the times. From certain vociferous quarters comes the insistent clamor for a new religion which shall replace the spiritual element by a concentration on practical service to mankind and by political agitation to advance that cause. It is well for such advocates to recall that Cardinal Gibbons, while holding steadfastly to the tenets of his religious faith, was highly sensitive to social and political conditions, and did indeed accomplish much in advancing human brotherhood because of his large influence as a "great Christian!"

This is in striking contrast to the smug criticism of the *New York Nation*, which while it gives its modicum of praise, declares that Cardinal Gibbons "gave no guidance to the minds of the rising generation: made no contribution to the solution of any of the spiritual and ethical problems that vex the souls of his contemporaries."

The Survey, through Samuel McCune Lindsay, believes that he gave an enduring message:

The career of James Cardinal Gibbons is beyond doubt one of the half dozen outstanding human products of the first century and a half of our national life. It cannot be accounted for or explained any more easily than that of Lincoln, with whose career, though a whole generation longer, it has much in common, in the quality and character of its public service and the heritage of Americanism it bequeathes to the future.

The nation mourns his loss, but will revere his memory and needs more than ever to cultivate the lessons which his clear social vision, his unimpeachable patriotism and profound Americanism have taught us.

THE American Society of Friends (Quakers) who made, early in 1921, a three months' survey of Ireland report that 25,000 families in that country, comprising about 100,000 men and women and children, are in dire need. The survey was made thoroughly and impartially. The distress, it reports, is that of the habitually thrifty and industrious workers who would be able to support their families, as they have always done in the past,

were it not for the abnormal, chaotic situation now reigning in Ireland.

"We may point out," the report continues, "that even when employed, the workman in Ireland receives a wage so low that it would be difficult for an American to understand how the Irish workman can support himself and his family upon such a wage.

"Now, through no fault of their own, the families to which we refer are without even this pitifully small income. In most cases, their pathetic savings have already been spent for the barest necessities of existence. They need bread, and they need it quickly.

"The present prevailing wage for ordinary unskilled labor in Ireland ranges from \$9.00 to \$14.00 a week; even those who are workers at electric power houses, for example, receive only \$14.00; motormen receive \$12.50; conductors, \$11.50; farm laborers rarely more than \$8.00."

To those who plead that working for Ireland's right of self-government is un-American, we recommend a reading of this report. Such pleaders are sympathizers with a particular political party in England. The *Manchester Guardian*, the *London Nation*, and many other journals of England are unbridled and unlimited in their condemnation of the present Government of England, which is forcing a military rule, irresponsible and conscienceless, upon Ireland.

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THE American Commission on Ireland, the reports of which have been published, was profoundly impressed by the absence of religious strife in Ireland outside of Ulster; and with regard to Ulster the Commission shows unanimity of testimony to the effect that the bigotry there is "artificially stirred up by those whose economic and political interests are served by dividing the people."

We would also call the attention of our readers to a remarkable article published in an English magazine, *Blackfriars* (March, 1921), and entitled, "Ireland Today Under England (February, 1921)." The editor states: "This article, written by one of English descent living in Ireland, the son of a British officer, is not published in the interests of any political party, but solely in the interests of truth."

The article testifies: In Tipperary boys who were playing ball were seized by the police: beaten with the butt ends of revolvers: kicked: and five were carried off in a lorry to be further dealt with. A blacksmith declared he heard one of the drunken ruffians say: "I got seven years, in England, for murdering my

wife; and I'm getting thirty shillings a day in Ireland for murdering Irishmen." "And," says the writer of the article, "hardly a day is now passing without such a murder."

Again: "As two men came quietly out of a shop near where I write, one was shot. He is since dead. He was an ex-navy man, twenty-one years' service, a day in the water at the battle of Jutland."

The writer cites fourteen cases, many far more harrowing than the two mentioned.

And of these murderers not one has been punished. "And not one of the murderers of the Irish, not one—from those who killed Thomas MacCurtain, Lord Mayor of Cork, down to those who have killed the young expectant mother in Gort, and the little girl in Dublin streets, and the priest in Galway, called out of his house as for the dying; himself then murdered by them, and thrown dead into a bog; and so many shot in their beds; the crippled, the sick, the fathers of families, the young boys—not one of these murderers (in spite of verdicts of murder against them) has been even tried. Not one. And today, lest the truth should still be told, coroner's inquests are not allowed. But the plotters and the criminals, the organizers and the patrons, are the judges—and in secret. What a farce! What a bleeding and bloody farce!"

The article deserves the widest circulation. It ends with this passage:

"As for us in Ireland, we hear, more and more, our exile Dr. Todhunter's *Banshee*:

'Wail no more, lonely one, Mother of Exiles, wail no more,
Banshee of the World—no more!
Thy sorrows are the World's, thou art no more alone,
Thy wrongs the World's!'

OUR book review pages of this month call attention to a book entitled *The Voice of the Negro*, by Robert T. Kerlin.

Undoubtedly, one of the most serious questions confronting America is the negro problem. That the majority pay little attention to it, either because they think it unimportant or because they refuse to be vexed by it, does not lessen the truth of the above statement. It is certainly inadvisable to allow unrest and dissatisfaction to grow until they assume terrifying proportions. And this is the case with the negro problem as it stands today. Kerlin's book tells not only of the extent of the unrest and the

determination to secure a change in conditions: it tells also of the organized, intelligent leadership by negroes themselves, and of the organized army of loyal followers back of them. The negro press has stirred the negro people with the spirit of a new crusade. That there is much of the radical: the revolutionary and the impossible in their demands does not make the movement any the less dangerous. It has reached proportions that demand sympathetic study and consideration by a recognized national body, representative of all interests concerned, which would report upon effective measures to lessen and possibly end the menace.

* * * *

PRESIDENT HARDING in his recent message to Congress pointed out the critical danger. "We face the fact that many millions of people of African descent are numbered among our population, and that in a number of States they constitute a very large proportion of the total population. It is unnecessary to recount the difficulties incident to this condition, or to emphasize the fact that it is a condition which cannot be removed. There has been suggestion, however, that some of its difficulties might be ameliorated by a humane and enlightened consideration of it; a study of its many aspects and an effort to formulate, if not a policy, at least a national attitude of mind calculated to bring about the most satisfactory possible adjustment of relations between the races and of each race to the national life. One proposal is the creation of a commission embracing representatives of both races, to study and report on the entire subject. The proposal has real merit. I am convinced that in mutual tolerance, understanding, charity, recognition of the interdependence of the races and the maintenance of the rights of citizenship lies the road to righteous adjustment."

* * * *

THE President's words are the more vital when we remember some of the wrongs from which the negroes of the South still suffer. Peonage, for example, forbidden by federal statute, is still widely practised, and if the law in the practice is technically observed, it is practically violated. There may be only one Williams in the South; but peonage is common in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. In these States, larceny, for example, is made a crime whether it means the stealing of thousands of dollars or the stealing of a chicken. It is punished by disfranchisement and imprisonment. The law was so framed in order to disfranchise as many negroes as possible. The lightest possible sentence is one year in prison. On

conviction, it is customary for the judge to ask if some farmer will not pay the court costs and take the culprit for a year. Rather than go to prison the culprit accepts a farmer's offer: and is thus bound into practical slavery for a year. The laws of vagrancy justify the arrest of a negro if he be out of a job for ten days. No white man is considered a vagrant no matter how long he remain idle.

Peonage is promoted by the fact that many negro workers on the farms in the South are "croppers;" that is, they receive no wages, but are entitled to a share in the crop when gathered. By the time the crop is gathered they are often heavily in debt: they must stay to pay off the debt: if the husband should die, his wife and children must remain until the debt is fully paid.

Meanwhile, the exodus of negro laborers from the South during the War, and their consequent taste of freedom, of self-importance and oftentimes of consequent lawlessness, have fed the dissatisfaction and unrest. We have but hinted at the problem. It is many sided: it runs very deep into the social life of America. Thoughtfulness on it should not be entirely foreign to us.

THE answer of a business man, who writes in *The American Church Monthly*, to the question, "Should the Church Advertise?" is an emphatic no: if by advertising is meant the methods that business uses in stimulating a demand for its merchandise. His direct concern is with the advertising possibilities of the Episcopal Church.

The life current of that Church, he believes, has been "short circuited through the rusty wires of Puritanism. Stampeded by the failure of Protestantism, we stand by and shout for aid to the element in our civilization that has helped to land it where we are today. We stand there and wail against fate, and let the Catholic Church of Rome put to work the power of traditions which as rightfully belong to us, increase through them the strength of her organization, laugh at the fears that beset the Protestants and boast an increase in membership that a World War could not halt!"

This "business man" estimates that "eighty per cent. of the Christian world is Catholic, and thirty per cent. of Christian America holds faith in the same Church.

"Now what has this and all that has gone before to do with advertising the Church? Just this: The Roman Catholic Church today is the one religious body of Christendom that stands forth

with strength unimpaired. I am no apologist for Rome and hold no brief for the Pope. But I am willing to face the facts before I pay for advertising space. Rome has much to explain theologically and politically, but in the face of Protestant despair and Episcopalian pessimism, she emerges from the World War successful, triumphant and powerful. The reasons that give her this position cut back with sharp emphasis upon the Churches that are forgetting the faith of the fathers and are calling upon the gods of big business for help today. They have failed, and she has marched forward.

"Why has Rome succeeded? The answer will explain why the other Churches have failed. It seems to me that Rome has succeeded because she has been Catholic from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. She made up her mind early on what was truth, she accepted the creeds that formulated that truth in simple form, and she went to work. From that day to this she and her children have never ceased from work, day and night, month after month, year after year, through the centuries. She has never stopped. She has learned and stored up the secrets of the human soul, she knows human motives and uses them, she understands human weaknesses and discounts them as a mother overlooks the impetuosity of her child. She is the greatest psychologist the world has ever known, but she has remained human among humans, and faithful to the truth she began with."

WE gladly give space to the following letter which takes exception to certain statements made in the review of a book by John A. Godrycz, in our March issue:

THE DROPSIE COLLEGE,
Philadelphia, April 10, 1921.

SIR:

In the brief review of a book by John A. Godrycz, entitled: *The Political and Financial Independence of the Vatican*, published in your magazine for March, 1921, there occur statements about the Jews which are without foundation in fact and to which I am sure your estimable journal would, therefore, not wish to give currency.

It is asserted, for example, that "The Jews are exceptionally favored in their dreams of financial imperialism." I am able to assure you with the greatest positiveness that the Jews have no such dreams. The idea that they control any considerable proportion of the capital of the world, is a myth and the further idea that those Jews who are engaged in the banking business or other considerable mercantile enterprises have relationship with each other, is also a myth. They

engage in competition with each other, just as do all business men holding to the maxim that "competition is the life of trade."

Again it is said that Palestine "will become a kind of a Jewish Vatican." This statement, too, is without foundation. The importance of the meeting together of the Rabbis of Palestine has been greatly exaggerated. It was solely for the purpose of providing a centralized religious authority for the comparatively small number of Jews of Palestine itself. There might at some future time be held a meeting equivalent to the ecumenical council of the Church, but from my own knowledge of Jewish religious conditions not only in America, but in various parts of the world, I think that anything like a Jewish Vatican, if by that is meant a centralized religious power and authority, is out of the question, even if it were desired. In view of the excellent results which have accrued to the Catholic Church from this centralized authority, there are some Jews who would like to see such an authority established, but at the present at least, it is outside the realms of possibility.

Equally incorrect and, of course, politically impossible, is the statement that "all the Jews living without its (Palestine) frontiers, will be considered, at one and the same time, citizens of the independent State of Palestine, and citizens of the countries wherein they live." No such plan of double citizenship is desired by the Jews or possible under any conceivable political system. A Jew in Palestine will be a Palestinian national and a Jew in America will be an American citizen, and nothing else.

The statement that you have made upon the authority of the book under review, is entirely incomprehensible. What the writer may have in mind is that a person, Christian or Jew, who lives in one of the dominions of Great Britain, say Canada, would at the same time owe loyalty to the Canadian Government and to the British Empire. Such a condition might arise in the future with regard to a Palestinian, if the mandate should lend itself to such a construction, but since the details of the mandate have not been approved, no one is in position to make even such a statement.

The present time is one in which many incorrect statements on many subjects are being given currency. I feel sure that it is not the desire of your own estimable and dignified magazine to engage in such a course, and while I have in the main paid no attention to incorrect or false statements appearing in other journals, I have been moved to write in this vein to you, feeling well assured that your own magazine published in the interest of a great religion, has no desire to give currency to statements unfair to any other religion.

Very respectfully yours,

CYRUS ADLER.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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WHY GOD BECAME MAN.¹

BY LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J., M.A.²

I.

Credo, ut intelligam—I believe, that I may understand.



OUR Catholic forefathers used to think that some day the whole world would become Christian. There is hope for it still, for Christianity is yet young as compared with the vast periods of time which elapsed before Christ was born into the world.

None the less, Christendom, as she is behaving at present, is hardly an example to the pagan world without. Neither, internally, is there much sign of progress, unless it be in her ever-increasing desire for reunion. The cardinal tenets of Christianity, from belief in which salvation flows, are, in the minds of many, fast evaporating beneath the heat of modernist criticism. Even Catholics, who at least know what Christianity teaches and believe it firmly, often fail to appreciate as they ought either the significance of their belief or its immense

¹ A series of articles dealing with fundamental Christian dogmas from the point of view of their value, intellectual and practical, psychological and social.

² Author of *Theories of Knowledge* and of *The Problem of Reunion*, etc.; lecturer in Theology in the University of Oxford.

value, as something that has bearing on one's whole outlook, historical, scientific, and practical, as well as religious.

Nor is it only our theologians and preachers who complain of this lack of interest in the things of God. Hegel, most famous of modern philosophers, also has lamented this "widespread, almost universal, indifference towards what in earlier times were held to be essential doctrines of the faith." Christ for many, he says, is "brought down into a moral sphere into which even heathens, like Socrates, were capable of entering." The religion of today is "based on feeling," and so is "reduced to little more than a problem in psychology." For the evangelical Christ is still "the central point of faith and devotion in the deepest sense;" but his "Christian life as a whole restricts itself to this devotional bent, and the weighty doctrines of the Trinity, of the resurrection of the body, as also the miracles of the Old and New Testaments are neglected as matters of indifference and have lost their importance."¹

Why this indifference, this criticism, this contempt for all that our Christian forefathers and we, Catholics of today, regard as of vital importance? Salvation is bound up with Redemption, Redemption with the Incarnation, the Incarnation with the Trinity, of which the Second Person became man. The whole hangs together; and has endured so long, has inspired such wonderful Christian work, that it can hardly be without value. Yet there is no one of these doctrines that today is not vigorously impugned; more especially that of the Trinity, which is the basic doctrine of all and used to be regarded as the distinctive mark of a Christian. For Mr. Wells the Trinity is a myth, invented by Greek philosophers and imposed on Christian thought, yet fraught with endless contradiction, and useless withal for experience, spiritual or otherwise. And Mr. Wells is not alone in his opinion. He but voices the unexpressed thoughts of the public for whom he writes.

It is not difficult to account for this attitude of mind or for the skepticism and chaos which everywhere prevails in the sphere of religion. We have only to remember that most men are brought up in a tradition which denies all authority in religion—even that of the Bible—and, consequently, all revelation. But what concerns us more is to find a remedy,

¹ *The Philosophy of Religion*, translated by Splers and Sanderson, 1895, p. 38.

especially seeing that Catholics can hardly help but be affected by the hostile environment in which of necessity they live.

The remedy that Hegel would suggest is not that we should surrender our beliefs as the Modernist would recommend, but that we should think them out in all their manifold bearings. "If God be excluded from the region of rational intelligence or insight, . . . if the consciousness of God spring only out of feeling, . . . nothing is left but to assign to Him the region of accidental subjectivity. God would thus be an historical product of weakness, of fear, of joy, of interested hopes, cupidity and lust of power. What has its root only in my feelings, is only for me; it is mine, but not its own; it has no independent existence in and for itself. . . . For this reason the older metaphysic has always demonstrated first of all that God is, and not merely that there is a feeling of God; and thus the philosophy of religion, too, finds the demand made upon it to demonstrate God."⁴

As a comment upon the speculations of current psychology on the origin of religion, these remarks are excellent. But Hegel went too far. Convinced of the inherent truth of Christianity, he held, not indeed that her doctrines can be known apart from revelation, but that, granted revelation—in Spirit and through Spirit—their inherent truth can become so manifest to our spirits that we need not the authority, whether of Christ or of His Church, to vouch for them. There is contradiction here. Truth may become manifest in Spirit and through Spirit, provided we take into account all the ways in which Spirit may, and has, manifested itself. But this would *include* authority. Hegel, on the other hand, neglecting this factor in thought-progress, and trusting solely to reason, would demonstrate the Trinity by a process of deduction from the fundamental principles of his transcendental logic.

He has failed to convince humanity that his argument is valid. History and experience alike confirm the teaching of the Church that, apart from the witness of Christ, the greater Christian mysteries can neither be discovered nor demonstrated. With respect to the Trinity, for instance, pre-Christian philosophers hardly get beyond the idea of emanation, and do not even approach the doctrine of a triple personality;

⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 50, 51.

while post-Christian philosophers have either patently borrowed from Christian dogma, or have devised systems bearing but a remote resemblance to that of Christian tradition.

Moreover, a reaction has set in, even amongst Hegelians. So incompetent has *mere* intellect proved in the search for ultimate religious Truth, that Professor Bosanquet can in one sentence tell us that "we are spirits, and our life is one with the Spirit which is the whole and the good;" and hence "are eternal," and in the next, assure us that, "this is no matter for argument, or for trying to take away from you that which you love to believe and what gives you strength. It is only a matter for holding fast to the centre."⁶

Thus do we pass to and fro; from thesis to antithesis: out from feeling, through the magnificent and systematic Hegel, only to find ourselves back again in his disciple at the standpoint of those who would restrict themselves to a "devotional bent," and would treat all theology as "interesting and valuable speculation," but not as "part of religion."⁶

Is there no way of steering a middle course between this Scylla and Charybdis of mere religious feeling and non-religious thought and speculation?

From the Supreme Good all thought should flow, and, in flowing, should "confirm me in my belief in it." But if all thought flow from one source, it should blend in one vast and harmonious whole, so that the more we think, the nearer should we approach to Hegel's ideal of religion as "the region in which all the enigmas of the world are solved, all the contradictions of deep-reaching thought have their meaning unveiled, and where the voice of the heart's pain is silenced."

Hegel and Bosanquet are complementary. It is true, on the one hand that, "we cannot be 'saved' as we are; we cannot cease to be what we are; we can only be saved by giving ourselves to something in which we remain what we are, and yet enter into something new."⁷ But, on the other, it is *not* true that this supreme act of self-surrender to a Good which we but dimly perceive "can continue to exist, if reason has convinced itself of the opposite. . . . The one side is cast away, the other alone held fast; but a man cannot win true peace in this way."⁸ Neither by the suppression of faith, nor

⁶ *What Is Religion?* pp. 25, 26. 1920.

⁷ Bosanquet, pp. 8, 9.

⁸ Cf. Bosanquet, pp. 32, 33.

⁹ Hegel, *Philosophy of Religion*, I., 49.

by the suppression of reason can peace come. It can come only if they work together in harmony. And it is on this account that the Church, as Hegel points out, "has consistently and justly refused to allow that reason might stand in opposition to faith and yet be placed in subjection to it.

The need of thinking out the mysteries of faith has been recognized ever since the day when John wrote his Gospel or Paul his Epistle to the Romans. While hardly had the Church begun to preach than the work of harmonizing old truth and new was begun by Christian apologists. The two streams of tradition, human and divine, have come down to us by different channels; but since their source is the same, they cannot be contradictory: the one is the complement of the other. And if Christianity is to make headway, we must still take cognizance of this fact; must still present dogma in such a way that it will harmonize with our present knowledge and appeal to the mentality of our day.

Reason, now as ever, must labor as faith's *ancilla*; and, that she may be able to do this, she is in our seminaries put through a long course of training, first in philosophy, then in theology. The movement of the argument which runs through this seven years' course and links up its various treatises, may be summarized briefly as follows:

First, the universe with its multitudinous comings and goings, is shown to be *not* self-explanatory; and so to postulate an Other. This Other, Who accounts for it and sustains it in being and activity, is called its Creator. The fact that the universe is rich with intelligence and law postulates intelligence in the Creator. Next, is shown the possibility of this intelligent Creator communicating His knowledge to finite intelligences, not merely through nature, but also directly—Spirit moving spirit. This is revelation; the crowning instance of which is that made through Christ, Whose competence as a Spirit-moved intelligence is vouched for alike by the forecast of His coming, by the miracles which He worked during life, and by the fulfillment of His promises in the Society which He founded. As a competent witness, what He testifies, or what His Church testifies, guided by Him in the Spirit, is true. Then comes dogma proper. Christ claimed divinity, and the Church worships Him as God. He spoke of His Experience of the Father, and of the Spirit which He would send in His

own place, and the Church in the Spirit confesses this triple personality and baptizes in this name. Therefore, these dogmas are true.

No fault can be found with either the logical coherence or the systematic completeness of this method. It is its thoroughness which accounts for the competence of our clergy and for the rareness of lapses from theological orthodoxy.

Yet the very completeness of the method carries with it one defect. In studying the numerous treatises, one may sometimes forget that each monk in his cell is also a monk in a monastery. Concentrating on this or that detail, the beauty of the whole may become blurred. Absorbed in the examination of evidence, the value of what is at stake may be overlooked. Philosophic arguments do not give us God as He is: revelation must supplement them. Then God's action in this or that sphere must be discussed. God and the Trinity, the Trinity and the Incarnation, the Incarnation and the Church, the Church and the Sacraments are severed one from another, and, thus severed, lose in part their power of appeal. The whole, though it is not, yet appears to be a patchwork.

This defect is inherent in the very nature of the analytic method, which we are forced to use wherever the matter to be considered is vast and complex. Our intellects, being finite, cannot take in the whole at a glance, but must of necessity work *dividendo et componendo*. The same defect, therefore, appears (and in a still more marked degree) in science with its numerous and loosely linked branches, and again in our methods of teaching, oral or written, in sermons and instructions, in articles, text-books and treatises. Moreover, as the stream of time grows longer, the knowledge which it carries with it, increases prodigiously in volume. The "group-mind" not only remembers more, the more there is to remember, but by means of research and reconstruction, in which many minds collaborate, its memory becomes with each succeeding generation more detailed and more faithful. This does but increase our difficulty, so that in our day water-tight compartments have become well-nigh inevitable. Yet how delightful it would be, and how fruitful, if we could but break down their walls, and in this way get a glimpse of the whole—of God dwelling and operating in His universe, space-dimensions and time-series, thought, life, and energy, all laid out before us.

It must have been some such idea as this which moved St. Anselm to formulate that famous maxim: *Credo, ut intelligam*. He saw that, only if we look at the universe in the light which faith throws upon it, shall we ever understand it as a whole, or be able to synthesize satisfactorily its manifold parts and aspects. And what was true in his day, is still more true in ours. With the multiplication of facts, our viewpoints also have multiplied, and conflict has resulted. Reason is at war not only with faith, but with itself. Skepticism is afield no less in the domain of science than it is in the realm of theology. Peace can come only with harmony; and harmony can never be attained till we view the universe from that central standpoint which God has made plain to us. Once religion *was* the realm in which all the enigmas of the world were solved, all the contradictions of deep-reaching thought had their meaning unveiled, and the voice of the heart's pain was silent. For many souls it is so still, and can become so for all, if they will but join themselves to the whole which God animates, and look at their problems from the standpoint of its self-revealed centre.

Why did God create the universe? And why, in particular, did He create this tiny globe within it, which is the thing that to us most matters? Why is there evil upon it? Why is it a process? Why did so many ages elapse before man appeared? Why so many more before *He* appeared to whom Christians look for light to understand the world and for grace to transcend it? Why did Christ appear at all, and, having appeared, why is He so diversely interpreted and so commonly ignored and discredited? Day and night the universe is changing, and we are changing with it, for better or for worse. What does all this signify? And what do *we* signify who, in spite of Copernicus, still fancy ourselves the pivot of the universe, the main feature within it, the centre for which all exists and to which all must be related?

There can be no doubt that we—together with other intelligent beings in other worlds, if such there be—must in *some* manner be regarded as the centre of the universe. For what possible sense can there be in the perpetual dance of electrons, the constant regroupings of electrons, the whirling of worlds one round the other, as a stone is whirled at the end of a string, unless there be somebody to contemplate this,

somebody to benefit thereby, somebody to take pleasure in the knowledge of these happenings? The main features of the universe—mountains and plains and valleys and rivers, foliage and forests, the vastness of the sea, the sun beyond the cloud filled atmosphere, the moon and the stars that glisten in the night—all these things combine to form one vast harmonious whole of ceaseless activity, wondrous beauty, persistent and inestimable utility. But where would be their utility and of what value their beauty if there were no intelligent beings to behold them, to understand and make use of their power?

Animals presumably enjoy life. But their horizon is restricted to the tiniest fraction of this one tiny globe; and even this has no meaning for them, still less the universe as a whole. It can hardly be for their sakes that the universe exists. If it exists for the sake of anyone at all, it can only be for the sake of beings who can understand and appreciate it. We are told that the universe has evolved from a state in which no intelligent life, and it may be no life at all, was possible within it. Now, at least on this planet and possibly elsewhere, intelligent life has appeared. *Unless it had been destined to appear all along*, the evolution of the universe is wholly without meaning, and there is no reason why it should be in existence.

On the other hand, man appears *late* in this evolutionary process; and if there be other intelligent beings in other worlds, they, too, must be late-comers. Hence, though it may be for the sake of such beings that the universe exists, it cannot be they who produce it.

Does then the universe exist simply, all on its own so to speak? If so, why does it come into being little by little? Why is it a process, and a process in which its *ratio essendi*, man, is a comparatively late-comer? Why are not all stages just one stage? And, since they are not, how comes it that in the later stage, which flows from the earlier, there appears what in the earlier was absent? Creative evolution will not explain this. It merely states the fact that evolution *is* creative; it does not explain how it comes to be creative.

The universe again is made up of bits. There are bits everywhere and of all sizes; bits that work harmoniously, and bits that thwart one another. And no bit *is* any other bit. Each has its own nature and properties, which each seeks to

realize, yet cannot, except in coördination with other bits. There is independence throughout the universe as well in the parts of things as in things themselves and in persons. Yet throughout there is also inter-relation and inter-dependence. How come these parts to contribute to a whole, and the whole to consist of these parts? Inter-relation is the negation of independence. How, then, does what is independent come to be inter-related, or what is inter-related come to be independent?

Whichever way we look at the matter the inference is forced upon us that there is something beyond the universe which is yet operative within it. No one can give to another what he does not himself possess; yet this happens every moment in the process of evolution. New features are doubtless present potentially in the old, but whence comes their actuality, unless there be something or someone who coöperates in the process and in whom all things are actual? Parts are the negation of unity, and yet form a whole which is a unity. Whence comes this whole, unless there be something which coördinates the activities of parts, and so enables them to transcend, while yet in part retaining, their independence?

There are but few philosophers who have failed to recognize in the universe either an ultimate Cause or else an immanent Ground. And the difference between these two explanations, if pressed, turns out to be verbal rather than real. For both Cause and Ground must be immanent in the sense of being operative within the universe, and neither Cause nor Ground can be immanent in the sense of being a mere part of the universe. The common objection to the doctrine of a "First Cause" rests wholly on misunderstanding. "First" does not mean first in the order of time, but ultimate in the order of nature and explanation. Unless there be some real and active principle upon which the universe depends and by which it is sustained in being and operation, its mosaic-like structure, its perpetual transformations, the inter-relation and inter-action of its innumerable parts of every kind and magnitude, is inexplicable.

Nor must we forget that other aspect of the problem upon which already we have touched. A universe of inter-related and interacting parts is futile and meaningless except as the expression of a mind which other minds are destined to con-

template and enjoy. The parts of the universe are real, inanimate as well as animate, animate as well as intelligent; but, except as the expression of intelligence to intelligence, the existence of the universe has neither purpose nor sense. The much-abused analogy of the watch still holds good in broad outline. In their respective orders, the dynamic harmony and complex structure of both the watch and the universe bespeak the mind of an intelligent maker and postulate an intelligent user.

We are getting nearer to religion now. An intelligent Being Who expresses Himself intelligibly to another is plainly a person, and the persons to whom He expresses Himself, if they recognize Him in this expression of Himself, are already in relation with that Person. Philosophy may bring us to God, and, if we surrender to God, when we recognize Him, may lead us to communion with God. But there, I think, philosophy leaves us.

Yet the human mind still craves for knowledge. The enigmas of the universe are not yet solved. Nor is the voice of the heart's pain yet silent. It is a great thing to know that God exists, and a greater thing to know that the universe manifests God's nature. But unless we know *how* it manifests God's nature, there will still lurk the suspicion that God, like the universe, may be full of all manner of blemishes.

Philosophers have often tackled this problem, but without, as a rule, marked success. Plato used to teach, for instance, that all things in the world of phenomena are faint copies of divine and eternal ideas; but he omitted to specify most of them, and forgot entirely to tell us how God comes by these ideas. Even in Scholasticism, where this theory is developed, we learn little that is positive of God's nature, beyond that He is, and necessarily is; that He is intelligent and in every way perfect; that all possible things are eternally present before His mind, and, if existent, are sustained by Him in existence. Other attributes seek rather to remove misconceptions of God. They deny that He changes, or is in any way composite or limited. The philosophic concept of God is true so far as it goes, but it does not say enough of God's nature to enable us to see clearly how God expresses Himself in the universe as we know it.

But if God has expressed Himself in nature for the benefit

of persons who share in that nature, He may also communicate Himself directly to these persons, since they, no less than their environment, are directly sustained by His power. Christians claim that such a revelation of God has been made, and it is precisely to this that they would appeal in order to interpret the universe in which they live. *Credo, ut intelligam*—I believe, that I may understand.

God is. There is no reason beyond Himself why He should be. He simply is. He is *the* Existent. He could not “not be.” And everything that can exist, is realized in Him—all knowledge, all happiness, all perfection. Neither does God exist in parts or successively. Whatever is in Him, is altogether and eternally. Everything that can be experienced He experiences in one and the self-same experience, Himself. All that can be thought or perceived, to Him is eternally present. He sees it in Himself. It exists in Him, because He exists; and exists altogether in the one actuality. God is one.

But also God is three. He is not a mere blank to which we ascribe infinite perfection, all lumped together. In Him is order and *procession*—process eternal, self-subsistent, and complete.

God thinks. But “everyone who thinks, gives rise to something within himself, which is the concept of the thing understood, and proceeds from his knowledge of it.”^a Therefore, God thinks of an object, which is distinguished from the subject which thinks, yet eternally is one with it. Or (in the Hegelian dialect) God expresses Himself, and, in so doing, posits Himself over against Himself as an Other which is yet one with Himself.

This expression of Himself, because it is an expression, is called the divine *Logos*; and because it is generated within God and is His perfect expression or likeness, is called the Son; while *per contra* the principle by which it is generated is called the Father. In considering the relation of the Son to the Father both these notions must be kept before the mind; for, as we experience them, both are faulty. Concepts in which we express ourselves have no reality except in thought, and the sons that are born of us are not only real, but separate. In God, on the other hand, in Whom all acts are perfect, the Son is other than the Father, and yet, is His perfect image,

^a Aquinas, *Summ. Theol.*, I., q. 27, a. 1.

co-equal and co-eternal, is wholly one in nature, and so is both personal and divine.

There is also a third person. "That which is loved," says Cardinal Billot, "is *in* the lover, in the sense that there is an inclination towards what is loved, which proceeds from the will of the lover."¹⁰ But intelligence also is involved. So that love proceeds from a dual principle; namely, from the impulse to love, and from the knowledge of that which is loved as it is expressed in the concept of it as lovable.¹¹ In God there is something analogous. God, as thinking self, is distinguished from Himself as thought-object, and both, being perfect and co-equal, are equally personal. They are the Father and the Son. But also they recognize their essential unity, and join themselves together in an eternal act of love. And this act also being perfect, there arises from it a third person or hypostasis, the Spirit of Love; which presupposes the other two and proceeds from them, yet is one with them in nature, co-equal, co-eternal; proceeding from the Father and the Son, as the Son is generated by the Father, in one and the self-same act by which God eternally is.

There is mystery here, which we cannot fully probe with our human intelligences or explain by our finite analogies. Nor shall we be able to grasp the full significance of this truth until, as Christ's adopted brethren, we be taken into the Society of the Trinity and see God "face to face." Yet this knowledge of God, which comes through revelation, is far more adequate than that which comes by inference from nature; and, if only we will think it out in all its bearings, throws an immense flood of light both upon the structure of the universe and upon man's destiny.

The difficulty of conceiving how God is manifest in the universe, is due largely to the fact that so many philosophers have persistently represented Him as structureless. We know, through revelation, that this is by no means the case. Within God is procession and order, difference and number amid unity. Hypostasis depends upon hypostasis, and proceeds from it, though eternally. Between the hypostasis there is relation, in the one case of generation (paternity and filiation), and in the other of what (for want of a better term) we call

¹⁰ *De Deo Uno et Trino*, 1897, p. 335.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 336; cf. Aquinas, *Comp. Theol.*, c. 49.

spiratio, the procession of the Spirit of Love. If, then, we exclude from the connotation of evolution the note of potentiality and imperfection, and define it with Father Garrett Pierce¹² as "the unfolding of multiplicity in unity," we may also say with him in all reverence that in God "there is the highest type of evolution."

There is also society in God, and the analogue of that corporate unity which is characteristic of all social life, whether on the human level, or on that of the animal herd. But whereas in God both society and the unity that pervades it, is perfect, with us both are imperfect. Each member of human society, being finite, contributes to it what is partly the same and partly different; and often there is strife. But in God, each member is so perfect as to be not merely alike, but wholly one in nature. Each has every divine attribute. Each is such that He cannot not be.

There is also in God all the characteristics of experience in so far as these imply perfection. It is in the experience of Himself that the Son is generated as the object of the Father's experience, and from the mutual experience of Father and Son that the Spirit proceeds, synthesizing eternally in Himself the One and the Other that experience has distinguished.

It is evident that these characteristics are manifest in the universe in which we live.

Our universe is a pluralistic universe, and yet has structure or plan. It is made up of individuals; some having conscious experience, others not; some intelligent, others merely conscious. Yet each has a certain capacity or power, from which proceeds action and change in itself and in other individuals. Individuals—persons or things—interact, and so are inter-related and inter-dependent. There is also a one-way dependence, from cause to effect, antecedent to consequent, running throughout the whole course of time. Just as we can say of the Son that, if the Father were not, the Son would not be, and of the Spirit, that if the Father and Son were not, the Spirit would not be; so can we say in the order of intelligence, of thought, volition, and emotion, in the order of life, of progeny and growth, and in the order of energy, of its vast variety of transformation, that if the antecedent were

¹² *Irish Theological Quarterly*, July, 1919, "Some Modern Sidelights on the Trinity"

not, the consequent would never follow. But with this difference. In God, Father, Son and Spirit eternally are. In the universe things occupy but a fraction of the time-series, and in the rest of it are not. None the less, they depend upon and proceed from one another.

Still more significant is the analogy which obtains between the divine experience and its counterpart in nature. Experience is conscious inter-relation; and in God, where each "centre of experience" has experience of the whole, it exists in its highest form. With us, on the other hand, experience is finite; is ever changing; and is mediated by a body between which and its environment are many inter-relations of which we are but dimly conscious or not conscious at all. Such inter-relationship, moreover, and the tendency towards further relationship manifests itself everywhere. Living things, as they grow, enter into further relationship with their environment, and by adaptation perfect this relationship; while in the animal world, animate bodies vary their experience also by gadding about. This is true (in the lower order of unconscious relationship) also of the inanimate world. Gravitation, electrical attraction and repulsion, chemical affinity seem to indicate that the tendency to seek further relationship is characteristic not merely of all life, but of all things, even to their innermost parts; while inertia is analogous to our conscious tendency to retain an experience which satisfies us. Everywhere nature repeats itself in varying degrees of perfection, and everywhere, though always imperfectly, it manifests the nature of the supreme and eternal Being upon Whom it depends.

One might press the analogy further, and with St. Augustine and St. Thomas, apply it especially to man. One might seek an analogue of the procession of the Spirit from the Father and Son in man's dual faculty of intelligence and will, from which issues action, conscious and physical. One might see it again in the duality of sex and the unity of their offspring. But this will suffice. Our knowledge of the Trinity does not come to us through nature, but by way of divine revelation; yet, once we possess that knowledge, we can see how there are *vestigia Trinitatis* everywhere in nature. Even as in God there is unity, personality, number, relation, experience, procession, so are these characteristics deep-

rooted and fundamental in the universe which God has created.

The first stage of our inquiry is at an end. God has expressed Himself, not only internally in the Word which is one with Himself, but also *ad extra*, and for our benefit. Except for the intelligent beings who dwell within it, the universe would be meaningless and futile. It is meant for us; exists entirely for our profit. From it we may learn of God, and the more we know of God the more we realize how God is manifest in the universe.

Yet with it we are never content, but ever seek further and yet further experience, both as individuals and as a race. This fact is significant in more ways than one, and again, I think, the fundamental doctrine of our Catholic faith should help us to solve the problems that arise from the problem of a universe which not only changes but evolves. Of this we will write in a subsequent article.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A LIVING IRISH LITERATURE.

BY W. H. KENT, O.S.C.



IN the course of a debate, in the British House of Commons, on the question of Irish self-determination, Mr. David Lloyd George, the Welsh Prime Minister of England, made a characteristic speech in disparagement of the Irish claim to nationhood. Adopting a line which he had taken on a former occasion, he laid special stress on the language question, and drew an invidious comparison, in this matter, between Wales and Ireland. Wales, as he observed, which did not claim to set up as a separate republic, had maintained its own ancient language; and has, he added, "a living literature, which I know." In Ireland, on the contrary, even the seditious papers which had been seized by the Government, were written in English. And he sneered at the artificial attempts to revive the Irish language in recent years.

It may be well to remark in passing that, in any case, the right to existence as an independent and separate nationality cannot be made to depend on the use of a distinctive national language. For, if once we adopted this criterion, what would become of the Republic of Switzerland? Nay, what justification would be found, in that case, for the triumphant self-determination of the original United States in 1776? And the claims of the younger South American Republics would all be left in the same dubious condition. To interpose yet another remark, it is strange to find a responsible statesman choosing this present moment for scoffing at a movement of linguistic revival. For all that is passing just now in Eastern Europe proves the vitality and spontaneous character of these movements of national revival, and the possibility of recovering lost ground, even when the case might well seem to be hopeless. Eighty years ago, the Czech language and literature were at a lower ebb, in Prague itself, than our Gaelic has ever reached in Ireland. In the city where it is now the language of government, of literature and of learning, Bohemians were once

ashamed to be overheard speaking a word of Czech, lest they should be mistaken for ignorant peasants from the country.

Those who know the strength and vitality of the present movement of Gaelic Revival, and are also familiar with the history of similar national movements in many other lands, need not be greatly troubled by the English Prime Minister's gibes and flouts and sneers. But there is just one point in his comparison between Wales and Ireland which may suggest a fear that there is, after all, some ground for misgiving: Wales, he assures us, has a living literature—plainly implying that Ireland has no such literature in her own language. And students of literary history who know that a national literature is the gradual growth of ages, a living organism requiring time for its development, may well be left wondering how this want is to be supplied. Instead of attempting to answer this question, it may be more to the point to ask another: "Is it true that Ireland has no living literature in her own Celtic language?"

It is certainly well worth while to ask—and answer—this question. For there are a good many patriotic Gaels who would hardly be prepared to take up this challenge, and tell the world something about our living Gaelic literature. This is scarcely surprising. For many millions of Irishmen have lost the old language of their fathers, and among those who have some knowledge of Gaelic and know something of its history, many are but imperfectly acquainted with the story of our national literature. Students of mediæval Irish history, for example, the readers of Mrs. J. R. Green's admirable sketch, "The Making of Ireland," must needs know something of the Gaelic culture which prevailed in that bright period of life and promise, when the bardic schools were flourishing, and Irish art and Irish manufactures were still known to the continental nations. But too many are under the impression that it all went under with the breakup of the native system in the disastrous wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

To form a just estimate of the vitality of Gaelic literature and appreciate the rich resources of the language, one should study the old Gaelic and the new, the Irish and the Scottish—for both are branches of one rich, far-spreading literature—the old folk-tales and ballads, and the best modern work,

whether in prose or poetry. And one who can speak from this experience may well feel it a duty to give some account, however partial and imperfect, of this living Gaelic literature.

It may be well, at the outset, to attack the *πρῶτον ψεῦδος* and insist that the Gaelic literature of Ireland did not go under with the downfall of the native princes in the seventeenth century. Dr. Douglas Hyde, speaking with an authority which will not be gainsaid, says: "When the great Milesian and Norman families began to lose their power in the seventeenth century, a distinctly new school of poetry arose in Ireland, which discarded the learning and the metres of the old bards, and instead of carefully counting the syllables, as used to be the case, counted only the accented syllables—and lo! with a turn of the hand, Irish poetry changed its form and complexion, and from being an old man so bound up and swathed about with rules and fetters that it could scarcely breathe or see, it burst out into a blooming young maiden dressed in all the colors of the rainbow. Then, indeed, poetry became the handmaid of the many, not the mistress of the few; then, indeed, through every nook and corner of the island the populace, neglecting all bardic training, burst out into passionate song.

"What the popular ballads of the folk had been like prior to the seventeenth century we have no means of knowing. No scribe would demean his learned pen by committing them to paper; but from that date down to the beginning of the present (nineteenth) century, the bards—the great houses being fallen—turned instinctively to the general public, and threw behind them the metres that required so many years of study in the schools, and dropped at a stroke several thousand words, which no one understood, except the great chiefs or those trained by the poets, while they broke out into beautiful but at the same time intelligible verse, which no one who has once heard and learned is ever likely to forget. *This is to my mind the rich glory of the modern Irish nation; this is the sweetest creation of Gaelic literature; this is the truest note of the enchanting Irish siren, and he who has once heard it and remains deaf to its charm has neither heart for song nor soul for music. The Gaelic poetry of the last two centuries is the most sensuous attempt to convey music in words ever made by man. It is absolutely impossible to con-*

*vey the lusciousness of sound, richness of rhythm and perfection of harmony in another language!"*¹

This pleasing picture of the change which came over the face of Irish Gaelic poetry in the seventeenth century may well have an interest for lovers of mediæval Latin literature. For it presents a remarkable analogy to the transformation of our Latin hymnody when quantitative verse and the elaborate metrical laws of classic antiquity gave place to the freer and more melodious songs of Jacopone da Todi, and Adam of St. Victor and Jerome of Speier.

As this remarkable lecture on "The Last Three Centuries of Irish Literature" was delivered in English to a London audience, most of whom, it may be supposed, had no knowledge of Gaelic; the lecturer refrained from citing any passages in the original. Some lovers of Gaelic song will recall the familiar words of Saviourneen Deelish:

Ba bhrónach an lá ud ar sgaras óm' cheud grádh
 's a mhuirnín dílis Eibhlín óg!
 Do phógas a deora, 's mo chroidhe 'stig dh' á gheur-chrádh,
 's a mhuirnín dílis Eibhlín óg!
 Ba bhán i a h-aghaidh lem' bhrághaid, feadh na h-uaire,
 Ba tais i a lámh, ní raibh marmar ní b' fhuaire,
 's gur bh' eól dom gur siorruidhe mo sgaradh óm' stuaire!
 's a mhuirnín dílis Eibhlín óg!

But the first example that occurred to the present writer was a passage in the "Aithrige," or penitential hymn of Seaghan de Hordha (John Hore), who may be fitly called the Harmonious Blacksmith of County Clare:

A Dhia ta shuas feuch anuas
 's reidh mo ghuais anabaidh
 's leig me ad chuan gleigeal suathain,
 Naomhtha buan-t-seasámhach:
 A dhe na m-Buadh dein dam truagh,
 Air theacht do 'n uair mharbhthach;
 's na leig me uait fein le fuaith,
 A b-peinn le sluagh Acheroín.

¹ "The Last Three Centuries of Gaelic Literature." By Douglas Hyde, LL.D. (An Chraoibhín Aoibhinn.) Being the Inaugural Address Delivered Before the Irish Literary Society of London for the Session 1894-1895. The Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord Russell of Killowen) in the Chair. (The italics are mine.)

The musical vowel harmonies in these lines may well serve as samples of the new poetry so well described in our quotation from Dr. Hyde's lecture. But a further interest attaches to the work of this blacksmith poet. For its date suggests a comparison with the verse of his younger contemporary, Donald M'Leod, known as "Am Bard Sgiathanach"—the Skye Bard. Seaghan de Hordha, who was born in Dunaha, in the western part of County Clare, flourished about 1780. And Donald M'Leod was born in Durness, in the Isle of Skye, about 1785. The nearness in time and the distance in place make it unlikely that the one could have been influenced by the other. For though the songs of the Clare blacksmith were justly prized in his own country, they can hardly have found their way to Skye in the poet's lifetime. And if we find the same note sounded in the songs of Am Bard Sgiathanach, it can only be because this native music comes from sources that are farther back in our Gaelic history, or springs spontaneously from the genius of the language. For this reason, it may be of interest to compare the following stanza from Donald M'Leod's "Smeorach nan Leodach" with the above passage from the "Aithrige Sheaghain de Hordha."

's iomadh buaidh fo stuaidh mo bhalla,
Chuidreadh ruaig air sluagh a caraid,
Nach dean gluasad gun ruaim callá,
Dorainn fuathais a chuain fhala'.

While Dr. Douglas Hyde bears striking testimony to the long-continued vitality of the native Irish literature, and even sets the poetry of these later centuries above that of the mediæval period, strange to say, he strikes a despondent note. For he speaks as if this rich literature had at length come to an end. In this, happily, he has proved to be unduly pessimistic. And it is only fair to add that in the five-and-twenty years that have elapsed since this lecture was delivered, he has done much to refute his own statements, and falsify his own predictions. For the Gaelic League, which he founded, has rallied what then seemed to be the sinking forces of the Irish Gaels. And his own Irish writings, both in prose and poetry, give us a pleasing practical proof that our national literature is still living.

If we confine our attention to some parts of the country, or to some classes of society, there might seem to be ground for thinking that the Gaelic literature, not to say the language, was dead or dying. But, look further afield, and you may soon find that it is being cultivated, possibly in unsuspected places. For we have Scotland to reckon with as well as Ireland. What student of Greek literature would be content to confine his reading to any one dialect alone? For whichever he may select, he must needs lose some of the greatest of Greek authors. Homer, and Herodotus, Theocritus and Plato, all have their part in the glory that was Greece, though all use different forms of the same melodious language. And so, in like manner, the lover of Gaelic literature should not confine himself to Irish or Scottish Gaelic alone, but should rather claim his share in all the treasures which are the common heritage and glory of the sea-sundered children of the Gael. On this point, I am happy to be able to claim the support of Dr. Douglas Hyde himself. For when, some eight years ago, I advocated this view in an article on "The Greater Gaedhealtachd," published in the Scottish organ, *Guth na Bliadhna*, Dr. Hyde, in a paper entitled "Comhairle an Athar Ceannt," which appeared in the next number of the review, was good enough to express his approval of this policy of literary co-operation.

To point to the living Gaelic literature of Scotland as a support and encouragement to that of Ireland, may seem open to the proverbial reproach that we are attempting to prove a thing unknown by something even less known—"ignotum per ignotius." For if Englishmen, and Anglicized Celts, know little or nothing of our Irish literature, their ignorance of Scots-Gaelic literature is, in some respects, yet more remarkable. This is in many ways more remarkable than their attitude to Irish and Welsh literature, because Walter Scott and his disciples have awakened a widespread interest in the romantic history of Scotland. And it may be safely said that there is no phase of Anglo-Scottish history in which literature plays such an important part in political struggles as that which tells of the Jacobite risings. Most English and Scottish readers are familiar with the fact that there is a rich ballad literature which gives vivid expression to the loyalty of Scottish Jacobites to the Stuart princes, and their cordial

aversion for the Hanoverian usurpers. "Over the water to Charlie" is a familiar example of the one kind, and "The wee, wee German Lairdie," of the other. And the student of history can readily understand how those stirring songs helped to quicken and strengthen these two feelings of loyalty to the rightful king and loathing for the foreign usurper.

These same readers must also be familiar with the fact that the main body of the Jacobite army was composed of Highland clansmen to whom English, or the Scottish of the Lowlands, was a foreign language, and who must, therefore, remain wholly unmoved by these spirited Saxon songs and ballads. This should compel the historical student to ask whether there was not some corresponding Jacobite ballad literature in Gaelic. For it could hardly be that a small section of the army which marched into the heart of England and shook the Hanoverian throne, moved to the stirring strains of martial music, while the main body went on its way dumb. Yet how many readers have taken the trouble to ask this obvious question?

Fine as they are, the best of the Lowland ballads when they are set beside the work of our Gaelic bards,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, are as water unto wine.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether the whole of the Jacobite poetry in English, or Lowland Scottish, could bear a comparison with the work of a single Gaelic bard, Alexander MacDonald, better known to Gaels as MacMhaighster Alasdair. Apart from the music of his language, and the martial spirit that inspires his words, there is a genuineness and reality in MacDonald's songs that is wanting in some otherwise excellent Jacobite poetry. For the bard himself bore his part in the Rising. One of his songs to the Prince, "O! Thearlaich mhic Sheumais," was sung by him when the flag was unfurled in Glenfinnan, while Prince Charlie rested on his knee. Nor was he one of those who forsook the cause in the hour of danger and disaster. His later poems, when all was over, such as his fine "Oran do Mhac Shimidh," or ode on the death of Mac-Shimidh, known to Saxons as Simon Lord Lovat, who was executed in 1746, breathes the same fiery spirit of Jacobite loyalty and hatred of the Hanoverians. The poetry of Mac-

Donald and his contemporary, Duncan Ban MacIntyre, "Donnacha Ban nan Oran" (Fairhaired Duncan of the Songs), is a rich, living literature pulsating with the life of the Gaelic people, but English and Anglo-Scottish readers are gracefully unaware of its existence.

These poets, it is true, flourished more than a hundred years ago. But some good judges are disposed to regard the Scots-Gaelic poetry of our own days as equal to the best work of the eighteenth century. Here, too, as in the days of the Jacobite risings, the literature reflects the national movements and the political struggles. The poetry of the sweet singer of Skye, Mary MacPherson (Mairi, Nighean Iain Bhain) owed much of its inspiration to the Crofter movement of the eighties. And echoes of the same movement are heard in the melodious songs of Neil MacLeod. The "Dain agus Orain" of the Skye poetess were first published in 1891, and the third edition of MacLeod's "Clarsach an Doire" appeared in 1902. But their work is as little known to their English-speaking contemporaries as was that of the bards of the eighteenth century. How little MacDonald's fine poems were known to the Southron may be gathered from the fact that even the Jacobite Johnson could repeat, as Boswell tells us, "with great energy" the bitter lines on Lord Lovat's execution. For their whole point is that, while many of various classes mourn for Kil-marnock, Balmerino or Derwentwater, no one, whether Whig or Tory, whether the fair, or the brave, or the honest, can lament for Lovat, who, if this English versifier is to be believed, was false to all parties alike. Neither Johnson nor Boswell, nor indeed any of the later editors of the famous biography, would seem to be aware that the greatest of Jacobite bards had given this unlamented Lovat the noblest elegy of them all.

To bring the main question at issue to a simple, practical test, it may be well to consider what would be the real position of our ancient tongue, at this present moment, if it had no living literature. In these circumstances, one who wished to write in Irish would be in a hard case. On one hand he would have the colloquial Gaelic of the day, *ex hypothesi*, without literary form. And, on the other, he would have the writings of old authors full of archaic words and obsolete phrases. He might well envy the French or English writers,

who rejoice in the possession of models of their own days, to the command of a language at once literary and living. English literature, it is true, gained new life and vigor, in the days of the Romantic Movement, by coming into fresh contact with the old ballads and with mediæval poetry. But the work of revival would have been far more arduous and its success more doubtful, if there had been no sort of historical continuity and no current literary forms and conventions. Even in prose, new writers can with difficulty work out a style of their own. And poetry would be yet more at a loss, in the absence of metrical forms adapted to the language of their own generation. This deficiency in form, and in what may be called the literary mechanism of a language, would naturally be most conspicuous, by reason of the contrast, in the case of metrical translations of poetry. Even in more favorable circumstances, a translation can seldom bear a comparison with its original. And here the writer of the original poem enjoys those advantages which, *ex hypothesi*, will be wanting to the translator. On the other hand, patriotic songs written in English have played such an important part in Irish political movements, that the advent of the Gaelic Revival must naturally create a wish to see these popular songs rendered in the old language of Ireland. As might have been expected, most of the familiar favorites have now been done into Gaelic. And it is comparatively easy to see whether these translations show any tokens of the poverty and want of form that belong to a language without a living literary tradition.

Some of these songs, it may be remarked, notably Ingram's immortal "Memory of the Dead," might well tax the powers of a master of the art of translation, with all the advantages of a rich literary language at his command. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Father Prout, himself, could have given us a French version worthy of the occasion. The familiar abbreviation of the date, dignified by all its tragic associations, comes with fine effect in the abrupt question of the opening line of the original—

Who fears to speak of '98?

But how is anything so prosaic and unmanageable as a date to be rendered with equal effect in another language? It is

hard for a translator to be confronted with such a problem, in the opening stanza of the poem. But, could any master of metrical art, using the most cultivated literary language have rendered the whole stanza more admirably than Dr. Douglas Hyde has done in his fine Gaelic version?

An uair a chaineann siad ghrádh
Na ndaoine nach bhfuil beó,
Bhfuil náire ort aon fhocal rádh
Ar ocht gceud acht dó?
Ni 'l ann ach traill no droch-chineál
A mhasluigheas a thír,
Acht ógánaigh mar tá sibh,
Sibh ólfas gloine fhíor.

As has been suggested, a French reading of this stanza might well be a task to tax the powers of the ingenious. Father Prout himself, albeit he was not baffled by "The night before Larry was stretched." For, though the English numeral, "ninety-eight," lends itself readily to song, what can a poor poet do with the cumbersome "*quatre-vingt-dix-huit*?" This is in curiously close agreement with the ordinary Irish form of the same number, to wit, "ocht-deug a's cheithre fichid" (eighteen and four score"). Finding this too long, some recent writers have devised such expressions as "Nócha a h-Ocht," or "Ocht a's nócha," and one Gaelic translation of "The Rising of the Moon" has even dragged in the English number. But An Chraoibhín Aoibhinn has surely found a far better solution of the difficulty in his "ocht gceud deug acht dó," *i. e.*, "eighteen hundred save two"—1798. The agreement between the French and Gaelic forms for "eighty" and "ninety," it may be remarked, is no mere coincidence. It means, rather, that the Gaul, here at any rate, still keeps to the old Celtic custom of counting by scores even in his neo-Latin language. Possibly, the Biblical English "three score years and ten" has a similar origin. For this is the ordinary method of expressing "seventy" in Welsh and in Breton, as well as in Gaelic.

Fine as it is, Dr. Hyde's "Cuimhne na Marbh" does not by any means stand alone. Of many other instances, in which translators have been singularly successful in rendering both the meaning and the spirit of their originals, we may recall

the same Irish singer's version of the English verses of "Shule Agra," the Gaelic "Rising of the Moon," by William Williams, and the more familiar versions of "God Save Ireland," and "The Soldiers' Song." Some of these were rendered quite recently, but the second example was published some forty years ago. And, to go back nearly eighty years, we have Archbishop MacHale's spirited Gaelic translations of many of Moore's Irish melodies, notably "Let Erin Remember," and "The Minstrel Boy," which were published in 1842. The same indefatigable Irish scholar has also left us a Gaelic version of the Pentateuch, and a metrical translation of the earlier books of Homer's *Iliad*. A scholarly Scottish poet, Ewen MacLachlan, who died in 1822, while Dr. MacHale was yet a young man, had already rendered the first seven books of the *Iliad* into his own Gaelic of Lochaber. Here, we are reminded of a later Scottish writer who takes high rank as a translator, Mary MacKellar (née Cameron), who translated Queen Victoria's *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands* into Gaelic. Her rendering of Aytoun's fine ballad on "The Death of Montrose" is surely one of the most successful metrical translations of poetry to be found in any language: it is at once so close to the English original both in letter and spirit, so easy and idiomatic, and such fine Gaelic poetry.

All this work could never have been accomplished in a language left without a living literature. And to those who accept that gloomy view of Gaelic history, these translations—even if they stood alone, and were not, as they are, surrounded by a rich mass of original poetry of rare merit—might even present an inexplicable problem. The French poetry of today would not be what it is but for those early minstrels who sang the "*chansons de geste*," and the great mediæval poets, and Ronsard and the Pléiade, and the classic school of the "*grand siècle*," and the romantic poets of a later generation. In the English Elizabethan poetry, again, some writers have recognized the blending of two streams, represented by Chaucer and the author of "Piers Plowman." The first may be traced to its source in the old French "*chansons de geste*," and the second to the alliterative song of the Saxons and Norsemen. And the influence of both may still be felt in the music of later English poetry.

Even if we assume for the moment that some fragmentary

Gaelic literature had survived, it might seem that it could be of little help to some of the poets whose names have been mentioned here. For a village blacksmith like Seaghan de Hordha could not be in the way of getting much literary culture. And a cobbler's wife, like Mary MacPherson, who only learned to read print, but could not write, could scarcely be expected to cultivate the muse to much advantage. To those who know the true facts of the case, the melodious verse of these Gaelic singers, both in Ireland and Scotland, cannot present any very difficult problem. For the truth is that they were drawing their inspiration, and learning the mystery of their art, from one of the oldest and most living literary traditions in the world. As has been said, there is a true and continuous stream of poetic literature in other lands, such as France and England, and the modern poets, however indirectly and unconsciously, owe much of their music to minstrels of an earlier age. But, for the most part, it must be confessed, the work of these older singers is apt to be forgotten and neglected, and left to specialists or antiquarians. But it is far otherwise in the land of the Gaels. For here the old national literature, a rich and varied mass of prose tales and legends and ballad poetry, lives on in the memory of the people, who learn it, not from books but from the *beul-aithris* or oral tradition.

As the singing or recitation of these fine old tales and ballads has long been a popular institution among our people, it is no wonder that many of these who have been accustomed to hear them from their childhood should have their memory stored with the music of these old songs and legends. And those who were themselves born with the gift of song, can be in no want of models to teach them the accomplishment of verse. Mary MacPherson's poems, between eight and nine thousand lines, were taken down from her recitation. And her editor, after remarking on this feat of memory, goes on to add: "And she has at least half as much more of her own, and twice as much which she is able to repeat of floating unpublished poetry, mainly that of Skye and the Western Isles." The old literature, handed down by oral tradition, includes prose tales, as well as poetry. A good deal of this prose is strongly marked by one of the chief characteristics of our poetry—a bewildering wealth of alliterative adjectives. The Fenian

folk-tale, "*Tóruigheacht Dhiarmuda Agus Ghráinne*," ("*The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne*") is an example of this style of Gaelic prose. An excellent edition of it, with English translation, glossary and notes, was published some thirty years since, by Messrs. Gill & Son, Dublin, for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. A far more important landmark in the history of Irish prose is Keating's *History of Ireland*, an edition of which, on much the same lines as the aforesaid "*Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne*," was included in the same publishers' "Gaelic Union Publication," the first part appearing in 1880. Some twenty years later, a new edition of the text was brought out by the Irish Texts Society. After speaking of the Four Masters, and other great prose writers of that age, Dr. Hyde adds: "Of these men, Keating as a writer was the greatest. He is a literary man, a poet, professor and historian in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and even since the publication of his history of Ireland some two hundred and fifty (two hundred and seventy-six) years ago, the modern language may be said to have been by him almost stereotyped."

Keating's work not only stands as a model of prose style for writers of the present day, but has two marked features which make it a connecting link with our older language. It seems to hold a central place, symbolizing and establishing the historical unity and continuity of Irish literature. One of these features is the use of several archaic verbal forms, which gives a pleasing flavor of antiquity to the historian's style, is appropriate to his subject matter, and assists his readers in the study of older writers. The other feature, of far greater importance, is the abundance of his poetical quotations. These verses, of a far earlier age than the historian's own prose text, familiarize the reader with another form of the language and afford him many examples of the classic metres of Irish poetry. In his sermons, as Dr. Hyde tells us, Keating sometimes indulged in the rhetorical alliteration of the old tales. Another preacher, of a later generation, Dr. James O'Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe, and afterwards of Kildare and Leighlin, who flourished in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, was master of a simple, terse and vigorous style. His sermons were often preached by others, at his own desire, as well as by himself, and may be read still in the excel-

lent edition published by the late Canon Ulick Bourke, of St. Jarlath's Tuam, in 1877. They, too have furnished a model of style to many readers.

The poets who were so successful in giving a musical Irish rendering to songs written in another tongue, can be heard to yet more advantage in original work of their own. Thus, to take one obvious example, two very different songs of Dr. Hyde's may well be favorites with many Irish readers, one a sprightly love song to the air of "An Crúiscín Lan," and the other a pathetic poem on "The Croppy's Death" ("Bás an 'Chroppi'"), which has all the witching music of Heine's "Lorelei." Among the numerous writers of vigorous Gaelic prose who are doing good work in our periodical literature, one who veils his identity under the "*nom de guerre*" of "Cu Uladh" is worthy of special mention. Apart from his vigorous style, the very language he uses has a value of its own as a political object lesson. It is a common superstition that Ulster differs from the other provinces of Ireland in race and language and religion. For too many Englishmen, and possibly others as well, seem to mistake the northeastern corner for the whole province. For this reason it is surely significant that some of the most trenchant political papers from the Irish national standpoint are those which "Cu Uladh" writes in his own Ulster Gaelic. Such, for example, was his striking article, "An t-Athrú Mór i n-Eirinn," which appeared in *Guth na Bliadhna* on the morrow of the general election of 1918.

Gaelic literature is still living. And as the movement of revival gains ground and Irishman, and Scotsman, too, return to their national languages, this literature is likely to become more widely known throughout the world, and has a bright future before it. The success that has already crowned other revivals of the same kind, for example, the Czech movement in Bohemia, may serve to reassure those Gaels who are disposed to take a less hopeful view of our present situation. But apart from the pessimists who question our prospects of succeeding in this movement of Gaelic revival of restoration, there are others who are disposed to doubt whether such a success is desirable. Some feel that, however much a restoration of Gaelic to its rightful place as the national language of Ireland might gratify popular sentiment, or patriotic pride, or racial prejudice, the triumph of English culture would

really do far more to promote the true interests of Irish literature and Irish education. This view of the matter may well seem plausible to Englishmen or to foreigners who are acquainted with the rich English literature and know little or nothing of the Gaelic. But on further reflection it will be found to be an illusion.

Here, as elsewhere, the true interests of a national literature and the best hopes for the future lie with the native language of the people. And from the foreign language, and the foreign culture, Ireland can only get a literature that would be, at best, but second-rate and provincial. All the arguments that tell in favor of Anglicizing Ireland might have been urged with equal plausibility in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in favor of Gallicizing England. For French was then the language of the ruling classes, of court and parliament and schools: and it was also the language of a rich and flourishing literature. But the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe would never have been a match for the French of Paris in the realms of literature: still less would it be able to vie with the English of Stratford-on-Avon. And the same holds good of Ireland. Here, too, the true sources of poetry, and of all literature in the highest sense, must be sought in the traditions of the people and in the genius of the national language. It is true some good work has been done by Irishmen who write in English. But Anglo-Irish literature could scarcely bear comparison with that of England itself; nor could anyone who knew them both put it on the same level as the Gaelic literature of Ireland. The literature that springs spontaneously from the native sources and faithfully reflects national folklore and legend and carries on the old literary tradition, must needs be written in the olden tongue of Erin.

As simple, practical proof that our Gaelic literature is still living, it may not be amiss to cite two Irish Gaelic books well worthy to be considered by themselves, and apart from the rest, as evidence of a special kind—*Séadna*, the masterpiece of the late Canon O'Leary of Castle Lyons, or as he himself preferred to be called "An t-Athair Péadar," a venerable writer lately lost to us who has left behind him many valuable works in Irish; and the single volume containing the Gaelic writings, short stories, poems and plays of our martyred first President, Pádraic Pearse. Both these books are literature in

the truest sense, stamped with the hallmark of genius. And both of them, to be sure, are living and destined to live. For the children of the Gael, if they be wise, will not willingly suffer them to die. Travelers tell us of two or three books that are generally to be found in the modest libraries of English settlers in far lands. If a student of Gaelic literature were asked to select three books that ought to be found in the homes of Irishmen who love their land and their language and their national literature, he could hardly do better than take Keating's *History of Ireland*, Father Peter's *Séadna*, and the volume containing the Gaelic writings of Pádraic Pearse. The first, besides telling the fascinating story of Ireland in the past, reflects the beauties of our olden literature. The second paints a vivid picture of the Gaelic Ireland of today. And in the third, a young writer of yet rarer genius, charms us by the music of his language, his poetry, his lofty idealism and his pure faith and patriotism. For a moment, the reader's delight in these writings may be dimmed by sorrow, as he thinks how this bright young life was cut short by the hands of ruthless foemen, and the world was robbed of a genius who had so much more to give us. But the blow has missed its mark. Pearse is not dead. His writings still live, and will continue to live, among the brightest jewels in our living Irish literature.

TRAINING FOR SOCIAL WORK.

BY FREDERICK SIEDENBURG, S.J.



WE live in the day of the specialist. In the professions as well as in industry the principle of the division of labor has long since been adopted, and the real estate lawyer, the gas engineer, and the goitre physician, have commended themselves to the approval of the world. The reason is not far to seek. With the advance of knowledge the horizon always widens and what seemed simple from a distance, becomes complex when we draw near and study. To the uninitiated social work seems an obvious task, but to those who know its real significance, it is an intricate problem and to approach it conscientiously requires study and practice, not to mention the necessary prerequisites of character and social instinct. Not without reason has social work been called a profession and daily is it becoming more worthy of that name.

Social work, as its name implies, is associated with society, *i. e.*, the group, and hence in proportion as our groups become large and complex does the need for social work grow. The hamlet or the village does not need a Charity Organization Society or an Association of Commerce, because the problems of village poverty and commerce are elementary and readily solved. But the congested, complicated city, with the poor and stranger within its gates, with its social lights and shadows, with its virtue and its vice, and, above all, with its shams and its deceits, presents social problems of distress and delinquency that baffle even the wary and the knowing, and in whose presence even science and experience are often uncertain of a solution. Even out in the open country there is a rich field for the social worker, although not for large social organizations. For over a decade rural social workers have demonstrated alike their economic and social value. They have not only been the evangelists of the best social thought and action of the day, but they have also brought to the isolation of the farm and ranch a community spirit fraught with valu-

able lessons of education, health and recreation, hitherto thought impossible in country life.

But today, for the most part, we are living in large communities. The 1920 Census assures us that we have ceased to be a rural, and have become an urban, people. One-tenth of our population live in three of our cities and one-quarter live in sixty of our largest cities. This means, it is true, the diffusion of metropolitan life, with its wealth, pleasures and opportunities, but it likewise means the multiplication of proletarian existence, with its poverty, disease, and the want of a chance. Take the poverty problem of a large community; it is but one of its hundred problems, and yet we cannot intelligently approach it without a knowledge of its extent, of its causes and effects, and of the remedies that have been tried; of their failure and success. In other words, knowledge and practice are necessary, and knowledge and practice mean training.

Success in social work, as in everything else, depends on the native ability of the worker and on his training. We can have one without the other, and of the two, natural ability is preferable to training, since social work has to do primarily with human beings with whom tact and judgment and sympathy go farther than any kind of theory or technique. If, however, to the natural social worker we add training, that is, the knowledge of the best thought and experience of others, we approach the ideal.

What should be this training of the social worker and is there a standard course of instruction for social work? Whether the social worker be a court officer, a settlement worker, or a visiting nurse, he must make investigations, he must keep records, he must recognize a normal standard of living, and he must especially know that *individual* treatment is the only safe, as well as successful, mode of action. Again, he must know that he has no right to treat cases regardless of the experience of others preserved in case records; he must know that medical, and even legal, agencies are closely related to social agencies. Indeed, he will not be able intelligently to give even direct relief, unless he has a social point of view, and realizes the maladjustment of many of our social habits and institutions. He must be familiar with civic problems that affect charities and correction, and he must be interested

in public health and hygiene, in tenement control and housing laws. He must distinguish between defectives and delinquents, between normals and subnormals, and especially he must distinguish between persons and conditions. And who shall teach him prudence and tact and, above all things, sympathy?

It might be well at the outset to define two words in the subject under discussion, namely *standard* and *social*. By a standard course of instruction it is not meant that there is a course in practice today recognized as such by any authority or organization, but by a standard course we may well mean a feasible and adequate course of instruction in the principles and methods involved in social work that will be most beneficial to the indigent, the defective and the distressed in general. The character of the instruction and the extent of the field work and the time given to each are clearly variable factors, and, of course, affect the general result.

The important word, however, is *social*. By social is meant the antithesis of individual, and it implies that the social worker, although dealing with the individual, never loses sight of the welfare of the group, that is, of society. All social work may be said to take one of three forms. The first of these is *temporary* or *direct relief*. Under modern conditions social work is not worthy of the name if it stops with temporary or direct relief. Relief is often as imperative as its need; it is self-evident, for it is immediate aid of an immediate need, for example, food for the hungry, shelter for the homeless, medical aid for the sick. This direct relief, however, should not be continued more than is absolutely necessary.

Second, social work may take the form of *rehabilitation*, that is, aid given to remove the cause rather than the effect of distress; thus making the charity "clients," as Miss Richmond calls them, help themselves back to normal life. This is obviously more difficult, and clearly more beneficial than temporary or direct relief. It is *constructive* social work.

Third, we have social work in its highest form, where the evil is foreseen and the need of relief anticipated by *prevention*. In place of belated efforts of direct or constructive relief, we devote our energies to prevent sickness or accidents or crime or unemployment. Instead of doctoring and burying the consumptive or even of curing the incipient patient by

fresh air and wholesome food, we campaign for anti-tuberculosis legislation and anti-tuberculosis modes of living. This is *preventive social work*.

Here is the field of social work; it is extensive and complicated and not to be done in an off-hand manner. It presupposes on the part of the efficient worker, knowledge and tact and not a little experience. This means that the worker must be trained. In fact, the need for social work is no longer a debatable question. As early as 1898, specialized schools were organized to give this training. Today, there are hundreds of students in such schools in our larger cities. The training is of one or two years duration, and the weekly schedule usually includes ten hours of instruction and fifteen hours of field work under expert direction. The curricula of these schools are much the same and embrace such studies as Economics, Social History, Civics, Social Ethics, the care of dependents, defectives and delinquents, Public Health and Hygiene, Housing and Town Planning, Child Welfare, Problems of Immigration, Colonization, Industrial Betterment, and the like. Here there is not only a question of training in charity methods, but a study of the economic and historical background of the social ills that make social work necessary. It is a scientific study of social problems with a view to seeking a scientific solution.

Whether given by the fully equipped professional school or by special lecture courses, the essentials of a standard course of instruction in social work must be the same. The difference can only be one of quantity and degree. Consequently, every course would seem to divide itself into three parts: (a) An introduction or survey of the field; (b) the technique of social work; (c) practice and inspection.

(A) *A survey of the field* would be had by lectures and prescribed reading tending to stimulate and prepare the mind of the student for the more scientific phases of the course, giving him a perspective of the field of social service past and present; showing the inter-relation of the various parts, the necessity of technique and the possibility of learning methods from a thoughtful understanding of purpose and practice. Such lectures and reading should deal with the following subjects:

First, the *origin and history of the family* considered

from a historical, ethical and sociological viewpoint. In treating the ethics of the family, stress should be laid on the sound moral, as well as scientific, principle of keeping the family together as much as possible. The family is the natural unit of society and, consequently, everything that tends to disrupt it, tends likewise to disrupt society itself. Here, too, the rights of parents, as well as of children, and the all-importance of safeguarding the morality and religion of the latter should be insisted upon.

Second, the *causes of poverty* treated from the economic, the social and the physiological viewpoint. Few, if any, cases of permanent poverty and distress can be said to be individual, because study and experience show the inevitable factors of environment, heredity and economic maladjustment.

Third, *mediæval and modern methods of charity*. Here the origin of the different systems and their relationships should be carefully traced and the methods adopted in different countries and ages contrasted. Incidentally, it may be remarked that we are not always aware of the rich heritage of method, as well as of purpose, bequeathed to us from the Middle Ages; mention need but be made of day nurseries, tag-days, loan banks, and open air sanatoria which, under different names, flourished in those days.

With regard to the survey of the field of social work, no one can make such a survey without being touched by the spirit of human brotherhood, and being inspired to do social work as distinguished from individual work. We then realize that many of the ills that afflict society are not isolated and individual, but that society as a whole is infected with them, and that any remedy worth while must be on a large scale and must aim at society itself—plainly, it must be social. This brings to light the distinction between the charitable person and the social worker. Both may benefit a person or family in apparently the same way and for the same motive, but the social worker adds to his work the consciousness that he is at the same time benefiting society, and that the manner of his work has this in view.

(B) Under the heading of *technique* might be included lectures, reading and class discussion dealing with the following subjects:

First, the *history and principles of charity organizations*

and, particularly, the *purposes and methods of investigation*. Here would be in order open class discussion of actual case records, with applications of suggested treatments and a contrasting of successful with unsuccessful methods. These discussions would quicken the observation of the student in applying the principles of social work, and also familiarize him with the various agencies that concern themselves with the different kinds of social work. With regard to investigations and methods in general, while they should be scientific in every detail, still they should not out-science science and make methods an end instead of a means. The poor and distressed should never be made mere material for card indexes and poverty tracts. They should not be investigated more than is necessary, and only on such points as are germane to the purpose. Science and methods are imperative in modern social work, but they must not rob the poor of their personality or the investigator of his fellow human feeling.

Second, under technique should be studied the *peculiarities of indoor and outdoor social work*, their advantages and disadvantages. Here the range of study might reach from a friendly visit to a family to the statistics of an institutional budget or the efficiency of the International Red Cross. Here, too, might be discussed many of our unsolved perplexing questions, such as, "Is an institution or a private home best for the dependent child or the delinquent child?"

Third, a study of the *various types of agencies and methods* is also recommended. This part of the course should be given by the heads of agencies and institutions, both public and private. These could speak with authority on the history, purpose, and methods of their respective organizations and set forth their ideals, their plans for the future and the furtherance of the special movements of which they, as leaders, are a part.

Fourth, "statistics is history at rest," someone has said, and surely social statistics are the history of social conditions. Statistics and reports are essentials of our technique. The student must know their value and uses. He must be able to apply the general principles of statistics to the collection, presentation, and interpretation of them in relation to poverty, crime, feeble-mindedness, etc. The course should also cover the preparation of annual reports with suggestions for utiliz-

ing material included in case records and in the files of social organizations.

(C) The third and last general division of our standard course is *field work and visits of inspection*. Field work is the social student's laboratory, and affords him actual practice under a recognized agency which has a trained staff. This so-called field work furnishes a definite "social apprenticeship" to the student, and fits into practice the theory of the lecture room and of the printed page.

Supplementing the field work are visits of inspection to the different institutions with whose work the student is already somewhat familiar. Such visits put many facts and conditions in the student's mind, far better than mere hearing or reading could do. The reports of these visits made in writing, when criticized in class, are most helpful by contrasting the ideal with the non-ideal institution, and develop in the students an understanding of what to observe, expect and criticize in plan, organization, and management.

In this course of training in social work, we have considered the essentials as they would be demanded by present day needs, and to some our standard may seem impossible and not attained even by the professional schools. That may be true in regard to its completeness or its detail, but in its essentials it is, and must be, followed whenever an effective course of instruction in social work is aimed at. The two-year professional course certainly approximates it, and special lecture courses can readily give what is best in it and what particularly pertains to conditions and methods, while the scope and ideal of the professional course can, at least, be indicated in its broad outline and its high lights.

Training—which is another word for systematized common sense and experience making for efficiency—is very important, and in all cases worth while, and yet we must admit that it is not necessarily the most important element in the formation of the social worker and, as a consequence, the best course of instruction will sometimes fail to produce a skilled and effective worker, because of that lack of native ability and previous education which always play the largest part in the ultimate product of any training. Social workers are not made automatically, but even if the student has no particular aptitude for the work, still he could not take the course

of training which has been outlined without being impressed that there is a social problem in general and a poverty problem in particular; that this problem is very complex and not easy to solve, and that every man who loves God and his neighbor ought to take a hand in its solution. The student will likewise soon learn that it is difficult to find the best way and that it is easy to blunder, verifying what Goethe somewhere says: "To do is easy, to think is hard." In any case, even the student who is without special ability but who has completed a standard course in social work, will improve on the dictum of the German poet, and *do* intelligently and *think* even more intelligently.

NOTRE DAME CHAPELLE.

BY JESSIE LEMONT.

How quiet and majestic is the stone
Of the gray walls of Notre Dame Chapelle,
Where kneeling nuns their *Ave's* softly tell,
How silent has the deepening twilight grown!

These shadowy aisles where all earth's conflicts cease
And shrines are lighted and tall candles flame,
Murmur the mystic music of His Name,
Whisper the coming of the Prince of Peace.

And in the grotto on the rocks on high—
Supernal symbol of the Mother of Love
With hands like folded wings of a white dove
That soars to Heaven after Calvary—

Behold! The Virgin glows like radiant Spring.
Around her lights like stars are blossoming.

FATHER VAN DEN BROEK.

BY ALBERT P. SCHIMBERG.



THE world knows naught of him. His name never appeared in *Who's Who*, nor in a biographical dictionary. It is absent from text-books from which young American Catholics learn their country's history. Even the Catholics of the State in which he labored know little of the Rev. Theodore John Van den Broek of the Order of St. Dominic, and of what he wrought for the souls of men and for Christian civilization in the Wisconsin woods.

But this unsung missionary, civilizer and colonizer lives in the reverently grateful memory of the people of Little Chute, a village on the Fox River, in the diocese of Green Bay. There his bones are treasured, there his heroic life-story has perennial interest for the children and children's children of those whom he brought to this place from their old homes across the sea.

And at the Keshena Reservation in Wisconsin, Father Van den Broek's memory is kept green by the Catholic Indians. These wards of the nation inherited the Faith from their forebears, to whom Father Van den Broek preached Christ and Him crucified before they were transferred from Little Chute, before the missionary's countrymen superseded them in possession of the village and the surrounding wilds. These Indians, on the Feast of Love of each year, hold the beautiful Corpus Christi procession which the Dominican introduced among their fathers.

Father Van den Broek was born in Amsterdam in 1803, and was ordained to the holy priesthood after having entered the Order of Preachers. In 1832 he was sent to the New World, to the arduous mission field of Kentucky, the record of which makes bravely bright pages in our annals. In 1834 he entered the still more arduous field of Wisconsin, arriving on July 4th of that year at Green Bay, site of St. Francis Xavier mission, scene of the intrepid Jesuits' earliest outpost of Christianity in the territory wherein Marquette and Allouez and

other soldiers of the Cross held aloft the banner of Christ with Loyolan ardor.

In a letter to the editor of a Dutch Catholic newspaper, called *Godsdienstvriend*, Father Van den Broek wrote, in 1843, from "Grand Cocalin (now Kaukauna), above Green Bay, Wisconsin Territory, North America:"

"The Bishop of Michigan sent me to Green Bay to the so-called Groene Baay. . . . On the sixth of December, 1836, the Bishop sent three Redemptorist Fathers in my place. . . . and I betook myself twenty-four miles higher up the river into the woods, to the Indians, at a place called La Petite Chute (Little Chute). . . . An Indian woman at once built me a hut or wigwam, about fifteen feet long and six feet high. It was finished in half a day. I lived in it from Pentecost to October (1837), meanwhile with the Indians I began to build a church and parsonage. For six months the wigwam was both my house and my church."¹

For years Father Van den Broek's mission embraced the whole of Wisconsin Territory. He often read two Masses on Sunday, one at Green Bay, one at Little Chute. In order to do this, he had often to walk the distance of twenty-two miles between the two places. Besides Green Bay and Little Chute, his mission stations included Butte des Morts, Fort Winnebago, near Portage City, Fond du Lac, Poygan, Calumet, Prairie du Chien. In the letter of 1843 he told how he had narrowly escaped death when his horse sank in a marsh on the trail from Detroit to Green Bay, and then added: "Nevertheless the missionary must often make use of these unfrequented roads to visit distant Christians. . . . He must often sleep under the open canopy of heaven with dry bread and water for nourishment. . . . I must often make a journey of two hundred miles to visit the Winnebago Indians. Last winter (1843), on one of these journeys, I was nearly frozen, because in a range of sixty or seventy miles there is not a house to be met with."²

Nakedness nor shipwreck, lash nor prison came to this Paul of the Middle West, but he knew hunger and thirst, extreme cold and extreme heat, and was often in peril of his life. He rode his horse through the forest, where the Indian trail was vague, where the branches of trees swished and cut his

¹ *Annals of St. Joseph, De Pere, Wis.*, vol. xii., no. 11.

² *Ibid.*

face, or protruding roots or treacherous holes threw the beast and tumbled the rider from the saddle. He walked long distances, and the pegs of his boots cut his feet cruelly. Often his feet bled profusely before he could reach a human habitation and have the pegs removed. He was lost in the wilderness when his guide failed him. He slept under the skies, with his saddle for pillow, the snow for his couch, the stars for tapers, the howling of wolves for slumber-song.

The Indians loved him, but they were careless in providing him with food. Wolves and the Indians' wolf-like dogs stole into his wigwam (where snakes, too, were frequent visitors) and devoured his provisions. Worst of all to this son of opulence and culture in the Old World, must have been the absence of cleanliness. The Dutch woman is a symbol of housewifely neatness. But the squaws of Father Van den Broek's missions could never have qualified for this admirable distinction.

Father Van den Broek's success in converting the Indians may be gauged from his letters. He told how his flock increased from a few to fifty "who heard Mass in the open air:" then to two hundred, so that he found it necessary to build a church thirty feet long. Later the primitive house of worship was lengthened to fifty feet, to accommodate the congregation which numbered six hundred souls in 1843. Writing of the visit of Bishop Lefebvre to Little Chute in 1842, the missionary reported that after a sojourn of three days, "the Bishop took his departure, escorted by the Indians in the same manner as they had received him. When the Bishop gave them his blessing they fired a salute of fifty guns. The Bishop remained standing and, with tears in his eyes, gave the good people an admonition to remain true to the Faith. Wherever the Bishop stopped on his Confirmation tour, he related the good impression that the faith of these newly converted made upon him."³

Naturally, Father Van den Broek's chief concern was the Christianization of his Indians, the salvation of their souls. But he also civilized them, taught them to read, instructed them in farming, in carpentry, masonry. To give them an example, he did not deem it unseemly to put his consecrated hands to such crude agricultural implements as were at his command, or to wield ax and trowel.

³ *Ibid.*

"I have school every day," he wrote to the *Godsdienstvriend*, "besides visiting the sick, and numberless journeys to distant missions." He said his labor was "incredibly great," but that "nevertheless, I enjoy good health, and everything through God's help is easy."

Beginning at the very beginning, with the Indian A, B, C, this civilizer taught the savages to read the great Baraga's prayer and catechetical books in their language. So excellent a teacher was he, so receptive his red-skinned pupils, that when Bishop Lefebvre came to Little Chute they "sang on his arrival *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* and other hymns in their language, also the *Veni Creator*. . . . At High Mass all sang in their language the *Kyrie Eleison*, *Gloria*, etc. In the afternoon they sang Vespers, likewise in the Indian language. . . . You never heard finer harmony than the Indians sang in Gregorian chant." The Bishop gave Father Van den Broek two hundred rosaries, "for, although the Indians can read, the rosary still remains, and rightly so, their favorite form of prayer," wrote this apostolic son of St. Dominic.

With the help of the Indians whom he civilized, the missionary built a new church, seventy feet long. This was completed in 1839 and placed under the patronage of St. John Nepomucene, glorious martyr-witness to the inviolate seal of confession.

The first season's crops, raised in the garden which he himself had spaded and hoed, yielded plenty of corn and potatoes for Father Van den Broek, and the Indians helped him eat these first-fruits of his agricultural labors. The second season the Indians, with a good will, assisted him, and the virgin land gave forth an abundance of grains and vegetables. "I have changed the land which was a wilderness into a rich and fertile soil. This year (1840), I have harvested more than four hundred bushels of grain, corn and buckwheat, two hundred bushels of potatoes, etc. I have five oxen, three cows, twenty pigs, three horses," wrote this missionary-farmer to a priest in Rotterdam. "His Lordship (Bishop Loras of Dubuque, Iowa Territory) affirmed that he had never seen a place changed and improved so much in so few years, and said he would not fail to report our work to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at Paris."

Thus Father Van den Broek labored with tireless zeal to

make Christians and civilized farmers and craftsmen of his Indians. When they were transferred from Little Chute by the Government, first to Lake Poygan, then to the Keshena reservation, they took his teaching and his example with them, and they and their descendants remained true to the Faith, despite the efforts of proselytizers to win them away.

When his mother died in the Netherlands in 1844, Father Van den Broek wished to cross the ocean to secure his inheritance, that he might spend it in behalf of his beloved children of the forest. But not until three years later, 1847, could he leave his mission field.

With this journey to his native land, began the third phase of Father Van den Broek's service to the Church and to Christian civilization. While in the Netherlands, he issued a booklet setting forth the bright prospects, religious freedom and the rich yields of a virgin soil, awaiting Dutch immigrants who would settle in Wisconsin. As a consequence, three hundred and fifty of his compatriots sailed with him for the New World when he embarked at Rotterdam in 1848.

Settling in and about Little Chute, this vanguard of Catholic Dutch colonization was followed by large numbers, settling throughout the Fox River valley and other sections of northeastern Wisconsin. Off-shoots of the tree planted by Father Van den Broek at Little Chute sprang up in Michigan, Nebraska, Minnesota, Oregon, and other States. Today thousands of excellent citizens of the Republic venerate the Dominican missionary as the Moses who led their fathers into the Promised Land of wider opportunities.

Not only did Father Van den Broek benefit his countrymen by bringing them to this country, he benefited Church and State in America. The descendants of the colonists of 1848 and subsequent years now constitute in the American Catholicism of several States a numerically strong and a valuable element. Second to the people of none other blood in faithfulness to the Church, in thriftiness and industriousness, and all the civic virtues, they have proven worthy sons and daughters of the pioneers who, in Father Van den Broek's day, hewed homes and farms out of the Wisconsin wildwood, and always rendered unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's.

A constitution of exceptional ruggedness supported Father

Van den Broek through the years of his missionary toil. But at last the rigor of winter nights in the open, chilling rains, physical privations and excessive exertion, brought low the body wherein dwelt an heroic spirit. Stricken with illness on All Saints' Day, 1851, while preaching to his people on the glory and bliss of God's elect, the soldier of the Cross, on November 5th of that year, answered the summons of his Commander-in-Chief.

Father Van den Broek was buried in the little cemetery beside the old church in Little Chute, laid to rest among his Indians and such of the colonists as had preceded him in death. In 1894 the missionary's bones were transferred to a crypt beneath the parish church. Above, in the sanctuary, is a statuary group, the Blessed Virgin, St. Dominic and St. Teresa, with this inscription:

To the memory of Rev. Theo. Van den Broek, of the Order of St. Dominic, our first and good Father. Little Chute, 1833-1851. His grateful children.

The memory of this missionary, civilizer and colonizer lies like a benediction on the village of Little Chute. In the parish school white-robed Sisters of St. Dominic tell each succeeding generation of boys and girls the story of the good and great man who made this a village of Christian Indians, who brought their fathers to this new home, and died at last like a lamp that had burned itself out in the service of God.

THE SHILLALAH IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.



HE shillalah is no ignoble weapon. It has its place in the international arsenal with the cestus of the Roman, the Toledo blade of the Spaniard, the scimitar of the Janizary, the lance of the Bayards, and the quarter-staff of the Robin Hoods. It has, like all these, done valorous service in the interest of the public weal and the settlement of personal disagreements. In some respects it is the most convenient of martial engines, for it may be carried with the peaceful intent of an olive branch, and at a moment's notice become the guarantee of one's own safety and the destroyer of any thought of conquest on the part of another. The Roman who swaggered along the *Via Sacra* with a cestus bound to his fist, the Don in the folds of whose sash glittered the jeweled handle of a dagger, the vagrant bridegroom of Bellona who cantered across the countryside, lance on thigh, each cast a soft impeachment into the teeth of his neighbor's good intentions, and had only himself to blame if his tacit challenge lured some chance stroller to fling the gage of battle at his feet.

The shillalah has less bellicose associations. It is a device of nature, not man, its purpose varying like her moods, and its congeniality, both as a comrade in peace and as an ally in private war, being the hallmark of her favorite children. Robin Hood, singing a blithe May carol as he sought his trysting place in Sherwood with Maid Marian, his quarter-staff under his arm, scarce stripped of yesterday's blossoms, gave offence to no man. Like Orlando, perhaps, he had carved upon it the name of her whose stature was just as high as his heart and thus dedicated it primarily to love, and only in the face of stern necessity, to battle. So, too, Shaun O'Kelley as he saunters jauntily down the road to Donnybrook, the praises of his colleen on his lips and his shillalah in his hand, incites none to a breach of the peace; for his stout blackthorn, until the need arises, is but a badge of gentility, and like a marshal's baton, proves that upon less ornate occasions its prowess has been tried and not found wanting.

But I would not be understood as robbing the shillalah of its proper celebrity. Truth to tell, its fame is due to its efficiency as the handmaid of war, as well as of peace, of combat no less than of social adornment. It has, indeed, an honorable lineage as arbiter of misunderstandings between gentlemen to whose mutual belief juridical determination offers less allurements in prospect, and less solace in retrospect. Its adjudication is swift, artistic, and final, and it leaves no problems for a supreme council to compromise.

Beyond all other devices for pacific and bellicose employment, the shillalah is suited to subserve the ends of outraged justice in the private quarrels of the great. Indeed, its family tree endows it with something of that divinity which doth *hedge* a king, and thus it befits no menial hand, no petty cause, no unseemly occasion. Transcending ethnic and parochial bondage, it admits no limitations of time or space. The amenities of peace and the triumphs of battle are alike its debtors. Upon its parent stem, be it remembered, Richard of Gloucester, a very king despite his crooked back, hung his crown at Bosworth Field in proof that, even with the Sassenaeh, the shillalah should displace the sword. They that sit in the seats of the mighty have forgotten that prophecy, but the dwellers upon Parnassus have remembered it. In proof of which, the Parnassians themselves shall answer.

One of the earliest essays of the shillalah occurred when the brilliant profligate, Greene, attacked the greatest of Elizabethans in a fashion quaint, but vigorous: "There is an upstart crow, beautified by our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt in a Pleyers hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you, and being an absolute *Iobannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shakescene in a countrie." This quaint bludgeoning had no effect upon the assailed, who doubtless smiled at the vehemence of the attack and went serenely on his way, producing with incomparable genius such masterpieces as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Winter's Tale*. Verily, Greene's blows fell upon thin air, and his name has survived merely as that of a minor constellation dimmed by the blazing star of Shakespeare.

John Dryden was the first wielder of the shillalah in English literature who knew its possibilities, and employed it with consummate skill. Like every great man, he had the

gentle art of making enemies who found him, to their sorrow, pugnaciously unwilling to make a Roman holiday for their diversion. In *MacFlecknoe*, he administered a broken pate to the ponderous and indecent Shadwell, who had attacked him *vi et armis* and deluged him with scurrilous abuse. It was, however, on a later occasion that he proved himself a very master of the shillalah. The Duke of Buckingham, son of the celebrated favorite of James I., had burlesqued Dryden's tumid tragedies in *The Rehearsal*, only to be repaid with interest when, November, 1681, honest John cudged him with merciless skill as "Zimbri" in *Absalom and Archithophel*.

This famous satire, beneath the veil of a Hebrew disguise, recounted the story of the critical state of English affairs at the time, when treachery in high place stalked abroad, naked and unashamed. A master of intriguants was Buckingham, witty, rich, handsome as a Greek god, a Lovelace whose amour with the Countess of Shrewsbury was notorious, and whose vanity and restless desire for power were the inspiration of his political activities. Vulnerable as he was, the adroit politician writhed beneath the telling blows of his assailant. The court, says Dryden, is overrun with faithless nobles:

In the first rank of these did Zimbri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself to Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:

Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Dryden's prowess with the shillalah was unfailing; every stroke was delivered with vigor and told heavily. Pope was less vigorous, but more diabolically clever, and a thin crimson line followed every blow. Not that he could not strike with deadly effect when he wished; his onslaughts in the *Dunciad* are ghastly. But it is in his attack on his erstwhile friend, Addison, that his skill reaches the heights of consummate artistry. Pope had broken into the world of letters in London in the face of enormous handicaps. Denied a university education on account of his religion, short of stature, and so thin as to be grotesque, he was cursed with a suspicious temper and a morbid sensitiveness which was constantly being wounded. Though vulnerable in a hundred ways, he was never attacked with impunity and whatever blows he received, were returned with a swift and deadly malevolence which made his victim reel.

Pope found Addison the centre of an admiring coterie who gathered about him nightly at Will's Coffee House and drank in his words as the utterances of an oracle. In many ways, Addison was the darling of fortune. *The Campaign*, with a telling simile, and *Cato*, with two striking lines, had won him fame and political preferment while his contributions to *The Spectator* had had the less substantial, but more enduring, effect of securing his literary reputation for all time. Austere of manner, coldly gracious, consciously superior, the clever Mr. Addison, favorite of the great Whig Lords, occupant of high political place, breathed with serene complacency the incense-laden air of Will's.

At first Pope formed one of the worshippers, but he had ambitions of his own. Incense when smoking upon another's altar was an offence to his nostrils, and his morbidly suspicious nature conspired with his jealousy to persuade him that Addison had tried to thwart his literary ambitions. For long, and in secret, Pope nursed his wrath and, at last, four years after Addison's death, he took his revenge, attacking the "Spectator" under the name of "Atticus" in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. For Pope to show no scruples in leveling an attack upon an adversary already in his grave was typical; the magnanimities

of the great Dryden lay beyond his comprehension. At first, he takes a fling at poetasters, and then continues:

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blessed with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

The Great Cham of later eighteenth century literature, Samuel Johnson, was as conspicuous among the literati of his day as was Addison in his; but there was one noteworthy difference: Addison had no peer in his coterie, while Johnson's circle included such celebrated names as Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Burke. Addison was dominant because he alone was a literary star of the first magnitude; Johnson was dominant because the sheer force of his personality compelled submission. Thanks to the hero-worshipper, Boswell, the Great Cham can never die. His huge bulk, his poor vision, his scrofula, his hypochondria, his puffings and groanings and gormandizing are familiar even to Macaulay's schoolboy. He had fought his way up from the darkness and starvation of Grub Street along no such primrose path as had opened to the serene Addison, and, like all men of his type, he held fragrant the remembrance of the success which had crowned his unaided efforts.

In the dark hours before fortune had smiled upon him, Johnson looked about desperately for a *Mæcenas* whose sympathy and open purse might smooth the *via crucis* which eighteenth century men of letters were forced to tread. He hit upon Lord Chesterfield, the *arbiter elegantiæ* of his time, polished, scholarly, and rich. To him, in high hope, Johnson dedicated the "Plan" of his monumental Dictionary, only to receive in acknowledgment a scant donation and prompt forgetfulness. Disgusted at such pusillanimity, but undaunted, Johnson slaved at his task for seven long years, and by April, 1755, the great Dictionary was ready to be issued. It was then that Chesterfield awoke. He had been remiss. But now he became suddenly alive to the greatness of the uncouth hypochondriac whom he had permitted to cool his heels in his ante-chamber, and had supposed long since engulfed in the limbo of literary hacks. He hastened to bestir himself, hoping to make amends for his neglect and to secure the dedication of the Dictionary at the cheap price of an eleventh hour notice in its favor. The unctuous praises of the noble lord did not deceive Johnson and, in hot indignation, he wrote his celebrated letter to his recreant patron which proved him a worthy wielder of the shillalah:

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"I have long been wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

"Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Johnson did more than rebuke the everlasting vices of selfishness and vanity: he proclaimed for literature, in clarion tones, its Declaration of Independence.

One does not think of Johnson's friend the genial Oliver Goldsmith as a wielder of the shillalah. He was too warm of heart, too boyishly indifferent to the sterner things of life, too far immune to the fires of indignation to have recourse to the bludgeon. On a certain occasion, however, he essayed it and, although the blows he delivered were love pats and his shillalah as it were twined with spring blossoms, he proved himself a manipulator of high skill. One evening at St. James' Coffee House, the company hit upon the diversion of taking off in verse Goldsmith's peculiar oddities, an amusement which gave as ample proof of his good nature as of their cleverness. Garrick's mock epitaph has endured:

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith,
For shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel,
But talked like Poor Poll.

In *Retaliation*, the Doctor's weapon struck the conceited little Davie a telling blow:

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

Goldsmith's most skillful strokes, however, were aimed at his countryman, the orator, Burke:

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.

The most famous onslaught with the shillalah in the first half of the nineteenth century was Byron's in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The poet was young, just of age, in fact, and his first publication, painfully jejune, had received no delicate treatment from the critics of the *Edinburgh Review*. Byron was hurt, indeed furious, as was natural for a youth who was passionate, impulsive, and vain, and who looked with challenging eyes upon those Parnassians, in whose midst he had been denied a seat at his first essay. Seizing his shillalah, he laid about him lustily, cudgeling whatever head he saw with indiscriminate vigor, as if he regarded all the world, not as his oyster, but as his enemy. So promiscuous was the lad's shillalah debauch that throughout the rest of his life he found himself either continuing quarrels which he had gratuitously begun, or offering apologies to men whose crowns he had sought to crack. Scott, Moore (both to become his warm friends afterwards), Wordsworth, Southey (then and ever after Byron's pet abomination), Coleridge, Campbell—all were vigorously cudged. Scott "foists on the public taste his stale romance;" Wordsworth, who in later years was more than once to shake his garlanded locks over the author of *Don Juan* and *Cain*, is dubbed an idiot, who

Both by precept and example shows,
That prose is verse, and verse is only prose.

Coleridge is an infant "to turgid ode and tumid stanza dear," and the critic, Jeffrey, is condemned to be hanged in the next world, if not in this one.

Personal bitterness made Byron's attacks more vigorous than skillful. Compared with Dryden and Pope, he was but a tyro with the shillalah, and if he cracked an occasional head, it was only after many savage blows had either fallen on thin air or struck home upon the innocent bystanders.

For sheer forceful bludgeoning in which the victim is dressed down from head to toe, one can find few instances in English literature to compare with Hazlitt's celebrated letter to Gifford. As editor of the *Quarterly Review*, Gifford had, on various occasions, attacked the high-strung essayist brutally. If Gifford imagined that by accusing Hazlitt of inability to write English, by sneering at his point of view, and by ridiculing his notorious likes and dislikes he could with im-

punish make insult a substitute for criticism he was sadly in error. For when Hazlitt struck back, it was with a vigor unequaled in his generation, and the torrent of blows which he rained down upon his victim would have shattered any man with a thinner pate than the Bæotian editor of the *Quarterly*.

"Sir, you have an ugly trick," began the enraged Hazlitt, "of saying what is not true of anyone you do not like; and it will be the object of this letter to cure you of it.

"You are a little person, but a considerable cat's-paw; and so far worthy of notice. Your clandestine connection with persons high in office constantly influences your opinions, and alone gives importance to them. You are the *Government Critic*, a character nicely differing from that of a Government spy—the invisible link that connects literature with the police. It is your business to keep a strict eye over all writers who differ in opinion with His Majesty's Ministers, and to measure their talents and attainments by the standard of their servility and meanness.

"There is something in your nature and habits that fits you for the situation into which your good fortune has thrown you. In the first place, you are in no danger of exciting the jealousy of your patrons by a mortifying display of extraordinary talents, while your sordid devotion to their will and to your own interest at once ensures their gratitude and contempt.

"Raised from the lowest rank to your present despicable eminence in the world of letters, you are indignant that anyone should attempt to rise into notice, except by the same regular trammels and servile gradations, or should go about to separate the stamp of merit from the badge of sycophancy.

"From the difficulty you yourself have in constructing a sentence of common grammar, and your frequent failures, you instinctively presume that no author who comes under the lash of your pen can understand his mother-tongue: and again, you suspect everyone who is not your 'very good friend' of knowing nothing of the Greek or Latin, because you are surprised to think how you came by your own knowledge of them.

"Such, Sir, is the picture of which you have sat for the outline: all that remains is to fill up the little, mean, crooked, dirty details. The task is to me no very pleasant one; for I

can feel very little ambition to follow you through your ordinary routine of pettifogging objections and barefaced assertions, the only difficulty of making which is to throw aside all regard to truth and decency, and the only difficulty in answering them is to overcome one's contempt for the writer. But you are a nuisance, and should be abated."

To find the high-strung Hazlitt dressing down his enemy with such stinging blows is not surprising when one recalls the limitations of the whilom shoemaker turned critic, whose arrogant brutalities had broken the heart of Keats.

It remained for a man of noteworthy restraint to punish an unprovoked assault in such swift and masterly fashion as to prove him the peer of Pope. After anguished years of doubt and searching of soul, Cardinal Newman had made his great renunciation in the sacred name of Truth. Statesmen in Parliament deplored his defection; cries of "traitor" and "Jesuit" and "moral coward" arose from many sides; England, in a word, stood aghast. Through the storm of misunderstanding and abuse, the supersensitive Newman preserved an outward calm though his heart was bleeding, and for twenty years the obloquy of an act which Englishmen could not or would not understand pursued him like the Nemesis of an unforgivable iniquity. At last the smoldering fires of mistrust burst into flame. Charles Kingsley, Canon of the Established Church, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1864, a review of Froude's *History of England*, in the course of which he wrote: "Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be." In a word, Newman was an advocate of falsehood—a charge so shamefully misplaced that even Anthony Froude laughed at it.

Newman wrote the editor of *Macmillan's*, demanding an apology on the ground that the statement attributed to him was untrue. This letter was referred to Kingsley, who cited in support a sermon which Newman had preached while still an adherent of the Church of England. A brisk exchange of letters followed and, finally, accused in his turn both of misrepresenting Newman the Protestant, as well as of traducing Newman the Catholic, Kingsley deigned to assure Newman that if he "did not mean what he said" in the sermon under discussion, his accuser would "take his word for it." It was

then that Newman, stung into indignation, published his celebrated résumé of the entire affair, unequaled of its kind in English literature:

"Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming: 'O the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it! There's Father Newman, to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest, writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm.'

"I interpose: 'You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where.'

"Mr. Kingsley replies: 'You said it, Reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that Sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you.'

"I make answer: 'Oh . . . *Not*, it seems, as a priest speaking of priests; but let us have the passage.'

"Mr. Kingsley relaxes: 'Do you know I like your *tone*. From your *tone*, I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.'

"I rejoin: '*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic.'

"Mr. Kingsley replies: 'I waive that point.'

"I object: 'Is it possible? What? waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly; or to own you can't!'

"'Well,' says Mr. Kingsley, 'if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it; I really will.'

"My *word*! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a Professor of lying, that he does not lie!

"But Mr. Kingsley reassures me: 'We are both gentlemen,' he says: 'I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.'

"I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. '*Habemus confitentem reum*.' So we have confessedly come

round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott!"

Poor Kingsley! Muscular, but blundering, he was helpless before this frail recluse of sixty-three, whose uncanny skill with the shillalah might challenge the rapier of a D'Artagnan. Unwittingly, Canon Kingsley did the world a service. For to his attack we owe that masterpiece of self-revelation, written in anguish and tears, the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, the second greatest autobiography in the world.

In after years, Newman regretted the deadliness of his rejoinder, withdrew the story of the famous duel from subsequent editions of the *Apologia* and, with a touching generosity, prayed for the repose of Kingsley's soul.

Perhaps the most celebrated instance of the shillalah in literature within the memory of living men was Stevenson's attack on the Rev. C. M. Hyde. All the world had felt its heart stirred when Father Damien renounced the paths of peace, and in the heyday of his young manhood consecrated his life to the living dead who dwelt in the charnel house of Molokai. The years passed, the inevitable occurred, and when Father Damien was gathered to his fathers, it was as a victim of the most ghastly of diseases. The grave had scarcely closed over him when Rev. Mr. Hyde of Honolulu, in an evil hour, wrote a letter to the Rev. H. B. Gage in which he said cruel things about the Belgian martyr. "He was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted," and, alas, he added another and vastly more brutal charge. The letter of Dr. Hyde found its way into print and aroused the passionate resentment of a man who, like Damien, was doomed to an early death, and whose life, like the Belgian's, was a romance of heroic optimism. Essaying the cudgel in defence of Damien's memory, Robert Louis Stevenson assured a shameful immortality to the name of Hyde. "If," he wrote in his open letter, "if the world at all remember you, on the day when Damien of Molokai shall be named Saint, it will be in virtue of one work: your letter to the Rev. H. B. Gage." The opportunity to make a sublime sacrifice for the wretched denizens of Molokai God sent to Hyde no less than to Damien. But Hyde sat "and grew bulky amid enviable opulence" in a house which "could raise, and that very justly, the envy and the comments of passers-by," while "a plain, uncouth peasant stepped into the battle, under

the eyes of God, and succored the afflicted, and consoled the dying, and was himself afflicted in his turn, and died upon the field of honor." Even though Damien had faltered and fallen, decency should have sealed his accuser's lips. "Your Church and Damien's were in Hawaii in a rivalry to do well: to help, to edify, to set divine examples. You having (in one huge instance) failed, and Damien succeeded, I marvel it should not have occurred to you that you were doomed to silence; that when you had been outstripped in that high rivalry, and sat inglorious in the midst of your wellbeing, in your pleasant room—and Damien crowned with glories and honors, toiled and rotted in that pigstye of his under the cliffs of Kalawao—you, the elect, who would not, were the last man on earth to collect and propagate gossip on the volunteer who would and did."

Stevenson crushed the Rev. Mr. Hyde and vindicated Father Damien's memory. But he did more; he won a victory in the cause of those eternal decencies in which he believed and for which the children of light shall never cease to be called upon to do battle.

Verily the shillalah is no ignoble weapon. That truth is worthy of repetition. They that sit in the seats of the scornful, have more than once bowed their heads before it when their indignant fellows, whose rights they have invaded, have invoked its aid. The task of settling private disagreements and of compelling the retraction of slander, may some fine day be referred to a board of conciliation and arbitration; the very wards of each city may have a league to enforce peace. But even when that happy hour arrives, the shillalah will, I fancy, continue to constitute a board of appeal in literary disputes, ready to hand, untrammelled by formula or technicality, its ways swift and its adjudication sure.

MOLOKAI.

BY JOHN H. LOWDEN POTTS.

OH, far-famed islet of the summer sea,
Dread Molokai!
The giddy world dares scarcely glance at thee,
But hurries by.
I, too, when passing where thy mountains slope,
Could not espy
Or man or beast, or sign of life or hope,
Grim Molokai!

Lingers the leper still, among thy dells?
Does Damien sigh?
Is there no mark in thy domain that tells—
No marble high—
Of how a hero once thy valleys trod,
Like Christ to die,
A victim on thine altar, to his God?
Oh, Molokai!

They tell me, "yes, the leper lingers still:"
Still lives to die,
A type incarnate of a greater ill,
In valleys nigh.
How barren, bleak, with glooming clouds oppress,
Thy reaches lie;
Thou image of a sin-beladen breast,
Sad Molokai!

But no! Thou'rt not the fearsome thing men deem,
Our Molokai!
Soft breezes fan thy every vale and stream:
Thy shadows fly,
Like sweet repentance, o'er thy gleaming miles;
A summer sky,
Like God's own benediction, on thee smiles,
Blest Molokai!

STRAY MEMORIES OF ST. MIHIEL.

BY JOHN J. FINN.



LOOKING at a war map at midnight on September 11, 1918, one would have noticed an ugly bulge in the line between Verdun and Pont-à-Mousson, that pushed its way down as far as St. Mihiel. For four years this salient had been pointing, like a menacing finger, at the heart of France. But on Saturday, September 14th, the salient was no more. The American doughboy had straightened it out. He was not quite sure just how much he had accomplished, for I heard one express a longing for a newspaper, so that he could "see what we done." But he knew that he was winning; he saw that thousands of "Jerries" had already been attached to the A. E. F. for rations; and he felt that the last few days had brought him considerably nearer to Hoboken.

The weather just before and during the beginning of the drive was anything but pleasant. It rained every day for more than a week. The men of the Fifth Division will not soon forget those long night marches through the rain and the mud and the darkness from the Bayon area up into position in the line. They had not the comfort even of the inevitable cigarette, for all lights were taboo. There was talking and joking for the first few hours after starting out, but then packs began to weigh ever heavier upon aching backs, and thereafter there was no sound save the dull plod, plod of thousands of heavy boots upon the muddy road. Occasionally a whistle blew, and we fell out of ranks and threw ourselves down by the roadside. It was pleasant to hunch into a ditch, lay one's head back on the grass, and feel the soft rain on one's face. But the ten-minute rest passed all too quickly, and the command to "fall in" soon started the column on its weary way once more.

We arrived one morning about dawn in the spacious grounds about a large château, and I can well remember Major Baldwin standing in the rain-soaked darkness beneath a great tree and announcing very positively: "This is Battalion Headquarters." The tree was not different from any other—

until then; but from that moment it became the proud shelterer of important looking gentlemen in khaki and Sam Browne belt, who hovered around it as Adam and Eve must have hovered around the forbidden tree, except that, in this instance, the hoverers were held by duty and not by desire. Later, with a few others, I went looking for some kind of shelter, and spying a dim light at one end of the château, we made for it. A door was open, and we walked in. A French Major, in full uniform, lay dead upon a couch banked with flowers, while candles sputtered in the sockets of candelabra at his head and feet. A boy of ten or twelve sat beside the couch and turned to look at us for a moment; then leaned his head back upon his hands. We learned later that the dead officer was an aviator. A German plane had come over that morning and a call had come for whoever was ready to go up. The Major had risen to do battle, and while he brought down the enemy plane, was himself mortally wounded. He was only one of that daring band of air-fighters who counted the cost cheap if, by sacrificing themselves, they might serve France.

We arrived at Jarville, on the outskirts of Nancy, about midnight on Saturday. After saying Mass at seven the next morning, in the beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart, for the soldiers quartered nearby, I set out for Headquarters, which had been set up in a deserted café. Here I learned that the order had gone out that the men were to be "confined to billets;" but the Colonel agreed that if I gathered the men together, marched them in regular order to church and then back again, they might go to Mass. So they were routed out of houses and stores and stables, and about two hundred marched over to High Mass in St. Louis' Church. I received the Curé's permission to say a few words to the men in English, but I had been speaking less than ten minutes when the celebrant arose and started for the altar to intone the *Credo*. I do not know if he was disgusted with my effort, or just hungry; perhaps both. At any rate, I came to an abrupt close.

That afternoon we marched through Nancy, a city that had been visited by German planes on nearly every clear night for four years. Crowds lined the sidewalks and cheered "*les Américains*" as we marched along, our hobnailed boots rattling like machine guns on the cobblestones. The artillery had preceded: guns, big and small, some drawn by two, others

by eight horses, the men sitting on the gun carriages, with their arms folded, as they do in the recruiting ads.

How the American First Army ever got into position to open the attack on schedule time, will always be a mystery to the uninitiate. The roads up about the Metz bridge were a sea of mud and were choked with all manner of traffic: ammunition carts; supply wagons, trucks carrying artillery shells and powder, couriers on horse and motorcycle, and the waddling, ungainly tanks, the objects of interminable streams of malediction from the drivers of every other vehicle on the road. Fifth Avenue never knew a traffic jam such as the Metz Highway knew during the St. Mihiel operation. The M. P.'s did their best to be efficient traffic cops, but, as usual, their efforts were little appreciated and much derided.

Near the bridge, I noticed two officers sitting on a rock that rose like an island out of a light brown sea. On closer inspection they proved to be Father Ward Meehan and his Colonel, though, what with beards of several days growth, loss of sleep, long marches and intimate contact with affectionate French mud, they little resembled the spick and span officers of a few weeks previous. Near here, also, my orderly, Con, and myself lay down in a dugout to snatch some rest. A gun across the road fired over our heads at regular rapid intervals; two blankets that had been borrowed from a Captain almost walked away with us, so alive were they with cooties; and, before long, the rats came out to keep us company. I arose and went out, and when the gas alarm sounded a little later, hurried back to find Con still snoring contentedly!

The small town of Regnéville, directly in our path, had been battered to dust during four years of conflict. There was scarcely a stone left upon a stone. What had once been a town was now a stretch of uneven heaps of rock and mortar, pitted with shell holes. The bell from the village church had been brought back and was being utilized as a gas alarm. Despite great masses of barbed wire entanglements, traps and mines, so swift and resistless was the advance of the infantry that in places they crowded their own artillery barrage, and some shots fell among them. A small French tank struck a mine, and the driver, broken and bloody, lay among the twisted iron of his ruined machine. Wagons were wrecked, a bridge destroyed; gas masks, coats, helmets and various

other articles of equipment were scattered about; deep gashes were torn in the ground; there were dead horses; and spattered with mud and blood, there were gray-faced dead men.

I buried a German "*unter. offizier*" and read the prayers over him while some of our boys looked, first surprised, then provoked; but only for an instant. Then they doffed their caps and stood quietly by. The German had been a sniper, and it took a few moments before Christian charity triumphed over natural resentment.

Upon the chaplain devolved the task of searching the bodies of the dead, gathering together their personal belongings, and seeing that they were forwarded to the department that would, in time, return them to the dead soldiers' relatives. I remember the difficulty I had trying to remove a ring from the finger of one of our men. It was a gold ring with the square and compass emblem of Masonry. With the aid of some soap it finally slipped off, and I buried him with another of our men, at the edge of a wood. A broken box furnished some slats from which two crosses were made, and a Brigadier General, who happened along, stood with uncovered head during the brief prayers. He then loaned me his map while I located the exact position of the graves, for the army was properly particular about having the burial reports as detailed and accurate as possible.

Up in the Bois Gérard we came upon a German hospital, before which, in a cleared space, a large red cross, in a white circle, had been formed of tiles taken from the roofs of French cottages. It was evidently a plea to aviators to spare their bombs, though a German plane and a German battery made things very uncomfortable for a time while we buried about thirty of our men alongside the hospital. Nearby was a quarry where the enemy had abandoned a gun, taking care to remove the sighting mechanism. This did not prevent several of our men from using some of the piled-up ammunition, and they had a wildly enjoyable time firing gas and shrapnel and high explosives in the general direction of Germany.

After they had somewhat recovered from the bewildering power and dash of the American attack, the Germans, strengthened by reënforcements, made spasmodic attempts, at different points in the line, to counter-attack. They were shelling a road quite severely on Saturday afternoon, when I noticed some of

our men standing in the doorway of a dugout. I went down and invited any Catholics among them to follow me and go to confession. There was a wooden shack out under the trees nearby, and into this I went, followed by a very young soldier, who knelt down and began his confession. He was nearly finished when a shell landed somewhere outside with a deafening report and he toppled over on his face. I thought he had been hit, but it was only the concussion that had unbalanced him. He came up with a dazed expression, and looked at me as though he suspected that I had knocked him down. Being assured to the contrary, he finished his confession and started back. But he proved a poor apostle; for, no one else appearing, I returned to the dugout to find my late penitent advising his comrades to "stay where yez are." An officer turned to me to remark that he was a Catholic; but he refused to go to confession.

"I haven't been bothering much with church for the last few years," he said in explanation, "and I've been having a pretty wild time. I know I'll go back to that just as soon as I get the chance. If I went to confession now, I'd feel like a hypocrite."

I coaxed, I argued, I pleaded. It was useless. He would not be moved in his determination. The case, of course, was exceptional. I cite it only to show that, even facing death, Gestas had his few followers, as Dismas had his many.

A German and a French plane turned and twisted, dove and darted in the air above, the while they spat fire at each other, until the Frenchman crashed to earth and the German in time was brought down by rifle fire. The wounded were coming in: some walking cases, anxious to be "fixed up and get back to my outfit;" others, their hobnailed boots protruding prominently, being borne in on stretchers. Many of them would be maimed for life. For them (strange paradox!), the War was over, and yet the War would never end. It was dark in that first-aid station, and the pocket-flash was a godsend as we stumbled about among the patient sufferers. The doctors worked unceasingly, and ambulances waited to carry the bandaged men back to more pretentious hospitals in the rear. Later, Con sent me some stragglers, and their confessions were heard while we sat on a little hillock, in the darkness, at the side of the road.

Sunday broke clear and warm, and Mass was in a small hut. Only a handful attended, which was natural under the circumstances. One or two received Holy Communion. The Germans were sending over an odd shell now and then, in a half-hearted sort of fashion, and an air fight was going on nearby. Con told me after Mass that "we got the Jerry." (I fear Con was more interested in catching a glimpse of the fight than he was in the Mass.) A non-Catholic Lieutenant-Colonel put his head in at the window and looked on for a while. A few days later he stopped me on the road to remark that he "liked to see that kind of thing going on." That evening, up in the Bois de Bouveaux, Major Leonard's battalion was relieved by the Second Battalion of the Sixtieth, under Major Baldwin, as courteous a gentleman and gallant a soldier as ever won the D. S. C. It was a pleasure to serve under men like Colonel Hunt and Major Leonard of the Sixth and Major Baldwin of the Sixtieth. They were always ready and willing to coöperate in every way possible with their chaplains.

During the exchange of positions some men went to confession behind a conveniently broad tree, and we then started back in single file, through the woods. Occasionally, when a plane above became inquisitive, one made oneself, as nearly as possible, part of a tree trunk. With the coming of darkness, the rearward march began, and, as we looked back, green and red signal lights burned brightly and briefly above the black trees, then flickered and died.

Towards six in the morning we came to some dugouts near the scene of the first day's battle. We were all dirty and itching and had long since ceased being fussy about sleeping quarters; but these dugouts were dirt raised to the *n*th power, and few chose their shelter in preference to the cleaner grass and the cool fresh air outside. About ten I awoke. A blazing sun was beating down and there was the jangle of tin cups and plates as the men went looking for their "chow." A report came in that some bodies had been overlooked in the hurry of the advance, and we went out to comb the field. An upright iron rod from which a handkerchief or a flag fluttered, or on which a helmet hung, gave us our clue; and here, in scattered spots, we found our dead and buried them.

At dusk we prepared to start again. A goat had been captured during the drive, and, as we set out, he was pulled

and pushed along while his owner proudly proclaimed: "I've got the Kaiser's goat." One would never know from the actions of the men on the march whether they were going to or returning from battle; whether they had tasted defeat or victory. There was the usual talk back and forth, generally pleasant, occasionally peevish, sometimes profane, oftentimes witty. There was more wit and humor among a crowd of doughboys than Joe Miller ever dreamed of. About midnight packs began to weigh heavily and treasured German helmets, rifles, and various bulky souvenirs were reluctantly thrown away.

About 3 A. M. we entered the village of Domèvre, where I was billeted with the good Curé. After a rest and a general cleaning up, I went out to look around. The village was small, and nothing different from a hundred other French villages. The men were gathered in groups talking over their experiences. Many who went up with us were not there. Some would return later from hospitals, only to meet their death in the next big drive. But that is war; and soldiers must not think too much about who have gone or who may be next to go. So the band assembled in the little square before the old gray church that evening, and when a crowd had gathered around them, Sergeant Peterson lifted his baton and the concert began. From the window of the Curé's humble home I could look out upon it all; and it was pleasant to sit there, smoking a pipe, and listening to the strains of the Missouri Waltz floating over the quiet village.

MARTIAL: THE MODERN EPIGRAMMATIST.

BY HERBERT F. WRIGHT.



HOW me a poet, and I'll show you a writer of epigrams, for, as Poe tells us in "The Mystery of Marie Rôget," "in ratiocination, not less than in literature, it is the epigram which is the most immediately and the most universally appreciated." It is, in fact, one of the most universal of literary forms. Lending itself, as it does, to the expression of almost any feeling or thought, it has not failed to excite the attention and interest of every poet or would-be poet throughout the ages from the days of Martial to our own. It is to Martial, indeed, that we owe the epigram as it is today, for it was under his master touch that it rose to its highest perfection. Carping critics to the contrary notwithstanding, his work has ever since been the model and type of the epigram in all the literatures of the world, a model and type which have not been surpassed in any literature. In English literature, the list of his translators and imitators reads like a veritable litany of poets. Herrick and Dryden, Pope and Burns, Jonson and Prior, Landor and Coleridge, Hood and Saxe, and all the rest of those stars in the firmament of poesy did not disdain to adapt the verse of the genial Roman to their own purposes.

In fact, there is often the danger of describing as of English origin lines which owe their inspiration, directly or indirectly, to the Roman satirist. This is a testimony at once to the literary genius of Martial and to the invariable characteristics of the civilized world in all times and climes. Human nature is everywhere the same, and always most strikingly so where the conditions under which it exists are similar. Satire and elegy, amour and sentiment, punning and sententiousness are common to all mankind. This explains the universal appeal of such poets as Horace; this, too, explains why the lines of Martial appeal as irresistibly to us as they did to the Heywoods and Haryngtons of earlier generations.

There are few subjects, however, on which wider divergence of opinion exists than on that of the nature of an

epigram. In its original sense it was a mere inscription upon some material object, such as a monument or vase. Hence its frequent use in epitaphs even in our own day. In its developed sense, according to Lessing's definition, it is "a poem in which, after the manner of a real inscription, our attention and curiosity are excited toward some single object, and more or less held in suspense, in order to be suddenly gratified," or, to define an epigram by means of one:

The qualities rare in a bee that we meet
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail.

With regard to the subject-matter of an epigram, the variety is really only circumscribed by the range of wit itself, which, in its turn, is limited only by the range of our ideas. All professions, all classes of people, all the foibles and faults of humanity—everything and everybody may be the objective of the epigram's attack. For instance, take Sir John Haryngton's famous lines on treason:

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

Or that well-known epigram on truth:

Truth, they say, *lies* in a well;
A paradox, forsooth!
For if it does, as people tell,
How can it then be truth?

This play upon words reminds one of Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated definition of an ambassador, as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

The lawyer receives his tribute from the epigrammatist in an epitaph like this:

God works a wonder now and then—
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man.

Or his grasping proclivities are suggested in such lines as:

The law decides questions of *meum* and *tuum*,
By kindly arranging to make the thing *suum*.

Coleridge pays his respects to a bad singer in the following unmistakable terms:

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

And Pope discloses to us that a popular *modern* slang phrase is at least two centuries old when he thus addresses a certain foolish person:

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

In a similar vein are Burns' lines on a noted coxcomb:

Light lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head—
His skull will prop it under.

Women, naturally, have been a favorite topic with the epigrammatist. First of all there is that well-known slanderous poem about their faults:

We men have many faults;
Poor women have but two—
There's nothing good they say,
There's nothing good they do.

And Herrick's lines on a painted gentlewoman:

Men say you're fair, and fair ye are, 'tis true;
But, hark! we praise the painter now, not you.

Or take the oft-quoted lines of the Vermont lawyer and poet, Saxe:

Men dying make their wills, but women do
Not do a thing so sad;
What need to make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had!

Or the epitaph which Dryden intended for his wife:

Here lies my wife! here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

Or the clever play upon words in the following lines about a gay widow:

Her mourning is all make-believe;
'Tis plain there's nothing in it;
With weepers she has tipp'd her sleeve,
The while she's laughing in it.

Not all the epigrams about women, however, are so ungallant as the foregoing.

The form and range of the epigram were settled by the Hispano-Roman, Martial, with a decisiveness to which there is scarcely a parallel in all literature. For, with more than one thousand five hundred epigrams to his credit, he has left his impress upon this unique form of literary expression so firmly that the passage of time, far from causing its obliteration, has served but to enhance it. There are not wanting, however, those who would impair his claim to fame by charging him, and with some justice, with a servility and fawning adulation of wealthy patrons, and an indecency which cannot be denied. But if we remember the times in which he lived, namely, during the reign of perhaps the worst of the many bad emperors who ruled the world in the first century, we should not be surprised at the frankness and brutality so offensive to modern ears.

It is an interesting and remarkable fact that the chief celebrities of Roman literature were born outside of the city of Rome. Thus, Venusia claimed its Horace, Arpinum its Cicero, Mantua its Virgil and Padua its Livy. M. Valerius Martial was no exception. Like Lucan, the Senecas and Quintilian, he was a Spaniard, having been born in the little town of Bilbilis about the year 40 A. D. While still a youth, he deserted the rustic scenes of the land of his birth for the gay and bubbling life of the great city, and for over three decades lived there, enjoying the acquaintance of everyone worth while and satirizing keenly the prevailing vices of the time. His declining years, however, were spent in retirement in Spain, whither he had returned about the year '98, not more than six years before his death.

His sojourn at Rome naturally was the period of his greatest literary activity. Subjects for epigrams were to be found in the many-sided aspects of real life in the capital of the world. And they did not find him wanting, for he had a remarkable gift for seizing upon the ridiculous and piquant,

as well as upon the commonplace, the ugly and the obscene, and combining them into a short poem with endless wit and surprising turns of thought. The relationship existing between the *cliens* and the *patronus* with its attending *sportula* ("hand-out") was a fruitful source for his epigrammatic skill, but more interesting to his age than to ours. The parasite, the debauchee and the fortune-hunter appear unpleasantly often in his epigrams, but the variety of subjects is so great that no other writer gives us as complete a picture of the social manners and the daily life of the Romans. And it is precisely on the ground of his contact with the ordinary human beings of a workaday world that his popularity has rested from his day to ours.

Take, for instance, the idea of wealth and stinginess. Martial antedates Carnegie by nineteen centuries in his enunciation of the principle that it requires capital to produce capital:

If poor thou art, then poor thou shalt remain;
For now the rich alone may wealth obtain.

And yet the wealthy man is always discontented in his greed for gold:

Africanus has a thousand pounds,
Yet seeks a ton.
Fortune gives too much to many men,
Enough to none.

And often is wont to become stingy:

When I asked for twelve thousand,
A mere six did you send;
To obtain twelve, I'll ask that
You twenty-four lend.

Wealth, indeed, if possessed by the wife, may cause her husband to be subject to her:

Why am I loath to wed a wealthy wife?
My wife's own wife is not the life for me.
Priscus, let man be richer than his spouse,
Else man and woman will not equals be.

And, if possessed by old men, produces a swarm of fortune-hunters, who take little pains to conceal their real desires, once they have been named heirs:

He who gives gifts to you, Gaurus,
Rich as the years fastly fly,
If you are wise and sagacious,
Really says this to you: "Die."

Or again:

You give me nothing while alive, but say
You *will* give after you expire.
If you are wise and do not act the jay,
You know full well what I desire.

The millionaire octogenarian who is childless is addressed in this wise:

You have coffers of gold,
But are childless and old;
Do you think that you have a true friend?
You had true friends, I'm sure,
When a young man and poor,
But the recent friend longs for your end.

Other characteristic classes of contemporary society receive their share of attention at the hands of Martial. To the pretentious dandy he says:

You wish to play the dandy
Yet be thought great withal.
But he who is a dandy
Is mighty, mighty small.

While one who is a trifle extreme in his faults, but partial to none of them, is addressed thus:

Who says that thou art vicious is a lying elf;
'Tis not a vicious man thou art, but Vice itself.

Then there is the neat characterization of the professional diner-out:

Philo swears that he has never
Dined at home. And why? Whenever
No one asks him out to call
Philo does not dine at all.

And of the prying individual:

Tongilianus has a nose—
A fact which everybody knows—
But nothing else beyond a nose
Has he.

Liquor, that relic of bygone ages in the prehistoric past, forms the subject of quite a few of Martial's epigrams. To mention one or two, there are the pointed lines on the heavy drinker:

The man a blunder makes who thinks
Acerra smells of *yester* wine;
The reason is: Acerra drinks
Until the *morrow's* sun doth shine!

As well as the lines on the drunkard's daughter:

I am not astonished at all at the fact
That Bassia drinks only water.
But I must say I *do* marvel much that this act
Is accomplished by Bassus' daughter.

Occasionally, the poet waxes philosophical, as when he moralizes on genuine and counterfeit grief:

Sweet Gellia, for her sire's demise,
Sheds, when alone, no tear;
A mournful flood fills up her eyes,
If anyone is near.

He grieves not, Gellia, who for praise
A tearful stream lets flow;
He truly grieves, who turns his face
To mourn unseen his woe.

But as a rule he clings to the more commonplace and, therefore, the more interesting happenings in the world about him. There is the case of the quack doctor who abandoned his profession for something easier:

Diaulus, erstwhile doctor,
Now undertaker staid,
'Tis true, has changed his title,
But he hasn't changed his trade.

Also the unskilled oculist who turned to boxing as more profitable:

You are a boxer now, 'tis true,
Though erstwhile oculist;
But what your dullness used to do
You now do with your fist.

Picturesque, indeed, is the reference to the slow and careless barber:

While Eutrapelus, the barber,
 Goes over Lupercus' face
 And makes his cheeks smart and redden,
 Lo! a new beard grows apace.

And to that Bluebeard of antiquity, the seven times widower:

The seventh wife now, Phileros,
 Is "planted" in thy field.
 The land of no one, Phileros,
 Than thine makes greater yield.

This has its counterpart in the clever lines on the seven times widow:

On the tombs of Chloë's husbands
 (Seven in all had she)
 BY HIS WIFE hath she engraven:
 What could franker be?

Then comes the professional flirt, or lover, who sends his *billets-doux* to every girl he meets, but without reciprocity:

I know not, Faustus, what you write
 To maids galore. I do
 Most surely know no maids endite
 Epistles fond to you.

By way of contrast there is the paradoxical plea of a real lover in love with a lady of contrasting moods:

Thou art crabbed, agreeable, pleasing and sour;
 Neither with nor without thee can I live an hour.

Moods, however, do not enter into Martial's characterization of the egotistical belle whose conceit may be somewhat justified:

You are pretty, I know; and youthful, 'tis true;
 And wealthy, for who can deny it?
 But as long as self-praise has possession of you,
 Neither wealth, beauty, youth will belie it.

Or the mendacious lady who has no just ground for her conceit:

Thou sayest, Bassa, that thou art
 A pretty maid, a girl apart.
 But Bassa fair (?), as all men know,
 Is wont to say what is not so.

Nor do we have to do with anything but grim realities in the lines on the lady whose speeding years have carried away her luxuriant tresses:

If Lydia owned as many years
As hairs upon her head has she,
Then Lydia would, as it appears,
Be just a little babe of three.

Or those lines on the lady who used false hair, as well as false teeth:

You use bought teeth, bought hair you use,
Yet unashamed withal.
What will you, if an eye you lose?
That can't be bought at all.

Women are not alone, however, in this attempt to defeat the ravages of time; there is the man who dyed his hair:

White is thy beard, but black thy hair!
Yet I can tell thee why:
The one is short and very spare,
The other *keeps* the dye!

The folly of cowardice:

Fannius took his life away
In order to escape the fray.
What folly this, I ask: to die
Forsooth, in order not to die.

The bore:

You ask me what return I gain
From my Nomentan lot?
From that small farm I this obtain:
Linus, I see thee *not*.

The unwelcome guest:

Thou wert *always* a guest at my villa at Tibur,
And now thou hast bought it of me:
I have sold thee a villa that was *thine* before, sir;
I have imposed upon thee.

And the sycophant:

Cinna, be not elated by
My salutation, "Master;"
I hail my servant thus when I
Would have him move the faster.

It is quite natural that the great host of would-be poets, who infested the capital of the world at that time, endeavoring to read their verse to whomsoever they could prevail upon to lend an attentive ear, should become the object of the satirical weapons of the real poet. For instance:

In your preface a very bad hoarseness you plead;
Since the plea is a good one, sir, pray why proceed?

And again:

You read no verse, Mamercus,
Yet fain a bard would be;
Be what you will—provided
You read no verse to me!

The real poet, too does not forget his parsimonious and “sponging” friend:

You importune me, Quintus,
To give my books to you.
I have none, but the bookman
May *sell* you one or two.

“I? Give good coin for trifles?
In my right senses buy
Your verse?” you say. “I shall not
So fatuous be.”—*Nor I!*

Nor the lawyer who dares to find fault with his verse:

A lawyer bold
(So I've been told)
Reproves my epigrams of gold.
I know not who;
But if I knew,
O lying lawyer, woe to you!

While he censures his critics, he does not wish to die in order to receive the praise he merits:

Thou dost admire the bards, 'tis said,
Only of ancient days;
Nor e'en on them, unless they're dead,
Dost thou bestow thy praise.
Do not, I beg, suppose that I,
To gain thy praise, would wish to die!

But he fears retribution at the hands of his fellow-poets:

Why send I not my books to thee?
Lest you send yours in turn to me.

It is not a fear, however, which is based on the acknowledgment of anything inferior in his own productions:

Both reader and hearer my verses admire,
But a certain bard censures my books.
I care not a fig, for my feast I desire
Should please banquetters rather than cooks.

Herein Martial shows his true claim to greatness, his appeal to the rank and file of the common every-day people. That his aim to "please banquetters rather than cooks" has been amply realized is evident from his great popularity with the reading public even today, so that Lessing's encomium seems to be fully justified. "Only a few," he tells us, "have made so many epigrams as Martial, and no one has made, among so many, so many good ones, and so many really excellent ones." But Martial has also pleased the "cooks," for in the index of the works of any truly great poet in any land and at any time from his age to ours will be found the entry, "Epigrams from Martial."

THE SHADOW BEFORE.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

I.



HE islands and shore of that part of Maryland where the Potomac meets the Chesapeake, the western shore, as it is called, was destined for a greater commercial prosperity than that drowsy do-littleness which is now the behavior of the days there, both in summer and winter—in among the farm lands or along the miniature landings, “the one-horse-power wharves,” Jim Clancy calls them, of St. Mary’s River or Inigo Bay. The prospect of “peace and plenty,” which the scene in old times presented, made the *Ark and Dove* anchor here.

Old St. Mary’s City, so small now that an aëroplane can hardly detect it in the parterre of woods, opened a doorway to economic and commercial opportunities; but a later board of directors in the Colony ignored the doorway and gave to Annapolis and Baltimore the privileges which, if nature had her way, would have gone to the waterways and pleasant fields of St. Mary’s and its environs. In lieu of oversea argosies upon the waters, straggling boats of fishermen go out from Bacon’s Wharf and George’s Island, drift lazily about, and return with oysters and crabs and terrapin. Some venture farther forth during the spring season for the long nets on the Potomac; only some; for the farmlands keep most of the men in the springtime serving the fields of wheat and corn, and the smaller patches of tobacco.

If, however, the wheels of industry engage no ledgers there, the book of story, of fact as well as of fiction, has gathered many a pageful. Incidents, which on the day of their happening may have been ordinary enough, are now viewed through the haze of a summer afternoon, the story-tellers under the shade of a widespread holly, or in a quiet cabin by the huge log fire on a winter night, the stories taking the emphasis of gesture and color, as it were, from the odd shadows cast by the fire upon the walls. There are pre-Revolutionary

tales—creeks and uplands the setting for gallant manœuvres; old Mattingly's Creek being best known, where a group of young Irish boys swam from a British vessel one night and made their way to General Washington in Virginia.

There are narratives, some legend, some history, of 1812; the Raley manor still keeps the "spy-glass" which Admiral Duncan from the British Fleet left on the Raley porch one day after his dinner of Maryland ham. Phantom riders discerned along the byroads in the twilight, galloped mysteriously into the stories; and ghostlike objects were detected upon far horizons when the moon flitted from behind a cloud, or upon stormy nights, when a flash of lightning—those terrific flashes of lightning over that conflux of waters—picked out, as if with a shriek, a spectral sail hiding in an inlet.

Yet it is not entirely out of old fabric that these tales are woven. The countryside, still aloof from the noises and lights of busy marts, is prompt even in these days to continue the literature which circulates under the holly shade in summer or by the log fire in winter; it can create, give it but an inch of an incident, a chapter which will take ten nights in the retelling. How easily a whole winter might be whiled away if the good people knew what befell Jim Clancy that April evening only five years ago. Ghost and man, shadow and substance would so commingle that fact indeed would be stranger than fiction. But Jim Clancy, "not much given to romancin' anyway," did not gossip about the marvelous thing, and what he did reveal to Father Gorman, as well as what Father Gorman knew from another source, were all locked up under "the seal of the confessional."

John Smith—that is the only name you can call him, since nobody knows or is likely to discover his real name—surely had no foreknowledge of the dark place which was marked out for him under the waters of that stormy night. And pretty Viola Raley, whose feet could move as lightly over the hedges by the shore as on the dance floor in Chapel Hall, arrived only in time to see the boat sink under a swoop of the waves; and quick upon that she saw two porpoises, when a flash of lightning marked out every inch of the creek, glide down into the yeasty waters where the boat disappeared. Jim Clancy, living now on his little farm among the Brimfield hills, in Massachusetts, said to some of the neighbors one night

last week that "it would be as good as a bookful to him to be able to spend a couple of days down the Potomac and do some boatin' on Inigo's Bay." That is how he started to tell the story to some old Yankee farmers who found it very hard to understand; indeed, they had to ask him to explain what he meant by "a twist to the matter which was hid under the seal of confession."

II.

Jim Clancy, "goin' back to the spring when it happened," had lost his work in Baltimore when the Maryland Canning Factory closed. He met an employment agent, who wanted good stalwart men for the fishing season "down the Potomac." Jim was a ready recruit; he "bound out for three months, no pay to be received till the very last day and hour were done to the minute." It was good pay—seventy dollars a month, besides the board and bedding, "and the bedding was board as well," added Jim with a nod of his head. "There was no chance to spend what you didn't get," said he, "and to stick at it till the bitter end, hard as it might be, was the only sensible thing to do. The prospect of a neat sum at the finish was a fine horizon to be lookin' at durin' the bitter cold nights."

The months passed by "not as quick as I'm tellin' ye now." Easter Monday, when Jim was to receive his "hundred and more" was only four days distant. But there was an account of a far different order which he wanted to settle. "It had been hard and steady work, day and night, toilin' with the long nets, and pullin' the boats in and out. Sunday was like every other day. I could not get away to church, and even if I could find an excuse for an hour or two, the nearest church, as I found out, was twenty-five miles away, goin' by land, and ten if ye went by the water. Anyway, here it was, Holy Week, and I was determined that I'd get to Mass on Easter day.

"But Easter was no more to the boss than any other day, no more was Good Friday; and I had my own doubts that I could prevail on him to let me off the day or two. Mind ye, if I quit of my own accord, I forfeited the pay, and that same contract was down in stiff writin'. I could pretend to be sick, ye might say, but I couldn't at all as I was the picture of health. It took all the eloquence I could think of, and the

promise of an extra day overtime, to prevail on the man. He consented, however; and he advanced a third of my pay to me. That allowed me to buy a new suit of clothes to go among the people who would be wearin' their fine Easter styles; and I could also give a penny at the church, as a decent man ought to."

Jim did not wear his new clothes when he started out from the fishing shack. He folded them carefully and placed them, the new linen and all, under cover at the stern of the boat. He would have to row over the ten-mile route, around by George's Island, into St. Mary's River and on to Priest's Point. The church was a mile up the road from the landing; and he would likely enough find a hayrick or a barn where he might sleep that night, and then be up "bright and early with the dancin' sun."

"It was a lucky thing for more than myself that I fixed on the landing at Priest's Point." Jim had little pauses for emphasis in his narrative. "For when I finally reached the end of the long pier and was lookin' about up and down the creek and weighin' whether I should go farther up to a point near the church and then in over the level stretch of land, seein' nobody at all as if they had all gone off to Washington or Baltimore, then, I say, in the wonderin' what next to do, it was just comin' on twilight, then and there right below me in three feet of water lay the thing, the corpse of a man, if you please, as clear, every bit of him and his clothes, as if he were on the bottom of the rowboat. Immediately I was for jumpin' down and then for yellin' to wake up the whole country. But I neither jumped nor yelled knowin' that the man must haven fallen there long hours before."

Jim Clancy, finding an excellent chance to insert a telling pause in his narrative, used the interim to fill his pipe, and go on for awhile, with shorter punctuations, as he puffed the long draughts out into the circle before him.

"I was in no need to be excited. Why jump into the water to bring up the body, when with my oar, I could move it over to a shallow place and reach down and bring it up into the boat. I put my oar down carefully, brought it as gently as I could to the side of the corpse, thinkin' I could move it without hurt to it. What a gasp I nearly choked with, when I looked down and saw the oar stuck right through the body,

and me feelin' nothing at all but the bottom of the creek. Out I pulled the oar; not a rip or a tear was to be seen in the man's clothes. What was it? For the life of me I was nearly beside myself with the queer feelin'. Again with more care than a mother could have fondlin' her sick child, I dipped the oar into the calm waters. I fixed it at the head of the corpse, drew it slowly along the soft bottom of the creek, and there again, as sure as my eyes look at ye now, the oar went right through the body, and not a ruffle was made in the arms and the chest when I looked down again. Well, it took but a second; old clothes and all, as I was I jumped into the water, shiverin' I was, too, with the queer sensations. I tied the boat to a hook, and stood right over the man. Takin' a deep breath, I leaned down, put my hands carefully under the figure, and pulled; but there was nothing but drippin' water down to the very tips of my fingers. And all the time, as I saw when the water settled again, there was the figure, as calm as in the daylight. I could see every line of the face, every stripe of a thread in his clothes. What had got into my eyes? Was it a fever, after the long pull at the oars across from Piney Point? I flung myself up to the landing, dragged my boat towards the shore, fixin' it for the night; and takin' out my new clothes, I started at once for the shelter of a barn a few rods away."

If Jim Clancy was "a tremor from head to foot," "inside as well as out," after the spectral vision at the boat-landing, he was more amazed a minute later. "A thud, as if my blood would shoot my head off," was his introduction about the other vision which met his eyes as he came around the barn corner. For there, hiding in a deep angle made by a hayrick and the barn, was the living replica of the figure which Jim had labored over a few moments before. There was a look of surprise in the stranger's sudden glance, "yes, something of a touch of terror," Jim added. "There was something wrong with John Smith, as I will be callin' him. And I thought the thing for me to do was to keep as watchful as I could. I asked him if it would be all right for me to change my clothes right there; for the owner of the barn might not want any stray gentlemen, says I, makin' a drippin' dressin' room of it."

John Smith tried to be affable enough with his answer; but Jim Clancy could see that the tone and the words were fetched from afar.

III.

"You are on your way to the church, perhaps," said Jim; "I'll be along the road with ye."

John Smith had no answer to that, but a quizzical look out of the side of his eyes. He was not going towards the church; that was the stiff response he finally uttered; and he glanced out through the opening to see, as Jim Clancy thought, if the coast were clear.

"There is something on this fellow's mind," thought Clancy, as he wrung the water from his old clothes and arranged them on the side of the hayrick. When he was ready to speak, and in a sense to act, he said: "But it would look mighty queer for us to be hidin' here, if the priest or one of his men came along."

There was something in the remark that made Smith a trifle nervous. And it was the voice of one nettled he had when he spoke. "Well, you can go ahead, if it please you."

"And leave you here?" asked Jim with a merry playfulness in his tone. "Where is the Maryland hospitality in that, I'd like to know? Sure a mile of a road is only half a mile when there's two goin' it and talkin' ahead pleasantly. Come along, man, or we'll be taken for men without any manners, or perhaps for worse than lazy tramps."

John Smith, more vexed at all this chatter, as Jim Clancy could easily make out, thought it better, perhaps, to go along with this annoying stranger. He said ("more like a grunt," said Jim), "Well, up the road, then."

"And the priest will be waitin' in the church," Jim's cheerful voice began.

"That doesn't interest me," was the curt reply.

Jim, however, was not dismayed by the taciturnity of his companion, or by the fact that the half mile of road seemed like a mile. He had his own thoughts about John Smith. Why had he been hiding in that secluded corner, as if waiting for the darkness of night? And why had he finally yielded to Jim's insistence and come out upon the road? Did he think to evade the searching eyes of his interrogator, and escape the inquisition of his tongue? For after the vision at the boat-landing Jim felt bound to make John Smith reveal some sort of explanation of the phenomenon.

He kept at his light bantering talk till they reached the church yard. Old Father Gorman was reading his breviary under the porch lamp.

"Here's a friend of mine, Father, wants to go to confession." It was a bold step for Jim to take, as he called out in a calm voice to the priest.

Smith "looked daggers" at him; and he made pretence for a moment that he was going past the gateway.

"He's a bit bashful, Father," Jim called again, taking Smith by the arm. "Men dare to enter where angels fear to go; is that it?" he said, smiling into the angry face of his companion.

Again, if Jim's conjecture was right, Smith thought it more prudent to enter the church and so shake off this annoying pest. Father Gorman bowed to the strangers, and pointed to them the way to the confessional.

"I'll be waitin' out here awhile, if you please, Father," answered Jim. And, "it was a full half hour," before he heard the footsteps of Smith coming down the aisle of the little church. Jim was not curious to see what effect the long session "in the box" might have on the bearing of his protégé. He had made his own "review of conscience," distracted, indeed, by the programme of the last hour; and he moved quietly up to the confessional, glancing back to see Smith go out the doorway into the dark beyond the porch lamp. To say, or even to imagine, that Jim Clancy might hope that Father Gorman would have any talk about Smith would be an insult to a man "who knew his catechism, and knew also that you don't go quizzin' a priest about anybody who has been to confession."

Jim had some questions to ask, however, when Father Gorman was closing the church door. "Do you think that barn down the creek would be lettin' me in for the night?"

"Why the barn, Mr. Clancy?" asked the priest.

"Because, as I told you a few minutes ago, I'm a stranger in these parts; and it would make good people a bit uneasy if a tramp like myself were to knock at their front door. And then again, having slept these past months on any soft side of a plank I could find over at the fishing place, I would be comfortable enough on a wisp of straw in the barn."

"But the good people, as you call them, and they are that

indeed," answered Father Gorman with a kindly smile, "would not be comfortable, leaving a guest in such a condition. No, no, my good man, they will insist on your taking the best room, or maybe," the priest caught sight of two figures coming in the gateway of the yard, "or anyway, the second best. Here is the daughter of the house now, Viola Raley, and her fiancé, Jack Nugent, who is down for a holiday from Washington." Father Gorman leaned forward to whisper into Jim's ear, laughing as he did so, "Jack will, of course, be accorded the best room."

"We have come to drive you home, Father," Viola began, when salutations had been duly spoken. "There is a storm gathering over in the west."

"Two or three hours away, even the prelude of the storm;" with what a kindly voice Father Gorman answered. And then he presented Mr. James Clancy, and with a friendly clasp of his arm added: "I would like your father to put Mr. Clancy under cover for the night. He came all the way from the fishing grounds on the Potomac to make his Easter Duty."

Before Jim could offer any expostulations, he was aboard the Raley car (or was it Jack Nugent's?) riding down the road again to the priest's house near the boat-landing. And he was not allowed to make apologies to the Raley family when he entered their large hallway. In three minutes, despite his solemn avowals that he had "supper enough in the little boat that brought him over," he was obliged to take a bowl of substantial egg-nog and cakes "as delicious as corn-meal and good cooking can produce in any part of the world, even in the kitchen of a king."

An hour had to be whiled away with stories: Jim Clancy told his share. And then he prevailed on the man of the house to let him sleep, not in the upper room to which they were showing him, but on a little sofa in the room by the kitchen. "I might be wakin' early in the mornin', I am so much accustomed to that these past three months; and it would be easy for me to step out without disturbin' the whole house, and get a view of the pretty country when the Easter sun comes dancin' up."

Jim had other reasons for wanting to be on the ground floor. Notwithstanding the hospitality of the priest and the Raley family, he had not "slipped out of his mind" the queer

vision in the water that evening. Healthy as he was in every fibre of his being, afraid of no physical danger, and never superstitious over so-called "signs and omens," he could not refrain from allowing his thoughts to ponder upon "the more than ordinary adventure—that spectre in the water; and then meetin' the man a moment later." Yes, he would stay awake for awhile; "and as for sleep, if a bit of drowsiness came to make him forget the events of the day—well, Jim Clancy would sleep with one eye open, one ear listenin' down by the water, and one foot ready to leap at the first sound."

"There was no closin' an eye," he said, "when the full hullabaloo of the storm came over the place." What crashing of thunder, what flashes of lightning, "fit to wake up the dead of a thousand years." Trees creaked under the driving wind and rain; gateways and doors screeched; the hissing waves sputtered their wrath back to the skies, or rushed towards the land crunching their curses on the terrified sands; and more terrible were "the little noises" as Jim called them—the twittering of frightened birds out in the hedges, and the patter of feet in rooms above; and once, when a door opened, he heard Mrs. Raley's prayer in the hallway, "May God protect anybody upon the water tonight. Star of the Sea watch over them."

A crash of thunder, "as if the whole countryside were a sheet of glass smashing into a million pieces," made Jim Clancy leap from his couch and jump towards the door. In the horrible silence that followed, he caught a shriek for "help!" and, "like another projection in the eyes," he was sure that he saw a man sink in the boiling waves near the landing at Priest's Point. Certain of the vision, he flung open the kitchen door, and calling, "There is a man overboard at the priest's landing," he ran to the porch, in wild anxiety to find the shortest route to the pier.

"Take the path along the bank," rang out the bright voice of Viola Raley from a window; "I'm following with a lantern. Jack will take the motor."

Flashes of lightning marked out the circuitous path for Jim. Speeding along when the white ghostly light "made the way look like a frightened snake sneaking into the bushes," and faltering when in the blackness he ran against a huge boulder or a mess of wires, Jim Clancy made every second tell like a minute. Only once did he meet with "a loss that counted

in the valuable time." In one of his leaps over a black hedge, he failed to see a gully ahead where the water was rushing madly back to a land-locked pool. Down he went into the rapid stream; "and three seconds later in a flare of lightning, that fairy of a girl, Viola, was reaching down for my hand, and showing me the bit of a path ahead."

Clancy waited for no investigations, when he reached the boat-landing. Immediately, he dove into the seething waves, at the very corner of the pier where he had looked upon the strange vision in the early evening. Viola's voice was calling for help, and her lantern was waving in circles above her head. A thunder crash that racked the whole countryside was for a moment the only response to her cries. And in the long sheet of flame from the skies, she discerned a boat, about fifteen yards away, twist and sink beneath the waters, and two porpoises slip out of the churning waters, and after a long-drawn sigh, slip back again in the wake of the boat. Lights flickered in Father Gorman's house, and in the little cottage to the left, where the colored servants, Bob Mason and his wife, lived. Priest and servants were on the pier when Jim Clancy was dragging the body of John Smith to the land-end of the pier.

"He must have capsized out there," Viola was speaking to Father Gorman; "and he became exhausted just as he was at the landing. Mr. Clancy found him just a few feet from the wharf."

After strenuous and careful applications of "first aid principles and practice," John Smith was gradually revived, and carried to Bob Mason's cottage. An admonition from Father Gorman, though given directly to Bob and his wife, was intended for all of the party. "Don't talk about this accident to anybody. Let this poor man rest here undisturbed till he is able to go away."

Jack Nugent reached the pier as the little group was moving away. Viola and Jim Clancy were proceeding towards the motor boat, when Father Gorman warned them in a pleasant invitation, "to be wise and take a drink of something warm." He beckoned them towards his house. "It is not twelve o'clock; we have an hour yet, and so you will not break your fast for the morning. And moreover, I must send a bit of the wine over to Bob's house for the invalid."

There was another "hot bowl" for the rescuing party when it reached the Raley homestead. It tasted all the more delicious, when the fragrant freshness from the sea and land breathed into the house after the violent excitement of the storm. The lingering patter of the rain from the trees sounded like home-coming music; the lapping waters under the banks seemed to be chuckling with delight; and far across the fields the reveling notes of a mocking bird serenaded the refreshed halls and aisles of the woods.

Jim Clancy, attired in "comfortable clothes of Mr. Raley himself, and a light duster belongin' to Jack Nugent," was assured by the good woman of the house that his own clothes would be dry and nicely pressed in the morning. And before midnight sounded from the old clock in the hallway, Jim paid a tribute to the last draught of the egg-nog, "as a bowl worthy of any meetin' of friends in any part of the world on a Christmas Eve."

IV.

If there was the enheartening touch of Christmas Eve on the night before, Easter had a jubilation all its own in the early morning after. Jim Clancy was out by the hedges long before the sun came over the Virginian hills to strew its pathway of gold upon the Potomac and Inigo Bay. It was a man's eyes that were looking at the scene, but they had a child's delight, and they easily imagined that the sun was dancing up the golden aisle of the waters. The white-winged fisher-birds sped gracefully about in their joyous commerce; out of the hedges came the ceremonious chant of thrushes and exultant responses of mocking birds; and the silver and green of the flowering hedges and the long stretches of trees "made a song as far as the ears could hear, and a picture as far as the eyes could see; and there was an Alleluia in every diamond of raindrops upon the distant bushes. The whole countryside was a new sort of rainbow, fresh and rejoicin' and enlargin' the world itself and the heart of man."

A long, joyous morning followed. Jim Clancy witnessed what he termed a "fairyland" at the church—the merry groups of young and old, the mirthful voices of salutations, the flower-like splendor of the girls in pretty costumes and the reverential visitors in the adjacent graveyard "movin' along with a solace that only the Easter message can give." And

during the Mass and after the Paschal Communion, Jim found even greater glories in all the landscape round about. Courtesy bowed to him not only from the Raley group, but from strangers whose homes were five miles away; yes, even the lilac bush at the gateway seemed to whisper a blessing.

He found a little library store which Father Gorman kept for the convenience of his flock; and Jim purchased a pretty prayer-book and a pearl rosary for Viola. "And, as two is company and three is a crowd," Jim was smiling at Jack Nugent, after the merry breakfast in the Raley home, he set out with a light heart for his boat at Priest's Point. He had baled out the water, and was casting off, when a pistol shot rang down the road, and whizzed by the pier. Jim looked up and saw a man upon a galloping horse speed down the road, waving his hands and shouting to him. Jim tied his boat and went towards the excited visitor.

It was the County Sheriff, and he showed his revolver. "What are you doing in these parts?" he shouted, clapping a firm hand on Jim's shoulder.

"A quiet man's business," answered Jim with a fearless smile.

"And you'll come with me till we find out more about you." The boisterous Sheriff was preparing to take handcuffs from a pocket.

"If it doesn't take long," was Jim's good-natured reply. "But if it takes time, I'm afraid I can't oblige; for I have to be over at the fish by early evening. Perhaps, you will come over there and see if I'm the man you want."

That nettled the pompous officer, and he muttered something about "being impudent to the law."

"The law may be impudent itself," Jim answered, and he might have said more; but at that very instant, Father Gorman, who had been sitting at his quiet breakfast table when the pistol shot disturbed the calm morning air, was hurrying down the lawn. His amazement did not make him omit a courteous greeting to the Sheriff, as he asked, "What is the mistake in this scene?"

The Sheriff was ten miles from courtesy in the tone with which he gruffly replied: "The Mechanicsburg post office was entered Friday night; six hundred dollars stolen; this fellow here is suspicious looking and may give an account."

"Just a minute, just a minute," Father Gorman said brightly. "Step up towards my house." And in two minutes he was out upon the lawn again, and holding a packet towards the Sheriff. "Count that," he said. "It has the six hundred dollars you are hunting for. I was going to return it tomorrow. You can make me out a note certifying that you received it, and Mr. Clancy can be witness."

"And before I do so," the Sheriff had his head high in the air, "may I ask who gave you this money, sir?"

The priest was a bit indignant at the question. "You count the money, please, and sign me a receipt."

"But I insist on the question again, sir."

"And I insist that you . . . here, sign this paper." Father Gorman's voice was raised to a higher pitch, as he set a fountain pen in the officer's hand. "And I give you just so many minutes to leave my property and take your impudent questions with you. Do you know the law of the land which respects a professional secret?"

The Sheriff counted out the money, put his name to the receipt, and then cast another enraged glance at Jim Clancy.

"I will answer for Mr. James Clancy;" the priest waved a hand at the officer.

Jim, coming to this point in the story, began to fill his pipe again, as he looked over the heads of the Brimfield group which had been listening to him.

V.

"But ye haven't told us, no more than the Sheriff, where the priest might a' got the money," remarked one of the old anxious group.

"It wouldn't be my part to be guessin' at what is behind the seal of the confessional."

But to that little assembly of New England Yankees, the allusion to "the seal of the confessional" was as mystifying as the answer to the original question about the money; and one of the old men was candid enough to refer to "that other conundrum."

"But I might suppose, let me say," Jim was drawing slowly on his pipe, "that as none of ye know John Smith, let me suppose that he had stolen the money from that post office, and he was waiting for the darkness of the night to cross the

Bay and make away into the country and, perhaps, up to Washington. A watery grave would have been his but for the warning shadow in the waters. And after what I saw in the water, I suppose again that I was a bit curious, and probably I perplexed him with my chatter, till finally I got him to go to confession; and if he was the man who took that sum of money, sure he had to give it back in the confessional, or as soon after as he could."

That point settled, there was prospect of a dozen queries about the explanation of the shadow in the water. But Jim, "the old pipe bein' tired for the night," stood up to go home, remarking "it would be a long puzzle to go guessin' about that."

TO PAIN.

BY SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O.P.

OF thee I sit unfriended, and unwise:
Come closer, pain, and hold my hands in thine;
And let my spirit drain the dreadful wine
That brims the sombre chalice of thine eyes,
And kiss those lips where secret sweetness lies,
Since once were laid thereto the lips divine.
Take then this all unworthy kiss of mine,
Nor heed the trembling hand, the tears that rise.

God was thy nursling, thine the anointed hands
That swathed Him straitly on the atoning Tree,
Unkindly cradle where He yielded limb
And life to thine embrace. His chrism bands
Be mine, and these thy lullabies to me
The neophyte's initiating hymn.

COVENTRY PATMORE: POINTS OF VIEW.

BY FREDERICK PAGE.



OWARDS the end of the present year, Coventry Patmore will have been dead a quarter of a century, and by what we hope may prove a fortunate coincidence, our professional critics will have had offered to them more than one occasion for taking stock of the growth of Patmore's literary reputation. Mr. Osbert Burdett has just published a book under a title which implies a very great deal: *The Idea of Coventry Patmore*, and his publishers, the Oxford University Press, announce also a volume of Patmore's later prose writings, which will supplement his own two little books of reprinted critical and religious essays. Together with these, there is a little brochure which, for the already-convinced, will be scarcely less interesting and not without importance: a *Catalogue* of Coventry Patmore's library, issued by Mr. Everard Meynell from his Serendipity Shop, the entries annotated in an interesting and not seldom illuminating way, and the whole prefaced with a little essay by Mrs. Meynell, which will certainly rank as a *locus classicus* of Patmore criticism.

The two books already published afford a pretext for the present essay.

Coventry Patmore was a man singular enough to be misunderstood, and (both from reticence and whim, or reticence masquerading as whim) to desire to be misunderstood of the many and not fully understood by any but the very few. He has been called narrow, but he was many-sided enough to be different things to different men. For himself he was, always, in all his work, a student and a reporter of the mystics, and a disciple and apostle of the great legislators in morals and intellect (which includes æsthetics); and, incidentally, a poet who sang what he had perceived to be fair—"unfathomably fair." For Mrs. Meynell (it will be perceived that I am offering my reading not only of the poet, but of his readers), for Mrs. Meynell he is a poet principally, in that he has uttered with exquisite accuracy the human passions of tenderness and

terror, delight and grief. And, indeed, he was, potentially at least, a great tragic poet. He anticipated *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* in a Christian version, where the mother of "Amelia" says, with strictly measured bitterness:

"Though, Sir, the word sounds hard,
God makes as if the least knew how to guard
The treasure He loves best, simplicity."

It is with Mrs. Meynell's unfailing justice that she notes that what is so much to her, counted for comparatively little with the poet himself.

For Francis Thompson he was, together with all else that he was, "that oceanic vast of intellect;" and so also for Mr. Burdett: "The intellect of Coventry Patmore is the greatest philosophic intellect that has expressed itself in English verse. There is more pressure to the square inch in him than in any other poet." In Patmore, Mr. Burdett finds precisely that which Mr. Frederic Harrison sought, and sought in vain, in Matthew Arnold: "a system of philosophy with principles coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative." Mr. Burdett's exposition is detailed.

For Mr. Edmund Gosse, Patmore is a picturesque figure, a fascinating personality, and, incidentally, a writer of greater distinction than used to be acknowledged.

For some he is a mystic such as those whom he studied; for others a poet of exquisite nature-details; for yet others a poet (indeed a poet) of *vers de société*. And it must be said at once that all these are right, complete only as they complete each other. I have thought that a sufficiently accurate definition of Coventry Patmore (omitting only his idiosyncrasy) would be, that he was a Catholic poet: a Catholic who was a poet, in a degree beyond that of (say) Aubrey de Vere; a poet who was a Catholic, in a sense beyond what Mr. Burdett has any occasion to say; that is, not only a Thomist, but a Franciscan—spiritually, of course, and, as it happened, literally.

The special misunderstanding to which Patmore himself invited his readers, was to consider him as an "ancient bard of simple mind," simpler than Jane Austen, as simple as Trollope. That was in "The Angel in the House." In a prose essay,

he speaks of the author of "The Unknown Eros" as being "pin-nacled dim in the intense inane." That is as it may be, but when he has gone as far as he intends to go in speaking of the intimacies of God and the Soul, his Psyche craves precisely the *bourgeoise* lot that had been Emily Augusta Patmore's in Camden Town in the 1840's and 50's:

I ask, for Day, the use which is the Wife's,
To bear, apart from thy delight and thee,
The fardel coarse of customary life's
Exceeding injucundity.

Mr. Burdett's is a masterly book, and none the less so that it respects its own limits, and deals solely with the "idea" of Coventry Patmore. This is as separable from the "poetry" as drawing from color; and, again, as separable from Patmore's religion as thought from life, or light from heat; and one who loves Patmore is not too happy at the dissection. I propose, therefore, to touch briefly on the poetry which Mr. Burdett has so largely taken for granted, then upon the "idea" which he has so ably expounded, and, lastly, upon the Catholicism which is not in this book his subject.

It is not an arbitrary or capricious requirement that a poet should deal largely with the visible world, both for its own sake, and in metaphor and simile, and this, not only because, as Patmore himself says, spiritual truth can only be represented and made credible in parable and metaphor; but for these reasons also, that accurate observation of physical phenomena is some guarantee of general truthfulness, that these phenomena are at once the subject-matter of, and a check upon, theory, and that an interest in them counterbalances our excessive concern for our own selfish interests—excessive and selfish, however immaterial or spiritual they may be.

Patmore was a Wordsworthian poet, to an extent that has never yet been said, and if his concern with sex is exaggerated and unbalanced (that is, disproportioned), it is so in his reader, not in himself.

Love wakes men, once a lifetime each,
They lift their heavy eyes, and look,
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book;

And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget, but, either way,
That, and the Child's unheeded Dream
Is all the light of all their day.

Patmore's meaning is in his every word, and his emphasis is equally distributed. In these verses he is concerned not only with the sacrament of marriage, but with the cult of childhood, instituted by Our Lord, and promulgated by Vaughan and Wordsworth; and Patmore's own new contribution is the last thing to be perceived in the verses: a certain theory of the revelatory character of Dreams reënforced throughout all his poetry. A concordance to Patmore would be very revealing, on this subject and many another. "It is easy to keep an empty room tidy," as Father Tyrrell said in criticism of the unreal simplifications of certain philosophers; but Patmore's room is the Universe, and everything is in its place. Take another instance of his balance. Here it is the outer world, as well as the world of dreams, in counterpoise with love, and only just out-balanced:

. . . What shook my spirit, as I woke,
Like the vibration of a bell
Of which I had not heard the stroke?
Was it some happy vision shut
From memory by the sun's fresh ray?
Was it that linnet's song; or but
A natural gratitude for day?
Or the mere joy the senses weave,
A wayward ecstasy of life?

The actual explanation, when at length it is given:

. . . I remembered, yester-eve
I won Honoria for my wife,

is likely, for the youthful or other rapid reader, to cancel the suggested explanations given before. It was meant but to displace them. Everyone of them had in past times accounted for his waking happiness, or they would not have suggested themselves now. If Coventry Patmore saw sex in everything and everything in sex, it was everything that he was looking at. It was upon his study of Coleridge and Swedenborg, Aristotle and Aquinas, that Emily Andrews broke. (It is his annotated copies of these books that Mr. Everard Meynell cata-

logues, save only his copy of St. Thomas, which he gave to the British Museum.)

He was reading steadily through the book of universal nature when he came upon Love's sweet page, and he did not thereupon close the book. He had faith in the coherency of its argument. Mr. Osbert Burdett has mapped out *his* book thus: the theme and its hypothesis, the data of experience, ramifications, the philosophy of marriage, the inference, and its applications to society and art. This is a brilliant reconstruction of the "book" referred to in some verses quoted above, and again in those that follow. We return to the subject of similes:

To marry her and take her home:
 The Poet, painting pureness, tells
 Of lilies; figures power by Rome;
 And each thing shows by something else!
 But through the songs of poets look,
 And who so lucky to have found
 In universal nature's book
 A likeness for a life so crown'd!

Who so lucky as Patmore to have found in universal nature
 a likeness for so much?

Of intimate speech where confession evokes confession:

Our confidences heavenward grew
 Like fox-glove buds, in pairs disclosed.

Of a happy girl, between her undeclared rival lovers,
 with their

. . . forced smiles, the shrouds
 Of wrath, so hid as she was by,
 Sweet moon between her lighted clouds.

And again, alone with her still-undeclared suitor:

. . . now and then, in cheek and eyes
 I saw or fancied such a glow
 As when in summer-evening skies,
 Some say, "It lightens," some say, "No."

To her, as to her lover, Patmore imparts his own meteorological sensitiveness: Honoria writes to Felix:

The summer lightning was so bright—
 And when it flash'd I thought you spoke.

Surely in no poem are the senses more delicate, more spiritual? Nothing but a concordance to Patmore could do justice to his sensitiveness to light; but take this, of hearing; going to church, they entered,

while yet the tower
Was *noisy* with the finish'd chime.

Patmore was an amateur of all the arts, a master of one, and an amateur of many sciences, and these supply him with endless similes, and it is only his restraint of form which hides the fact that he is as "metaphysical" in his conceits as Donne or Francis Thompson:

As if I chaf'd the sparks from glass
And said, "It lightens," hitherto
The songs I've made of love might pass
For all but for proportion true.

And,

You fit the taste for Paradise
To which your charms draw up the soul
As turning spirals draw the eyes.

I must now turn to Patmore's "system," to make, however, no more than two remarks: the first intended to minimize the accusations of mannishness and inhumane contempt sometimes brought against him; the second, to dissolve the sexual form which, by a metaphor, has been imputed to his philosophy. The subjects are interwoven.

I. The "two great sexes" which animated his world, and his subordination of the feminine to the masculine element, have their analogy in the threefold division of Plato's city. His "Republic" is, politically, the ideal city, but spiritually it is the just man. Politically, the "Republic" comprises three classes, the legislative, the executive, and the populace, in an ordered hierarchy of command and subordination. Spiritually, each citizen, in each class, is a threefold entity, of intellect, will, and passion, in which the same hierarchy of command and subordination must prevail. This aristocratic conception was Patmore's also, politically, but no otherwise.

Political and spiritual classes are not conterminous: a Sussex poacher might seem to him invincibly a pagan, but he could recognize in an obscure and lonely townsman a mystical

insight into Scripture such as, he said, a bishop might envy. And so with his sexual theory. Man partakes of both the masculine and feminine natures and woman also is "*homo*." Spiritually, sex is only an "aspect," a "relation." The subjection of women was, for Patmore, no more than a social and political necessity, which no more prejudices her spiritual equality than does social status. That this is his doctrine and not a gloss of my own, the following quotation will prove:

Who tries to mend his wife, succeeds
As he who knows not what he needs.
He much affronts a worth as high
As his, and that equality
Of spirits in which abide the grace
And joy of her subjected place.

II. Patmore has said: "Nothing whatever exists, in a single entity, but in virtue of its being thesis, antithesis, and synthesis," and man, woman, and "*homo*" were but one instance, even if the most conspicuous, of this stereoscopic view. This conception pervades all Patmore's thought, but it was not original with him, and is not to be called sexual except by a metaphor; a metaphor derived from any other instance of the same principle would be as valid. The proposition may be illustrated by two of Patmore's own examples: a kite, and a magnet. A kite is kept flying by two opposed forces, the wind which would carry it away, the string and the weight which together hold it opposed to the wind. A magnet at once attracts and repels.

An example, none the less true that it has an appearance of being a *reductio ad absurdum*, may be found in the title of one of Patmore's poems: "Tamerton Church-tower." The tower is one, but we cannot name it without thesis and antithesis, each of which divides and subdivides. The first pair of "yoked opposites" contrasts the homely town with the lonely tower; but the name Tamerton is itself a synthesis of opposed ideas: the flowing river, Tamar, and the fixed "ton;" and the word "church-tower" sets the church and the tower in opposition both architecturally and in the associations each word has, subjectively. And even so, "church" and "tower" are syntheses: the word "tower" implies at once base and spire, with perhaps Thomas Hardy's homely bell-ringers on the solid

earth, and ponderous bells swinging aloft in giddy vacancy. The church is a bar-magnet with its negative end in the porch and its positive end in the altar, and every part is negative in relation to what is in front of it and positive in relation to all that is behind it, as even the porch is positive in relation to the street, and the sin of fraud in the money-changers there carried with it the guilt of sacrilege. The reader will see that my analysis can be carried much further.

That all this was not intended in Patmore's title, "Tamer-ton Church-tower," makes it the better proof of his own proposition: it shows that it was in the nature of things and was not his invention. The titles of his other books show the same conjunction of opposed ideas: of what is remote with what is homely, of the attractive with the repellent, of the appealing with the severe, "The Angel: in the House," "The Unknown: Eros," "Principle: in Art," "Religio: Poetæ." He sets Religion in one eye, and Poetry in the other, and looks on both indifferently, in Brutus' sense of the word. Other examples of reconciled contradictions are these:

If more I love high Heaven than thee,
I more than love thee, thee I am,

both in itself, and as set over against its direct opposite:

Thee whom even more than Heaven loved I have,
And yet have not been true even to thee.

Further examples are:

God's grace is the only grace
And all grace is the grace of God,

and such phrases as "lovely pride," "sweet pride," "lovely awe," "ordered freedom," "commanded good."

And now I am to commend Coventry Patmore to Catholic readers as a Catholic poet, that is, as one who had more than an intellectual interest in Catholic doctrine, and gave it more than an imaginative assent. I can allow myself no more than two quotations and one comment.

(From Patmore's diary): "The relation of the soul to Christ *as His betrothed wife* is the key to the feeling with which prayer and love and honor should be offered to Him."

(A wife writes of her husband:)

For the sake of only love,
And that his gift, does he approve
His wife entirely, as the Lord
The Church His Bride, whom thus the Word
Calls Black but Comely, Precious, Sweet,
Fair, Pleasant, Holy, yea, Complete,
When really she was no such thing!
But God knew well what He could bring
From nought, and He, her beauty's cause
Saw it, and praised it, ere it was.

So did, so does my lord, my friend
On whom for all things I depend;
Whose I am wholly, rather who
I am, so am in all things new;
My Love, my Life, my Reverence, yes,
And, in some sort, my Righteousness!
For wisdom does in him so shine
My conscience seems more his than mine.

Patmore had written these lines in the person of Jane, concerning her husband. He canceled them, not that he would unsay them, but would leave them unsaid. No human husband, not even Felix ("Love in Glory"), not even Frederick ("Love Militant"), quite deserves them, and Jane (to whose lowliness Patmore intrusts so many glorious things to say) would scarcely have said them. But the lines were offered to Christ, and are His only now, from a Poet who prayed in secret:

In Godhead rise, thither flow back
All loves.

THE FLOWER OF ST. JOHN.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

The herb that serves Saint John then grows a flower
When midsummer days wax sultriest.

—Churton (*The Lord of Burghley*).



ST. JOHN," says one old writer, "represents among the Christian saints the Light *par excellence*; his festival falls at the time of the summer solstice, or on the twenty-fourth of June, the last of the three days which mark the culmination of the sun's ascension in the heavens. On this day the sun may be said not to set, the night is so short, if night there be, for the whole heavens in some places are luminous and bright." Hence the bonfires that in many places are built on the eve of St. John, in honor of the birth of the forerunner which preceded by six months that of the Saviour, Christ. And so, too, St. John appropriates the flowers of light and sunshine; as the Scarlet Lychnis, called the Great Candlestick, which was supposed to be lighted up for St. John the Baptist, who was himself "a burning and a shining light:"

The Scarlet Lychnis, the garden's pride,
Flames at St. John the Baptist's tide,

an old Folk Rhyme says.

But the herb which bears his name, and is particularly dedicated to his service, is the plant famous in flower lore:

Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears.—William Cowper.

"Flaring St.-John's-wort," Bayard Taylor calls it, and it is "Yellow St.-John's-wort," according to Celia Thaxter, the flowers, with their golden, sun-shaped discs being especially fitted to bear his name. Then, too, it comes into blossom about the time of the summer solstice, while, on the twenty-ninth of August, the anniversary of his decollation, its red-blotched leaves, as if marked with his blood, and its red sap, seem to pay honor to his martyrdom.

Being thus blessed by name and associations, it has long been considered the wonderful herb that cures all sorts of wounds, and hypericum red, a red resinous substance extracted from the plant, was formerly much used as a healing salve. It was also believed that, taken internally, the plant would cure melancholy, "if it is gathered on a Friday, in the hour of Jupiter, and worn awhile about the neck, in addition." Michael Drayton prescribes "for the stone, that herb we call St. John." In Sicily, it is usual to gather St.-John's-wort and dip it in oil, so transforming it into a "balm for every wound." And, as St. John the Baptist baptized by water, a popular tradition found in Tuscany has it that the dew which falls on these plants before the sun rises on the morning of St. John's Day is capable of preserving the eyes from all diseases during the rest of the year. An ointment was also made of its blossoms; and, indeed, so valuable was it considered, that to those who contrive to get a good return for their meagre work or money it is said: "You give me colocynth for Herb John"—colocynth, a member of the cucumber family, being also of medical importance.

One curious belief is that of the Tyrolese mountaineer, who puts the wort into his shoes, believing that so long as it is there, he can climb or walk without fatigue.

One species (*Hypericum androsaemum*) has gained the name of Tutsan, or Titsum as it is called in Devonshire, a word which comes from the French *Toute saine*, or Heal-all. In Brazil, the *Hypericum* is said to be an antidote for the bite of poisonous serpents; in Russia it is used as a defence against hydrophobia; while in England it was employed internally against mania, as well as melancholy.

As St. John's festival falls at that time of the year when the nights are the shortest, and the greatest amount of light is enjoyed, the period naturally brings the powers of darkness into collision with the powers of light. So *Hypericum*, coming into blossom about St. John's Day and having flowers which reminded of the sun with its darkness and evil-dispersing rays, it was long regarded as specially powerful to avert ill. It used to be gathered on the eve of St. John's Day and hung up near the door or windows as a preservative against evil sickness, lightning, and works of darkness of all kinds. It was at one time in great repute for its supposed influence in conjura-

tions and enchantments, as we learn from the fact that it used to be called by the Italians *Fuga dæmonum*, or, as we might say in English, "scare-devil," "devil's-flight," or "devil-chaser." It was thought that if a sprig of St.-John's-wort were placed over the door, along with a cross, no witch or demon could enter; while the Scotch formerly carried it about their persons as a charm against witchcraft. This belief is expressed in the charm sung by Meg Merrilies, in Scott's *Guy Mannering*, at the birth of Harry Bertram:

Trefoil, Vervain, John's Wort, Dill,
Hinder witches of their will.

For, though it was one of the ingredients witches were sometimes supposed to put into the baleful drinks prepared for their enemies, it could also be used as a counter-charm, since folk-lore teaches that the plants and materials employed by magicians, sorcerers, shamans, tombas, and other dealers in the black arts, are equally efficacious if employed against their spells, hence in "Maid Barbara:"

St.-John's-wort and fresh cyclamen she in his chamber kept
From the power of evil angels to guard him while he slept.

In some places, it was customary to burn this plant, the smoke and flame being supposed to possess special efficacy against various forms of evil, particularly when thrown into the St. John's Eve bonfires. The name *Hypericum* is an additional testimony to the fact that it was regarded as possessing magic properties over evil spirits, for the botanical name comes from a Greek word, meaning "to hold over in such a way as to protect from anything;" others named the plant *Sol Terrestris*, or Terrestrial Sun, since just as the spirits of darkness fly before the light of the solar orb, so do evil spirits fly at sight of this. The widespread belief in its efficacy is shown by an extract from "Every Man In His Humour:" "On the Vigil of St. John Baptist, every man's door is shadowed with greene birch, long fennel, St.-John's-wort, Orpin, White Lilies, and such like." Perhaps, one reason for this belief is the perforated leaves, pierced with minute holes, said to have been made by the devil; and since he disliked the plant so much, there must be some reason for his hate, found in its magical powers, of course.

However, it is said to be dangerous to gather the herb on

St. John's Day, after the sun has risen; in Altmark they say that if you should do so, you will suffer from cancer. And in the Isle of Man, they believe in treating this plant with respect, for they say (or did say before the incursion of visitors drove all individuality from the place), that "if you tread on the St.-John's-wort after sunset, a fairy horse will rise from the earth and carry you about all night, leaving you in the morning wherever he may chance to be at sunrise."

It is also believed to have the magic property of revealing the presence of witches, and of exposing them engaged in the pursuit of plying their wicked calling, so people, armed with St.-John's-wort, were supposed to be able to see them, and by mounting the housetop, or some other convenient high view-point, would observe many marvelous things during the night preceding St. John's Day.

And sacred to St. John,

The magic flower that maidens cull at dawn,

notes William Story, in his poem, "In the Glen," referring to the use of this plant for the purpose of fortune-telling. For in Denmark, many an anxious maiden places the St.-John's-wort between the beams under the roof, that she may learn her fate; the usual custom is to put one plant for herself and another for her sweetheart; should these grow toward each other, it is an omen of her approaching wedding. Another method is to gather a blossom, or a leaf; should it wither before the day is over she must live the year out a spinster.

The wonderful herb whose leaf will decide

If the coming year shall make me a bride,

is a Folk Saying on the St.-John's-wort.

However, should you have no fear of illness, lightning, witches, or spinsterhood, there will be no harm in your seeking Thoreau's "upland pastures where the johnswort grows," at daybreak on June 24th. The flowers will be there, and the birds, and the dew, and the glorious dawn, and the wonder of a waking day, and in this hour alone with nature and nature's God, you will receive such a revelation of the Creator's loving care for His children that you can face the future with hope and equanimity.

New Books.

PSYCHOLOGY AND MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE. By John Howley, M.A. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50.

Psychologists have of late years invaded the domain of the spiritual life, seeking to throw light on the nature of its phenomena and on the laws they assume regulate them. The literature of the subject has been, to a large extent, in the hands of men who ignore the supernatural. The work before us will be eagerly hailed by all interested in the art of arts—the guidance of souls—who will find every chapter illuminating and informative, also by those who are restive under the pseudo science of the spiritual life formulated by agnostic psychologists in their polite attack on religion.

In an introductory chapter, Professor Howley outlines the matter and method of the study of religious experience. Passing to conversion which, naturally, holds a central place in the study of the inner life, he criticizes the theories of those who, like William James, look for the explanation of it in the ill-explored realm of the sub-conscious. The reader will note with much interest the extraordinary importance Professor Howley attaches to the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, which, "in the hands of Canisius became the *Labarum* of the Counter Reformation and saved Germany from being totally lost to Catholicism. . . . The ordinary spirituality of the Catholic Church today is the spirituality of the *Exercises*, because they are the compendium and quintessence of the historic spirituality of the Church, the ascetic lore of centuries of saints and doctors, systematized by the religious genius of one who was the personification of sanctified common sense."

In the two following chapters our author analyzes conversion as it is witnessed in Evangelical revivals, and sets forth the true nature of it as it is exemplified in Catholic circles.

In the second part of the book Professor Howley deals with various conceptions of mysticism. Reminding us that "it is a complete anachronism to speak of meditation in the modern sense of the word in connection with the Christians and monks of the first fourteen centuries (at that time they prayed; they did not meditate)," and dismissing with contempt the theories of agnostic psychology, he takes up the views of some leading Catholic ascetical writers. He joins issue with those who, like Rodri-

guez, regard mystical experience as "something miraculous in character . . . a Divine favor which it would be dangerous to desire." He also questions the view of Father Poulain, who denies the character of true mysticism to the prayer of simplicity. To Father Poulain's treatise, *Les Grâces d' Oraison*, he pays a generous tribute as "a monument of industrious research, destined to rank with Scaramelli's great work as a storehouse of experience and quite indispensable to the student of mystical phenomena." Surely and steadily, step by step, he proceeds to elucidate the true idea of mysticism, and the manner in which the soul is disposed for it, drawing copiously on the great spiritual writers of the Church for proof and illustration, analyzing, as far as it can be analyzed, a spiritual process which in the nature of things must always remain more or less illusive, more or less inscrutable.

Mysticism he defines as "a quasi-intuition of the Divine." "It is very probable," he concludes, "that more Christians receive mystical experience than is usually thought; still the vast bulk do not progress much beyond a well-directed cultivation of the self for God. . . . They will not lose all, including self, to find all; and so they remain in the middle passage."

In the literature which has been growing around the psychology of religious experience there has been a sad and strange lack of works from Catholic pens. This clamant need has now been met by a book which for sanity of thought, acuteness of analysis, and masterly grasp of a vast and difficult subject will for a long time to come hold a place all its own in the literature of mysticism.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK. With Introduction, Text and Notes. By Robert Eaton. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00.

Father Eaton of the Birmingham Oratory is already known to the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* by his work on the Psalter, *Sing Ye to the Lord*. His commentary on St. Mark's Gospel is a welcome addition to our growing Biblical literature. In the introduction the author outlines for us the personality of St. Mark, his place in the history of the Apostolic Age, and his personal relation to the moving forces of the Age, St. Peter, St. Paul, and his own cousin, St. Barnabas. Next we have the Petrine character of St. Mark's Gospel, and on this important point the author calls attention to the numerous small touches in the Markan narrative which make for the vividness and originality of the Gospel, and thus furnish proof that it goes back to an eyewitness—St. Peter.

Finally, we have a brief statement of the date, language, and place of composition of the Gospel, its plan, object, and special features.

The body of the book is the commentary proper. The sacred text is conveniently placed at the top of the page; below are the author's notes. The textual notes will prove very useful; the author constantly keeps in view the reading of the original Greek. The exegetical notes are brief and concise, but they furnish all that is necessary for a good understanding of the sacred text. The appendix contains studies on the Pharisees, Sadducees, Scribes, Herodians, and the Synagogue.

The book is popular in character, and does not enter into the more intricate problems of Biblical criticism which would interest only the professional scripturist or theologian. But it is written in a fine Catholic spirit, and its pages bespeak the author's familiarity with the Biblical problems of our time. Something might have been added on the Synoptic Question, which is of such importance for the history and exegesis of the Synoptic Gospels. The Biblical Commission has on two occasions spoken on the matter. The discussion of the "*clausula*" (Mark xvi. 9-20) is far too brief, and the suggestion that the lack of continuity between the opening verses of chapter xvi. and the "*clausula*" is probably due to the fact that some verses are missing (p. 188), will hardly commend itself as the solution. The author passes over the thorny problem of the seeming discrepancy between the Synoptics and St. John on the chronology of the Passion. The Eschatologists exaggerate when they make the "Kingdom of God" refer exclusively to future life; our author (p. 6) goes to the opposite extreme that the phrase "invariably means the Church on earth."

THE LAST KNIGHT, AND OTHER POEMS. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.60 net.

Even here in his newly adopted country, Theodore Maynard may be said to have arrived poetically at the point where his new work has a right to prompt welcome and appreciation. He is of the "little flock" of seers, who see not only far, but straight through the somewhat tangled ways of modern life and art. And whenever his work is written at the flood-tide of inspiration—even when, peradventure, it is not—it may be counted upon for a verbal beauty at once dreamy and definite, for a vivid, often magical, interpretation of nature, for a very simple and wholly profound allegiance to Catholic ideals and for that rollicking *verve* which distinguishes all disciples of the "Chesterbelloc" philosophy.

This is the second volume of Mr. Maynard's poems (he has been responsible, meanwhile, for a novel and an anthology!) published in the United States, and it is of a delectable variety. Most engaging poems to children—the poet's own—are here, with a sheaf of admirable sonnets, chivalric legends and serio-comic *ballades*, a group of worthy War verses, and poems in that strain of bold and tender mysticism which remains his greatest achievement. Several of these last are love-songs, Patmorean in matter as before, exquisitely Maynardian in manner. And side by side with these—since, obviously, they stand close in the poet's own vision—are such soaring things as "Laus Deo" and "O Felix Culpa." These spiritual poems are really important in their lyrical quickening of dogma: and they compensate Mr. Maynard's present collection for the absence of that unforgettable praise of "Holy Laughter" in its predecessor.

IRELAND IN THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM. By James Hogan.

New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Vol. I., 1500-1557. \$5.00.

The literary revival in Ireland which marked the opening years of the twentieth century has now been followed by redoubled activity of Irish scholars in the field of historical study. Apart from the polemical literature that has marked the struggle for self-government during the past decade, many works of solid learning have appeared dealing with social and economic, as well as political conditions. Professor Hogan, of University College, Cork, now adds to the growing list a history of Ireland in the European System. The author believes that conditions are not yet ripe, in point of research and scholarship, for a history of early and mediæval Ireland to be undertaken on an adequate and consecutive plan, but that the reverse is true with respect to the history of modern Ireland. An immense body of historical material in the form of original records, State papers, memoirs, and letters has now become available to the student of the modern period. Professor Hogan has chosen in the present volume the field of the relations between Ireland and the system of alliances and counter-alliances which prevailed in Europe during the first half of the sixteenth century.

Professor Hogan has made a notable contribution to the study of Irish history. The elaborate introduction to the volume in which he sketches the background of Ireland's relations to England and to Europe forms an admirable essay in itself, and will enable the uninitiated reader to understand the meaning of the shifting alliances which fill the pages of the history of the sixteenth century. The analogies between the past and the present

position of Ireland are obvious at every turn. But it is not with any object of partisan propaganda that the author has written. He is merely a scholar, intent upon historical truth for its own sake and its own interest. To those who love Ireland even the more outlying portions of her history will awaken their sympathetic attention and lead, it is to be hoped, to similar studies in related fields.

IN SEARCH OF THE SOUL. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Two volumes. \$20.00 per set.

There is only one word which can be applied to these two volumes and that is Dominie Sampson's, "Prodigious!" Prodigious in size, for it consists of two large volumes with nearly nine hundred pages of closely printed matter. Prodigious in diligent, but unfortunately misdirected, search of literature, for there are not less than sixteen hundred names in the list of authorities given. Prodigious also in its glaring mistakes, as we shall show by a few selections. Of course, as might be expected in any book by this author, a great deal of space is devoted to the consideration of the works of Gall, a writer whom scientific men, to the great disgust of Dr. Hollander, absolutely refuse to consider seriously. In fact, some of them have spoken of him in terms which show the reverse of respect.

We have no quarrel with Dr. Hollander for his partiality for Gall or for phrenology, though we marvel at both, and we agree with the concluding statement of his book that man is "not a conscious machine, but a spiritual being."

What we do quarrel with is his amazing ignorance on points which ought to be, and are, as clear as any historical matters can be. For instance:

Volume I., p. 81: "For three hundred years Christianity was a religion without a ritual, or a priesthood, or temples, or altars, or public worship." A most astounding statement. The writer cannot be thinking of Christianity as commonly understood, for that had a ritual since, as is everywhere admitted, the Canon of the Mass in all its essentials, if not in its entirety, is apostolic in date. It had an episcopate and orders, for St. Paul instructs St. Timothy in the duties of a bishop. It had altars and public worship, though Dr. Hollander seems not to have heard of *Roma Sotteranea*, nor ever to have read the always interesting Acts of the Apostles or the little familiar bits at the end of many of the Epistles. It is not too much to say that it is impossible to trust, without collation with other books, any man who is capable of a statement such as this and, as no busy person can

be constantly correcting his author, we cannot commend this work to anyone who is not addicted to the hobby of collecting startling mistakes. Let us take a very few more. Page 105: "Aquinas brought science again under the sway of theological methods and ecclesiastical control." A complete misstatement, for what the Angelic Doctor did and what neo-Scholastics are doing today was to take the facts (let us be clear that they are facts) of science and employ them in the elucidation of philosophical theses.

Volume I., p. 117: Galileo "died in 1642, the prisoner of the Inquisition. He was not allowed to make a will, and he was denied the right of burial in consecrated ground." As a matter of common, vulgar, historical fact, Galileo died in his own house fortified by all the sacraments of the Church and by the special blessing of the reigning Pontiff, and was buried in the Church of Santa Croce in his own town—hardly unconsecrated ground.

Volume I., p. 128: The old stupid falsehood—exposed time after time—as to the supposed prohibition of anatomy by the Bull of Boniface VIII. "It was universally and constantly construed to prohibit dissection." This statement is not ignorance only, but pure ineptitude, for the Bull, as he says, was published in 1300, yet the author of the above dogmatic statement as to the prohibition of anatomy, tells us a few lines further down, first, that Mondino publicly dissected two bodies in Bologna in 1315, and secondly, that public dissections were decreed (whatever that means) in the Universities of Montpellier in 1366, at Venice in 1368, and at four other universities, which he names, shortly afterwards. What is to be thought of the critical acumen of the writer who can place these statements, utterly opposed to one another, on the same page?

Volume I., p. 178: "Geology became established as a science, having broken loose from the trammels of theology" (in 1776). Dr. Hollander has heard of Bishop Nicholas Stensen as an anatomist, but is evidently unaware that he is universally recognized as the Father of Modern Geology, and especially that he settled the question of fossils which our author supposes to have remained unsettled until geology escaped from the dungeons of the Inquisition. Stensen, by the way, died in 1687, just about a hundred years before geology, according to Dr. Hollander, got out of its prison.

The fact is, his book is full of mistakes, even on small points, *e. g.*, Professor D. J. Cunningham (a very distinguished anatomist who died only the other day) was not Lecturer on Anatomy in the University of Belfast (which did not exist as a University in

his time), but Professor of Anatomy in the University of Dublin (see p. 227). It is a small and unimportant point, but it shows the kind of carelessness, to put it mildly, exhibited in the previous quotations. It really moves to indignation that at this date and with all the means of information open to them, those who—we must suppose—desire to be regarded as serious writers should be guilty of errors of which a child of twelve ought to be ashamed.

REMINISCENCES OF LEO NICOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOI. By Maxim Gorky. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

It is always interesting to see what an anarchist thinks of his god. These reminiscences of Tolstoi by Gorky present a rather unusual picture—of the god directly and of the anarchist indirectly. Written when he was much younger, in the form of fragmentary notes, the first part of the book gives a vivid portrayal of the great Russian. The second part consists of a letter written by Gorky on the occasion of Tolstoi's death and constitutes a recapitulation of his opinions. In the light of Gorky's present activities as a leading member of the Soviet this picture is illuminating.

He shows a Tolstoi who might have been a cross between a philosopher and a satyr. A god on the mountain in one mood, a peasant in muck the next; a man of great tenderness, gentle appreciation and a quaint sense of humor; his talk ranges from God to women—God reverently and women a little cynically. The views of the master and the student are summed up in one passage:

"The minority feel the need of God because they have got everything else, the majority because they have nothing."

To this Gorky appends: "I would put it differently: the majority believe in God from cowardice, only the few believe in him from fullness of soul."

When you weigh these two opinions you see the different viewpoints of the men. Gorky's is more cynical and penetrating—but his observations do not always penetrate to the truth. That is the great mistake many of us make—we think that because a mind penetrates the surface of things it must necessarily plumb Reality. Tolstoi believed in God—he belonged to both the minority who have everything and, by an act of his own will, to the majority who have nothing.

Unquestionably Tolstoi had the detachment of the mystic, the acceptance, the supple will, the other-worldliness that one reads in the words of those whose hearts are set on other things. There are other sides of Tolstoi shown in this book, and would

that space permitted us to speak of them. This view must suffice—this view of Tolstoi as the mystic. For he was a mystic, and in studying the many-sided phases of the mystical attitude, Tolstoi's is a chapter that cannot be overlooked. To the end he was, as Gorky witnesses, a man with an active and living faith. His final rebuke to this young anarchist—as Gorky was then—is amazingly direct, and after hearing it Gorky wrote:

"And I, who do not believe in God, looked at him for some reason very cautiously and a little timidly, I looked and thought: 'The man is godlike.'"

A THEORY OF THE MECHANISM OF SURVIVAL. By W. Whately Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

Numerous attempts have been made to explain the psychic phenomena connected with abnormal states, clairvoyance and mediumistic operations. Some have simply disposed of these phenomena as frauds; others, such as Raupert and some of our Catholic theologians, have regarded them as evil intentioned operations of wicked spirits; scientific materialists have, as a rule, offered some mechanistic explanation.

One of the most ingenious explanations of the latter group has recently come from Mr. W. Whately Smith. His subtitle, "The Fourth Dimension and Its Applications," indicates his line of reasoning. The idea of evolving a plausible explanation of such psychic phenomena by the application of the Fourth Dimension, dates back at least to the Slade-Zoellner investigation in 1878, but this work of Mr. Smith is the first formal and comprehensive attempt.

After explaining four-dimensional space, the author prepares our mind for its application to various phenomena by having us suppose a two-dimensional space inhabited by two-dimensional creatures with two-dimensional perceptions. It is, of course, clear that such hypothetical creatures can have no knowledge of phenomena involving three-dimensional operations. In the same way beings such as we are, perceiving normally only through a three-dimensional vehicle, can have no idea of operations or facts involved in a four-dimensional world. But the fact that we are not cognizant of four-dimensional existence does not justify us in denying it. Thus prepared, we are taken through a number of applications of the fourth dimension to cases of clairvoyance, "exteriorization," "apparent penetration of matter by matter," and telekinesis. The writer also considers the fourth dimension in relation to Time in order to explain cases of pre-vision; applies it to problems of Vitality and Will; and suggests that it may correct

many of our notions and solve many of our difficulties relative to the physical sciences.

Having made these applications, the writer proposes a mechanism of consciousness that will function both in the three and four-dimensional states. He is not certain whether there should be two or three vehicles of psychic activity. There should certainly be one vehicle for normal, three-dimensional perception, and one for four-dimensional perception; but whether this latter can also function three-dimensionally, or whether a third vehicle, a connecting link between the two states, is required, is left open to conjecture. If this connecting link, this "Etheric Double," does exist, it leaves the body at death in the form of rarified, etherialized matter, and either passes off, a more refined third vehicle and itself discontinues existence, or begins functioning as a purely four-dimensional vehicle.

In spite of the insistence of the author that this theory does not and will not conflict with religious dogmas, the hypothesis gives rise to grave suspicions. Four-dimensional space and the four-dimensional vehicle will scarcely accord with the traditional belief in Heaven and Hell, and with the traditional concept of the condition of the soul after death. It seems better suited as a working hypothesis for Theosophy than for Christianity. If this theory is carried to its logical conclusions, the final resurrection of the body becomes at least superfluous. Mr. Smith suggests as one of the advantages of this hypothesis the harmonization of antagonistic materialistic and theistic thought, but throughout the work we gain the impression that this harmony is effected by completely materializing the soul. Is his mechanistic soul not merely a chemico-biological soul? The *Theory of the Mechanism of Survival* is interesting, but even as a mere hypothesis it is apparently dangerous.

THE LIFE OF ST. MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE. By Rt. Rev. E. Bougaud, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.75 net.

This handsomely executed reprint of Bishop Bougaud's work, which was first put out a number of years ago, serves as fitting reminder of the first anniversary of St. Margaret Mary's canonization. The writing of such a life makes large demand on heart and head, and the lapse of time has but brought into clearer relief the enduring delicacy of Monseigneur Bougaud's craftsmanship. The good Bishop has gone to his well-earned rest, and his own heart is in the custody of the Visitandines of Orleans; but his praise of the Sacred Heart springs forth as freshly as when the words were first penned.

The author spent ten years of his priesthood as chaplain to the Visitation nuns at Dijon, his native city. Hence, he was in a position to treat with discrimination the genesis and sublime progress of the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. The history of that devotion is the history of the spiritual daughters of St. Francis de Sales and St. Chantal; as well as the history of all that is best and most heroic in the Catholic Faith of modern France. The Bishop of Laval has succeeded in achieving an always difficult literary feat, that of maintaining a proper balance between the historical and the devotional. Added to this, both translator and illustrator have contributed to a setting that is worthy, in every way, of the "Pearl of Paray."

All will appreciate somewhat of the grandeur of the Revelations made through the humble convent grill to a humble virgin. Surely, too, there will be no reader uninterested in the scholarly, yet far from pedantic, list of references to the Sacred Heart, dating from the early ages of Christianity in what may be termed the "*præparatio*" of the Sacred Heart's reign and the account of Its Apostolate as given in the thirteenth and succeeding chapters. A skilled hand has added the conclusion, which comprises, amongst other valuable matter, the words of His Holiness, Benedict XV., concerning the Saint's canonization, and a statement of the fact, very interesting to Americans, that to the United States belongs the honor of having first dedicated a church to the Sacred Heart—that erected at Conewago, Pennsylvania, by the Jesuit, Father Pellentz, in 1787.

Cause for congratulation is to be found in the price of the biography, which is, for these days, extremely moderate. It would, however, have gained very considerably by the insertion of an index at the end.

THE TEACHING OF RELIGION. *Religion, First Manual. Religion, First Course.* By Roderick MacEachen, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.20, \$1.28, 28 cents respectively.

With these volumes a new note is struck in our elementary teaching of religion. Some may consider the ideas here expressed as radical and iconoclastic, but any who have been confronted by the almost hopeless futility of mere routine recitation, will welcome and applaud this system of Dr. MacEachen. In it, he insists on the volitional as an essential aid to the intellectual training of the child, on the child's own expression of the Divine truths, rather than on the "memory phrase" of an abstruse theological conclusion. His complete theory, as contained in *The Teaching of Religion*, will furnish thought for the teacher, not

only of religion, but of all elementary grades. It is a logical and sensible system, based on actual observation and knowledge of the child mind and impulses, and seeks to develop the awakening faculties in a sane and natural way. In the latter part of the book, Dr. MacEachen applies his theory, and outlines the manner in which the main doctrines of religion may be presented. The other two books, *Religion, First Course* and *Religion, First Manual*, are companion volumes, and show his theory in working attire. The former book is aptly and beautifully illustrated, and will supply material for many interesting classes. The latter is a book of questions, not in the traditional, abstract form of the catechism, but such as would naturally occur in a child's conversation. These books fulfill a need, and may their publication augur a new and more effective teaching of God's truth to the little ones.

LIFE AND LETTERS. By J. C. Squire. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$3.00 net.

Mr. Squire has already been introduced to the reading public in the first and second series of *Books in General*, published under the pseudonym of "Solomon Eagle;" here he drops the mask and speaks in his own person. So apt was his first title, and so closely does he follow in this the path outlined in the earlier publications, that he might have not unprofitably made this his third series on *Books in General*. He has collected here some forty from his weekly contributions to *Land and Water*, just as the first and second series were recruited, if memory serves, from *The New Statesman*.

Mr. Squire's tastes in reading are catholic; he ranges from Chinese folk-lore to Anatole France, from Dr. Johnson and Pope to Marryat and Sax Rohmer, with the deftness of touch and sureness of attack which have brought him, still a young man, as such things go, to the editor's chair of *The London Mercury*. His literary criticism is informed with a large-hearted optimism; he finds idealism in Swift, a large imagination alive to natural beauty and the mystery of life in Pope, even generosity in Rabelais. He has written a sincerely appreciative review of Mr. Chesterton's *Short History of England*, a book not calculated to arouse enthusiasm in the breast of the English critic. His optimism does not blind him, however, to moral values. Writing of Anatole France, for instance, after a just estimate of his gifts, he goes on to say: "He is a connoisseur first and a man afterwards: taste and wit are for him substitutes for morality and religion. The philosophy which has dominated Anatole France has made him, with some deliberation, seal the springs of enthu-

siasm, of love, of worship. He feels himself larger than life, but he is not. If he lives, and I think he will live, he will live as a maker of *bijouterie*, a craftsman, a witty and dainty essayist." He is equally frank in his appreciation of George Meredith and Walt Whitman.

The disadvantage inhering in work of this type is that it is bound to be, of its very nature, ephemeral, lacking in that permanency of interest which alone could raise it from journalism to literature. By far the larger number of these contributions are reprinted book reviews; they have already been deprived of the timeliness concomitant with the appearance of the book. They represent the author's personal reaction to the book in his hand, and can cover but one aspect of a many-sided subject. Hence they are not intended to present the author's full mind on any one topic; and those who will disagree with his pronouncements—and there are sure to be many who cannot see with him on, say, Meredith and Whitman—should not in justice demand of Mr. Squire that he do more than the scope of the review allowed. Within a narrow compass he has packed a great deal of shrewd and original commentary, on letters, indeed, rather than on life, which rests on wide reading and sympathetic observation: and while the book is not a literary history to be kept on a shelf for frequent reference, it will be read by many with interest and profit.

**HISTORY OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH INFANTRY,
U. S. A.** Compiled by Gérald F. Jacobson. New York: The Devinne Press. \$5.00.

From the regimental seal and its motto, "*Pro Patria et Gloria*," on the cover to the diagram map of the regiment's glorious operations at the back of this stout, well-bound, perfectly printed book this history of the famous old Seventh New York Infantry of the New York National Guard, and of its fighting in France when mustered into the Federal service as the "One Hundred and Seventh Infantry, U. S. A.," is in all respects a model of what a regimental history should be. It has great value as a contribution to the general history of American participation in the Great War. In addition, it is a most noteworthy example of regimental unity, of the *esprit de corps* of the celebrated Seventh Infantry, and of the literary and artistic ability of its members. For the book is not done by hireling hands, it is the joint product of the regiment itself. It was produced under the direction of the Colonel of the regiment, Mortimer D. Bryant; its compiler, Gerald F. Jacobson, is a sergeant; its two editors are Corporal Leslie W.

Rowland and Sergeant Harry T. Mitchell, and each company and each department and special company of the regiment supplies its own historian, to the number of sixteen, while the remarkable, vivid, powerful illustrations are all, with the exception of the official photographs, the work of regimental artists, who are buck privates, corporals and sergeants. Indeed, there is about this book the unity, the strength, the harmony and the finality of result which were the great "notes" of the War work of the nation itself. The reader is reminded of the communal or guild works of the past ages of faith, works in which all concerned wrought in the one spirit of brotherly coöperation.

The battle of the Hindenburg line was the most important of the actions in which the One Hundred and Seventh gained glory—at the price which is simply, and with stark eloquence, told in the long list of the regiment's dead—but the battle of La Selle River, the battle of Jonc de Mer Ridge, and the engagements at St. Maurice, East Poperinghe, and elsewhere are also part of the splendid record.

Of special interest to Catholics is the chapter contributed by Chaplain Peter E. Hoey, a Paulist Father, one of the four chaplains with the regiment. That the impression of unity, the spirit of brotherhood, which even to the most casual reader of the book is so obvious, is not a forced or a sentimental interpretation, is made strikingly and authoritatively evident by Father Hoey. "Catholic, Protestant, and Jew were all alike to me," he writes, "for in their hearts and souls there dwelt a common nobility, within their breasts there burned a common ideal, they were actuated by a unity of purpose which should ever be typical of the Sons of America." And from Father Hoey's chapter there issues a striking passage, the message of his experiences with the regiment, in which there is also, perhaps, the lesson of the War itself to all the world: the lesson of the power of Love: "Cold in death, with bodies torn and crushed and mutilated, yet did I find many a rosary pressed to cold, dead lips, and many a mother's prayer book all sodden with blood, resting close to the heart which had ceased to beat. It was a very significant fact that in almost every instance we found upon the bodies of the dead either of two things—a woman's picture, a symbol of her love, or a religious memento, a fruit of her love. Ah, if woman only knew the place where men have enshrined her, if she only knew her wondrous power for good, if she only realized in part to what extent she stirs the wells of man's inner being, she would storm the heart of God Himself for purity, for deeper love, for sympathy and keener vision, that she might accomplish the

destiny which God has given her to achieve. But perhaps here, too, the War has wrought a change. I could not help but wonder at the intensity of the love with which the boys almost worshipped their dear ones at home. Today, in that love, I see a remedy for a world disease."

QUICKSANDS OF YOUTH. By Franklin Chase Hoyt, Presiding Justice, Children's Court of the City of New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

This volume of two hundred and forty-one pages contains a series of stories "telling of youth's encounter with the law." They are based on personal experiences of Justice Hoyt. No technical terms are used. A simple narrative style is employed throughout. The tragedies and the comedies that pass before a Children's Court in a great city are described by typical instances drawn from the records. The author includes here and there touches of comment and interpretation on problems in child life and the spirit and aims of children's courts. The reviewer found the keenest delight in reading the volume. The incidents described are highly instructive. The tone throughout is optimistic, but it never departs from the region of facts. Teachers, parents, clergymen who are not well informed as to the actual operation of Juvenile Courts will find Justice Hoyt's volume helpful to the greatest degree. Social workers who are well informed will read the volume with genuine pleasure. Who would not wish to know more about the ingenious truant who had convinced his mother that the marks C and D were the best given in his school. He had explained that A meant awful; B indicated bad; while C and D meant respectively corking and dandy.

The tone of this volume is most wholesome, and fully in keeping with the splendid qualities that its author brings to the administration of the Children's Court over which he presides.

FLAME OF THE FOREST. By Constance Bishop. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00.

As a picture of life in India, Constance Bishop's story is of great interest to the untraveled Westerner, for the insight it gives into the fanaticism, cruelty, and superstition of the elusive, pagan East.

The novel is overcrowded with a host of the most unattractive Anglo-Indians and Eurasians, who gossip, flirt, lie, steal, and write slanderous, anonymous letters. They are certainly a sorry set, although, as we judge, drawn to the life.

The hero is pursued for years by a demon of a woman doctor,

who tries to win him through the medium of her lies and pagan magic. Luckily the priests manage to kill her just in time at a temple service. On the other hand, he is in love with a drunken rascal's wife—a purely platonic affair, of course, although the husband naturally thinks otherwise. A very obliging man-eating tiger disposes of the husband, and the future seems bright for the devoted pair.

The heroine, on the verge of entering the Church, makes "the great refusal" to marry a heartless, agnostic biologist, who drives her blind through overwork. His cruelty is a blessing in disguise, for it brings her at last to the true Faith.

The story is well written, dramatically told, but the Catholic characters are not types calculated to attract thinking non-Catholics to the Church.

HEART BLOSSOMS. By Mary Donatus. Villa Maria College Press. \$1.00.

It is not always that the heart travels further than the head, but there is in the present little volume a distinct advance over the *Thought-Blossoms* issued not long ago by the same author. As before, the quatrains are notably happy, while the devotional verses are for the most part full of healthy cheer and color. And in "My Tree of the City Street," the nun-singer gives us real originality of concept and poignancy of emotion.

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE. By Scott Nearing. New York: The Rand School of Social Science. \$1.00.

The thesis which this latest production of the prolific ex-Professor of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania seeks to establish is that America has become a plutocratic world empire. The mass of statistics with which the author supports this contention is impressive, and perhaps affords sufficient basis for the prediction that our country might some day become a world power of this character. Nevertheless, the most important inferences which he draws from his presentation of facts will not be accepted by many persons outside the ranks of Socialists and pessimists. For all that, the book is well worth reading.

THE NARROW HOUSE. By Evelyn Scott. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.

One of the canons of Greek sculpture at its best period was that things ugly or ignoble should not be portrayed, since such phases of life are abnormal and transient, therefore should not be given permanent form. Modern apostles of realism disagree

with the ancient Greeks. They assert that ugly things are natural and permanent, and in the sacred name of truth should be made the subject of Art with a capital A. (Hence, our present need for censorship of the movies, etc.) But there is another kind of realism which finds that

In the mud and scum of things,
Always, always, something sings,

which emphasizes the struggle and aspiration that is part of every one of us and whose triumph is the normal and natural thing, and this is the only realism that is true.

Miss Scott is blind to this vision. Her rather tiresome, because too obviously painstaking, characterization, her keen, unsympathetic, and superficial analyses, are of things sordid and commonplace, and they show her incapable of penetrating to the true depths of human lives. *The Narrow House* is a narrow book, and an unpleasant and false book.

POLITICAL SUMMARY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1789-1920, by Ernest Fletcher Clymer (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00 net), is an extremely handy book because of the concise information that it contains. It gives a short sketch of the early Government and the electoral system; a brief biography of the twenty-eight Presidents from 1789 to 1920; a thumb nail sketch of the political parties and their origin and the order of their appearance and, finally, a detailed statement of the electoral votes cast in the presidential elections.

It is a splendid reference book that should prove useful to a great many people.

WITHIN THE YEAR AFTER, by Betty Adler (Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co. \$2.00), gives the author's impressions of the War countries shortly after the close of hostilities. She is well qualified for this work, having been special correspondent of the Lee News Syndicate in France, Belgium, Italy and Germany, and also as the regular correspondent of the American Commission to negotiate peace in Paris.

She tells a most interesting and delightful story of her experiences at Versailles, her trip to Chateau Thierry, Belleau Woods and Verdun. She also gives her impressions of a journey to Egypt and impressions received while traveling through Belgium.

The book is written in a light narrative form and provides very pleasant reading. Its value lies in the pictures vividly painted of conditions that existed at the close of the War.

AMONG ITALIAN PEASANTS, by Tony Cyriax, illustrated by the author; with an introduction by Muirhead Bone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00). Since the time of Gray few travelers in

Italy have come home without a lavish praise for its charm. One will sing the charm of cities, Rome, Florence, Venice; another of Riviera sunlight, San Remo, Mentone, Sorrento; another of cathedrals, St. Peter's, St. Mark's, the temple at Milan. Charm is everywhere—choose what you will. Miss Cyriax finds charm, too, but to many the charm she finds will not be particularly fascinating. In easy, simple style she writes an account of a stay among the peasants of northern Italy. Parts of the book are interesting, to be sure. One likes to see vivid pictures of home life of any people, no matter what the worldly goods of the people may total in value. But even vivid pictures may grow tedious, and Miss Cyriax's book will not grip one who looks for something rather substantial by way of nourishment to offer one's spirit. In several of her vignettes of country life there is a certain artistic finish, but some of them seem to be lacking in soul, and tell us stories that seem to be not quite told. To reproduce faithfully the profanity she heard seems to have been one of the author's mild obsessions. When she wishes us to believe with her that the northern tillers of the soil have kindly hearts, and offer a welcome to the stranger within the gates of their villages, we agree with her without reserve.

SATAN'S DIARY, by Leonid Andreieff (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.25), is a translation from the Russian. The author died in England in 1919 while seeking refuge from Bolshevik opponents. He was a worker in oil, as well as in ink; one quickly detects the sweep of a real artist in his words. The *Diary* is a stinging satire on human life. Satan, bent on worldly amusement, is depicted as murdering a multimillionaire, and at once animates the body with his own evil spirit. He starts on a tour, reaches Rome, and encounters the mysteriously misanthropic Mr. Magnus, by whom Satan is outwitted in his own devilish devices. The spurious virtues, deceptions and hypocrisies of men and of a young woman, supposedly the daughter of Magnus, constitute the colors from which the author spreads his pictures.

The atmosphere and the storms of Rome have been put in print. The calms and the tempests of satanic emotion are portrayed in a realistic but, at times, ultra-suggestive manner. There are anti-clerical thrusts hardly to be pardoned on the ground that they have emanated from the "father of lies." The overstepping of what is proper extends even into the department of rhetoric. The leeway of the oxymoron can scarcely justify a description which involves the wailing of "silent violins." Although eminently artistic in places, the book is not to be commended because of its matter and motive.

PRESIDENTS AND PIES: Life in Washington, 1897-1919, by Isabel Anderson (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00). In a dozen chapters of—for the most part—brightly written narrative, Mrs. Anderson tells of life in Washington's inner circles as seen through the eyes of one who is, presumably, in a position to know. Within the past several years scenes have shifted somewhat, and the movements and

doings of the socially great ones of the earth have paled into relative insignificance alongside of more focal points in the landscape. On this account, Mrs. Anderson's book will possess for many but a moderate degree of charm, considered even as entertainment. A good deal of the detail might have been eliminated with consequent advantage.

One cannot but feel, moreover, that the author's predilections are not of the inclusive sort that make for wide appeal. They seem characteristic, rather, of the Atlantic seaboard habitant, who is prone to think of the trans-Allegheny portion of the United States in terms of hip-boots and luxurious whiskers. To our own way of thinking, the best part of the book is that which describes Washington in War time.

JUNE ROSES FOR THE SACRED HEART, anonymous (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 50 cents), is a collection of brief meditations on various texts of Scripture and assigned to each of the thirty days of June. To each meditation is appended a hymn or set of verses in honor of the Sacred Heart. While these meditations are thus assigned to the month of June they can be used on the First Fridays throughout the year and, indeed, on any day when one wishes to feed devotion to the Sacred Heart. It will prove a useful addition to one's library of devotional books.

THE SECOND READER, by James H. Fassett, of "The Corona Readers," is a charming collection of juvenile classics, old and new, suited to the understanding and enjoyment of children in the second grade. The editors are to be complimented on their taste in selection and the publishers on the attractive makeup of this reader for Catholic children (Ginn & Co. 64 cents.)

ON THE MORALS OF TODAY, by Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents). Father Slater's small volume will be of great value to the Catholic priest in guiding him with regard to practical instructions to his people. The following subjects are among those treated in a scholarly manner: The Morality of Anti-Conceptive Devices; Socialists, Christ and the Church; The Profitteering Act, 1919; Strike Ethics.

HOPES FOR ENGLISH RELIGION, by J. N. Figgis (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.). The late John Neville Figgis was a learned and devout Anglican scholar whose special field of research was the history of political ideas, and who lectured with distinction more than once at American universities. This posthumous publication contains a number of sermons preached in England in War-time on such subjects as Freedom, Sacramentalism and Humanism. There are, among others, five sermons on "Our Catholic Inheritance," including discourses on "Our Debt to Rome," "Our Difference from Rome," and "Anglican Comprehensiveness." Figgis very much disliked what he called "papal autocracy" and had a holy horror of the Curia. His point of view is akin to that of the late Bishop Creighton.

THE GENTLE ART OF COLUMNING, by Charles L. Edson (New York: Brentano's). In this little treatise on "comic journalism," Mr. Edson tells the reader how to become a "compleat colyumist," sets forth the fundamental underlying principles of the art, and illustrates them with the best examples of the accepted leaders. Mr. Edson is richly endowed with both wit and humor, and we readily endorse the statement on the publisher's wrapper: "Ideal reading for a gloomy night or when you feel blue."

THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS, edited by James L. Hughes (New York: George H. Doran Co.), is a particularly fine Burns anthology in which the poems are arranged on a novel plan. There are four classes: Poems of Nature; Religious and Ethical Poems; Poems of Democracy and Brotherhood; Love Songs. Many beautiful photographic reproductions of scenes in the Burns country greatly enhance the value of this tasteful selection.

A SYNOPSIS of all the additions contained in the full Roman Missal with a detailed explanation of the Rubrics is published in handy form by the house of Frederick Pustet. The title is *Synopsis Additionum et Variationum in editione typica Missalis Romani Factarum*.

A USEFUL *Reference History of the War* has been compiled and written by Irwin Scofield Guernsey, M.A. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.). It is compact and well supplied with illustrations and maps—a convenient volume to have at hand.

WE wish to call to the attention of our readers a new monthly, published by the Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary at Rome. It is called the *Commentarium pro Religiosis* and treats (in Latin) of questions of peculiar interest to religious. The subscription price is \$2.50 per annum. The magazine may be obtained from the Missionary Sons of The Immaculate Heart of Mary, 617 South Concha Street, San Antonia, Texas.

THE Ursulines of the Northwest had the happy thought to make their annual message from Alaska—*Kahlekat*—the story of that wonderful pioneer, Mother Mary Amadeus, of whom the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have read in the paper, "A Noble Ursuline," some months since. The sketch is for private circulation only, but those are fortunate who will read these fuller details of this remarkable woman and her great work.

HISTORICAL PAPERS, reprinted from *The Journal of the American Irish Historical Society*, vol. xviii., 1919, by Michael J. O'Brien, contain the following: "How the Descendants of Irish Settlers in America Were Written into History as 'Anglo-Saxons' and 'Scotch-Irish;'" "An Authoritative Account of the Earliest Irish Pioneers in New England;" "Some Traces of the Irish Settlers in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay;" "Chapter of Irish Charity in Thanksgiving His-

tory;" "Early Irish Settlers at Worcester, Mass.;" "Some Irish Names Culled from the Official Records of New Hampshire;" "Stray Historical Items from the Green Mountain State;" "Irish Pioneers in Delaware;" "Irish Pioneers and Schoolmasters in Butler County, Pennsylvania;" "Extracts from Virginia Church Records;" "Irish Immigrants from English Ports in the Eighteenth Century."

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

With a handful of facts from Protestant sources, Rev. Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., has shattered a good many common delusions about the religious tolerance of the Pilgrims. He does this in the compass of sixteen pages. (*The Pilgrim Fathers*, two pence, Catholic Truth Society, London.)

A close and careful English translation of Pope Benedict's Encyclical on the Reconciliation of Nations, issued May 23, 1920, has been put in a convenient pamphlet by The Catholic Truth Society, London. It is a reprint from the *London Tablet*. (*The Pope's Latest Message of Peace*. Two pence.)

Woman in the Catholic Church is the title of a pamphlet published by The Catholic Truth Society, London (two pence). It is a discourse by the Rev. H. F. Hall at Notre Dame Church, Geneva, on the occasion of the International Congress of Women's Societies, June, 1920. In twelve pages it gives a compendium of the Church's view of woman's place in the spiritual economy.

The Road to Damascus (London: The Catholic Truth Society. Two pence) is the short, simple, interesting story of an Anglican university man's journey Romeward. The writer, whose identity is veiled under the initials "W. A. D.," draws a humble parallel between his spiritual career and that of St. Paul from the feet of Gamaliel to Damascus. Rev. Father C. C. Martindale, to whom "W. A. D." appealed for guidance at one stage of the journey, furnishes a foreword.

The Three Sisters of Charity Martyred at Arras in 1794, by Alice, Lady Lovat (London: The Catholic Truth Society. One shilling, recounts the glorious death of three religious who have since been beatified (June 13, 1920). The chronicle which Lady Lovat has supplied is remindful of the histories of the first Christian martyrs, who paid with their lives for their refusal to burn incense to Rome's pagan deities, as these holy nuns won death by their refusal to vow allegiance to the atheistic tyranny that ruled France in 1794.

Recent Events.

Germany. On May 10th the Reichstag, by a majority vote, endorsed the decision of the new Cabinet, formed earlier on the same day by Dr. Julius Wirth, to accede to Allied demands for payment of a war bill of \$33,750,000,000, the trial of war criminals, and complete disarmament of Germany. This action was the culmination of a series of events, which included an exchange of notes in April between Germany and the United States, in an endeavor by the former to win more favorable terms, the issue of an Allied ultimatum threatening seizure of the whole Ruhr Valley, the fall of the Fehrenbach ministry on May 4th, and vain attempts for several days to form a new cabinet.

The Ministry finally formed by Dr. Wirth, who is the leader of the Centre Party, is a coalition representing the Democratic, Centrist and Majority Socialist parties. These parties have two hundred and twenty-two votes out of a total of four hundred and sixty votes in the Reichstag, and this, with the eighty votes of the Independent Socialists, who also are in favor of yielding to the Allied ultimatum, gives the new Government a safe majority in support of its leading policy.

The Allied terms, which had been agreed on at a London conference between Premiers Lloyd George and Briand, were as follows: Complete disarmament of Germany's military, naval, and aerial forces as called for by the Treaty of Versailles; trial by the High Court at Leipsic of the persons accused by the Entente of violations of the laws of war; payment within twenty-five days to the Allies of the 1,000,000,000 gold marks due May 1, 1921, under the terms of the Versailles Treaty; and payment of \$487,000,000 annually to the Allies, in addition to a sum equal to twenty-five per cent. of the value of Germany's exports, until a total of \$33,750,000,000 shall have been paid. In recognition of this total debt, Germany is required to issue bonds bearing five per cent. interest, which are to be issued from time to time, some by July 1st, some in November, and others as the Reparations Commission directs.

In accordance with the Reichstag resolution, a note was dispatched by the German Government to all the Allied capitals unconditionally accepting the terms laid down. The text of this note followed the phraseology of the Allied ultimatum, which called

for the carrying out of the various demands "without reserve or delay." The Allies had made full preparations for the invasion of the Ruhr Valley in case the Berlin Government did not agree to the Entente terms before midnight, May 12th; and this threat is considered the prime cause of the German Government's complete surrender.

On receipt of the German note, General Dégoutte, Commander of the Allied forces on the Rhine, immediately ordered preparations for the Ruhr occupation to cease. Some difference of opinion, however, exists between the French and British Governments as to the policy now to be pursued, the British Government being apparently in favor of the immediate withdrawal of the Allied troops from Duesseldorf, Duisburg and Ruhrort and the suppression of the Rhine customs barrier, whereas the French contend that these cities were occupied because Germany had not fulfilled the terms of the Treaty, that she has now merely promised to fulfill the terms, and that the occupation should continue till she has actually fulfilled them.

In Paris the crucial test in the situation is regarded as likely to come on June 30th, with the expiration of the time limit for the complete disarmament of Germany. If the Allied conditions are not complied with by that date, it is declared in official circles, the Ruhr will be occupied, even if Germany pays the 1,000,000,000 gold marks within a month, as provided in the Reparations Commission's schedule.

An even more serious rift in Entente unity is threatened by recent developments in Silesia. Early in May organized Polish forces, estimated at 20,000, which have since grown to 50,000, occupied all of Upper Silesia south of a line running from Kosel to Tarnowitz, with the exception of a few large towns. This action followed the rumor that the Inter-Allied Commission were to recommend to the Supreme Council the giving to Germany of all the plebiscite area except the districts of Rybnik and Pless. Armed clashes immediately occurred between the insurgent Poles and various forces of the Allies, resulting in numerous casualties. Adalbert Korfanty, who had been the Polish plebiscite commissioner and was dismissed by the Polish Government when the disorders began, openly announced that he was leading the revolt, and assumed a virtual dictatorship. The Polish Government disclaims all knowledge of Korfanty's programme, and states that it is not in communication with him or his aids.

After a ten-day advance, in which the Poles successively fought French, British, Italian and, finally, German troops, and overran nearly the whole industrial area under dispute in the face

of insistent Allied demands that the Poles lay down their arms, the Polish Premier, Witos, announced in the Diet on May 11th that an agreement for the suspension of hostilities had been reached between Korfanty and the Inter-Allied Commission in Silesia. It was agreed, according to report, that the insurgents would occupy a line of demarcation settled upon and remain in the stipulated positions pending final settlement of the Upper Silesian question.

Serious differences of opinion over the Silesian situation have broken out between the French on one side, and the British and Italians on the other. The British insist that the Poles must lay down their arms in the disputed territory and that, if they do not, Germany should be allowed to send into Silesia armed forces to help put down the revolt, the British position being based on the principle that if Germany complies with the Treaty of Versailles, as she has just agreed to do, she is entitled to see that the Poles be prevented also from frustrating the Treaty. To any use of German troops in Silesia as elsewhere, the French have declared themselves as unalterably opposed. Meanwhile, despite the report of an armistice, fighting is continuing in three places—at Rosenberg, Kosel and Ratibor. Altogether, the situation is considered very delicate and fraught with danger to European peace.

Nine hundred Germans, whose punishment has been demanded by the Entente for crimes committed during the War, will face trial at Leipsic, beginning May 23d. Seven judges will sit as the court, and will first hear witnesses against minor offenders on a supplemental list. Forty-seven witnesses have been called from England to testify in the first three cases. Only men charged with the commission of specific crimes will be tried at first. The British, French and Belgian Governments will have representatives at the trials, but Germans will conduct the prosecution and the defence. The preliminary trials will be taken as a test of the good faith of the German Government in promising to bring to justice those accused of War atrocities. In all, the Allies have put forward the names of forty-five violators of the rules of modern warfare.

At a plebiscite, held in the Austrian Tyrol on April 24th, nearly ninety-eight per cent. of the inhabitants of the province voted in favor of fusion with Germany. The vote, however, was merely a "sentimental plebiscite" and has no practical validity. Earlier in the month a great demonstration was held in Vienna, where thousands of burghers of all political parties marched along the boulevards demonstrating for union with Germany, and protesting against the prohibition by the Entente of the popular

movement toward union. A resolution in favor of the union and upholding the right of self-determination was presented by a delegation to Chancellor Mayr. Similar demonstrations were made at Innsbruck and Salzburg.

The latest development in the controversy which has been going on for several months with the Allies over the Orgesh or Bavarian civilian guards, is the report that Bavaria will initiate negotiations direct with France regarding the question. This step, according to the report, will be undertaken by Bavaria with the consent of the Federal Government of Germany. It is asserted Bavaria will give guarantees whereby her militia forces will be placed under the control of French authorities.

Book production in Germany is almost back to its pre-War figure, the output for 1920, according to official data, having been 34,000, including 6,227 new editions. The highest mark in book production was reached in Germany in 1914, when 35,000 books were published. The output in 1915 was 28,000; in 1916, 22,000; in 1917, 14,824; in 1918, 14,513, and 1919, 23,320. Last year showed a big increase in the number of books of history, geography and art, and also in juvenile works, while there was a decrease in the books on military science. The figures on last year's output furnish a surprise in view of the complaint about the exorbitant cost of paper, the high wages and short hours, and other economic handicaps.

France. Outside the Allied decisions with regard to Germany, the most important item of the month's news from France concerned the

position of the United States Government towards European affairs. On May 4th the Allied Supreme Council adopted a formal motion requesting the United States to send representatives to assist in all future negotiations with Germany, and in the settlement of all matters in connection with the Treaty of Versailles, and on May 6th Secretary of State Hughes responded in a note agreeing to the proposal. George Harvey, American Ambassador to Great Britain, has been instructed to assume the functions of representative of President Harding on the Supreme Council, Ambassador Wallace, in Paris, has resumed his duties on the Council of Ambassadors, and will so continue till Myron T. Herrick, his successor as Ambassador to France, arrives; while Roland W. Boyden, who was the American unofficial observer on the Reparations Commission until a few days before President Harding took office, has again taken his seat on that Commission.

One of America's first acts on the Supreme Council, it has

been authoritatively announced, will be to bring up the question of universal disarmament, as President Harding believes that conferences inside the Supreme Council may be turned in that direction and will be more helpful than any general discussion elsewhere could be. Another result of America's participation in Allied Councils will be the reopening of various questions previously decided, particularly those having to do with the mandates in Yap and Mesopotamia, on which the American Government protested last month. Since the sending of the protest both Italy and France have aligned themselves with America on the proposal of equality in mandate territories. In resuming active participation in the Allied Councils, great care has been taken to make clear that the American Government considers neither the Supreme Council nor the Council of Ambassadors as creatures of the League of Nations, membership in which the American Government declines.

During the month a number of important decisions and recommendations were made by various committees of the League of Nations. The chief of these was the matter of Austrian relief, which the Financial Commission of the League has been studying for some time. The plan proposed for Austria's rehabilitation amounts to a virtual receivership by the Financial Commission of the League. The receivership, if approved, as seems likely, will rest with the group of international financial experts who worked out the scheme, and in such capacity these men will be practically in charge of the Government of Austria on behalf of the League of Nations. The basic idea of the scheme is a suspension of the liens on Austrian Government resources held by the Allied nations, in order that the assets thus made temporarily available may be used as securities for credits and applied to a resuscitation of the almost extinguished industries of Austria. This part of the plan has already been approved by the four great Allied powers, and similar action is expected of various other Governments interested in the Treaty of St. Germain.

In reply to the Commission's plan, the Austrian Government makes its acceptance conditional upon the assurance of a definite amount of credits. It proposes to add the tobacco monopoly and certain custom duties to land mortgages as a guaranty for credits. The Government insists that food credits and the establishment of a bank of issue are necessary before the internal sources of revenue can be opened. It is reported that the proposed new currency will not be the crown, but the franc or the gulden.

At present the Financial Commission has in Austria a special committee to collect all the information needed for prompt action.

The Commission is to meet in London on May 20th to examine the report of this committee, and by that time it is hoped the Commission will have received the reply of the Allied and other Governments to its letter relative to the plan for Austria's financial restoration.

The Commission appointed by the League to examine the status of the Aland Islands in the Baltic and determine whether they should belong to Finland or to Sweden, recently issued a voluminous report, which may be summarized as a recommendation of home rule for the islands under Finnish protection and suzerainty.

On May 10th the Secretariat of the League received a telegram from Brussels announcing that the Polish and Lithuanian delegations had resumed their negotiations, and had agreed to examine together the best means for reaching a settlement regarding the foreign policies of the two countries, the organization of a common defence and a plan covering economic conditions. The economic question was first taken up and, after an exchange of views, the two delegations decided to confide the study of the different points to experts, and jointly resolved that it is essential to the interests of both countries to reestablish consular relations at the earliest possible moment.

The Brazilian Ambassador at Paris, Señor Gastoa da Cunba, Acting President of the Council of the League of Nations, on May 3d summoned the Governments of the Powers belonging to the League to send delegates to the second session of the League to be opened at Geneva on Monday, September 5th. This summons is accompanied by a provisional agenda containing twenty-five items which include fifteen different reports, mainly upon questions which have been made the subjects of special investigation by commissions appointed by the League Assembly last autumn. Among these subjects are armament reduction, communication and transit, the traffic in opium, the traffic in women and children, the typhus campaign, international health organization and international coördination of intellectual work. Another item on the agenda is the election of judges to the Permanent Court of International Justice, which cannot be done unless a majority of the League members have ratified the protocol concerning the court before next September.

The French Government on April 30th announced that after May 1st premium will be paid on all children born throughout France. In the provinces three hundred francs (normally about sixty dollars) will be paid for third infants, the scale being gradually increased to six hundred and fifty francs for the tenth child.

In Paris these premiums will be increased fifty per cent. due to the higher cost of living. A first payment of one hundred and fifty francs will be made thirty days after the birth of the child. Only French mothers will be eligible to receive the awards.

According to figures recently made public by the Ministry of Finance, the internal revenue yield for April totaled 1,248,000,000 francs. This was an increase of eighteen per cent. over the same month in 1920, but 86,000,000 francs under the estimate, the disappointing return in the tax on the business turnover accounting for 83,000,000 francs of this sum. Registration duties exceeded the estimate by 85,000,000 francs, but the customs yield was fifty per cent. below the receipts in April, 1920. The decrease was due to lighter imports of coffee, cereals, wines, textiles, cotton, metals and sugar. The income tax yielded 152,000,000 francs and the War profits tax 415,000,000 francs.

The population of Paris, as returned by the census taken on March 6th, was 2,863,741. The figures, which are definitive, show an increase since 1911 of only 16,512 persons. In the centre of the city the number of residents has decreased by more than 32,000 as the result of the taking over of former dwellings by business firms.

Because of the dangerous situation created in the region of Constantinople by the army of Baron Wrangel, the former anti-Bolshevik leader, the French Government has issued a note disavowing General Wrangel completely, and declaring that she will give no further aid to the Crimean refugees. The note declares that Wrangel has formed a sort of government at Constantinople and "opposes all measures taken by the French military authorities to end the expenses undertaken for motives of pure humanity." To date the French Government has expended 200,000,000 francs in the evacuation of the Crimea and relief of the refugees. It is intimated that Wrangel is on the verge of a *coup d'état*, which might possibly include the seizure of Constantinople, with consequent complications for the Allies of a serious nature. The French note states that it is essential to remove the Crimean refugees from Wrangel's influence, and while putting no constraint on him or his officers, it is indispensable to break their contact with the soldiers in the camps of Gallipoli and Lemnos.

Considerable disorder occurred in Paris and in other places on May 8th during the celebration of the lifting of the siege of Orleans by Joan of Arc in 1429. Fourteen policemen and twenty-three Communists were wounded, and many arrests were made when Communists tried to enter the gates of Paris in protest against the celebration. The disorder continued for several hours,

during which time there was considerable shooting and the hurling of missiles from the walls of the fortifications. Disturbances also took place at Brest, St. Etienne, and Limoges.

Russia. That the March revolt against the Soviet Government of Russia was materially reduced in extent through the timely arrest

of Menshevik leaders in Moscow, Petrograd and other cities would seem to be indicated by a report recently issued by the Foreign Delegation of the Social Democratic Labor Party of Russia (the Mensheviks). Although the Mensheviks have apparently abandoned the idea of overthrowing the Soviet Government by violence, they have, nevertheless, succeeded in forcing numerous concessions from Nikolai Lenine, and other Bolshevik chiefs. One of these concessions is a decree recently issued by Lenine giving the trades unions, instead of the Government, the right to fix the pay of workmen. In addition, free trade has been restored to coöperative societies, and a system of taxation in kind established.

The final admission by the Soviet Government of the impossibility of the original Communistic theories, however, is afforded by the recent authorization of the coinage of silver, the Bolsheviks by this measure completely reversing their position after having held out for a long time for a complete abolition of money. This was due to the desire of the Government to satisfy the peasants, whose ascendancy in Russian affairs is daily becoming increasingly evident and who, for a considerable time, have been distrustful of the flood of paper money pouring from the Government presses. Moreover, the Moscow newspaper, *Economic Life*, has been permitted to print a lengthy article advocating the restoration of the savings banks in Russia, and even the payment of interest in connection with the proposed new coinage of silver.

The text of two speeches recently delivered by Lenine—one before the Tenth Congress of the Communist Party and the other before the railwaymen's conference at Moscow—have lately reached this country, and indicate a growing desire on the part of the Soviet leader for an agreement with the peasants, who are admitted to be dissatisfied with the economic reforms of Bolshevism, "by the renunciation of certain theoretical precepts." Despite necessary concessions, however, it is clear from these speeches that the Soviet Government will continue to operate the main Russian industries and Russia's transport system on Communistic principles.

Ratification of the Treaty between Poland, Soviet Russia and

the Ukraine was voted on April 16th by the Polish Diet. This action completes Poland's engagement to have the convention approved within thirty days after the compact was signed on March 18th. The Bolshevik Government ratified the Treaty on March 22d, but similar action on the part of Ukrainia has not as yet been reported. Under the terms of the convention as now published, Soviet Russia ceded to Poland three thousand square kilometres near Minsk, and Russia and Ukrainia turned over to Poland the district of Polesia, on the Ukrainian frontier. In addition, Poland is to receive 30,000,000 gold rubles within one year after ratification of the Treaty, and a release from any share of the debts of the former Russian Empire. It is announced that the negotiation of a commercial agreement between Poland and Soviet Russia will be begun shortly. Meanwhile, thirty Soviet officials making up the reparation commission which will attend to the details of the exchange of 100,000 Russian prisoners and refugees now in Poland, are at present in that country. Six members of the commission are women.

Late in April the Soviet Government concluded a commercial treaty with Germany. This agreement provides for a number of consulates in Russia, to which mercantile departments will be attached, and which will be permitted direct wireless communication with Berlin. Russia assures all German immigrants and other visitors that their persons and property will be absolutely secure, as well as any property or other possessions acquired in Russia. Commercial dealings, however, can only be made through the official German consular representatives referred to above with the Russian authorities commissioned to deal with foreigners. All sales purchased by Germans in Russia must be recorded in Moscow. Since the agreement was signed Soviet Russia is reported to have ordered more than six hundred locomotives from German firms.

The Soviet Government is negotiating for trade relations also with Norway, Sweden, and Czecho-Slovakia, and with apparent prospects of success. On the other hand, no dealings of any sort with the Soviet Government will be undertaken by the Government of the United States until all American citizens held as prisoners, hostages or restraint of any kind are permitted to leave the country. The use Lenine had hoped to make of the Americans held in Russia to force formal negotiations with the United States in such a manner as to constitute recognition of his régime, is well understood by American officials, and according to authoritative information there is not the slightest likelihood of the success of the manoeuvre. A report from Russian sources that the British

Government has given *de facto* recognition to the Soviet Government lacks confirmation.

A recent Moscow dispatch announces the quelling of the revolutionary movement in the Province of Tambov, led by General Antonoff, a former Bolshevik commander, which has been reported in progress for nearly two months past. This revolt was organized on lines similar to those of the Cronstadt rebellion which was suppressed by the Bolsheviks in March.

On the other hand an extensive revolution is reported in progress in Western Siberia, where the peasants, even in the most remote districts, have armed against the Bolsheviks. The Soviet Government has ordered a strong force of troops and several armored trains to Siberia. The peasants are commanded by former officers of Kolchak's army, and decisive battles are expected at the beginning of summer.

An official declaration by the White Russian Government of the independence of White Russia as a White Russian-Jewish state has been published. The sovereignty of both the White Russian and Jewish nationalities is to be recognized, according to the declaration. The name of White Russia was given to the government of Mohilev and Vitebsk by Catherine II., but the political designation was abolished by Nicholas I. In general, it is the district bounded by Ukrainia, Poland, the Baltic provinces and great Russia. It has about 6,000,000 inhabitants. A republic was proclaimed there in May, 1918.

As these notes are being prepared, on May 15th, Italy is holding the most important general election since the Unification. The number of Deputies will be raised from five hundred and eight to five hundred and thirty-five on account of the twenty-seven new constituencies of the Liberated Provinces. The indications point to the victory of Giolitti and the defeat of the Socialists, Communists and the People's (or Catholic) Party, as a split has developed in the Catholic, as well as the Socialist Party. What is considered another hopeful outlook for the Giolitti Government is that in thirty-four out of forty provinces local animosities have abated, thus allowing the formation of joint lists with a view to defeating the Bolshevik element. To this end in several large towns, the Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, and even, occasionally, mild Socialists have joined forces. The new element in the contest will be the Fascisti, who, though not as much feared as the Communists, are not supposed to favor Giolitti's Government.

With the approach of the elections, clashes between the Fas-

cisti and the Socialists have become more frequent and sanguinary. On one day alone the reports of widespread violence showed a total of six dead and forty wounded. Conflicts between the two factions raged with more or less violence in nearly all sections of the country throughout the month, with the population almost always siding with the Fascisti. To date, the Fascisti, in reprisal, have destroyed two hundred labor bureaus and printing houses where subversive newspapers and literature were published. On April 27th the palatial headquarters of the Turin Federation of Labor, estimated to be worth more than \$1,000,000, was set on fire and totally destroyed as a reprisal for the killing of a member of the Fascisti the previous night. As a result of the burning a general strike, with a partial stoppage of railway traffic and the suppression of daily newspapers, broke out in Turin on the following day.

The Fascisti movement seems to be gaining ground in every Italian town and village. It is organized on strictly military lines, their leaders consisting of former officers who fought in the Great War, their Supreme Chief being General Capello, the hero of Gorizia. Their programme in the present political campaign is three-fold: "First, to free the country from her internal enemies and protect her from foreign ones; second, to restore the authority of the State; third, to force the resumption of work in all fields in order to restore the economic and financial equilibrium of Italy. As their chief object is to fight Socialism, Communism and anarchism, they stand alone politically in those constituencies in which they are strong enough, or as in Rome, they join one or more of the constitutional parties which have in common with them all or part of their programme."

Much disorder marked the elections held in Fiume on April 26th, in which the Autonomists, under the leadership of the Socialist, Ricardo Zanella, who had been banished by d'Annunzio, were victorious by more than one thousand votes. In the riots immediately following the balloting, the ballot boxes were burned and two persons were killed and a score wounded. The victory of Zanella was considered by his followers a protest of the inhabitants against the d'Annunzio régime. Two days later, however, a body of Fascisti from Trieste, former supporters of d'Annunzio, invaded Fiume in motor cars, took possession of the city and proclaimed a new regency under Ricardo Gigante, former Mayor of Fiume during its control by d'Annunzio. The elections of the previous Sunday were declared canceled. On the following day the Fascisti were compelled to give way owing to the calling of a general strike and the opposition of the Italian Government.

Signor Gigante consented to leave Fiume and turned over the government to the old Provisional Government, headed by former Mayor Bellasich, who was at once recognized by the Italian Government as the legal head of Fiume. Signor Gigante, before handing over authority to Signor Bellasich, who has been designated Commissioner Extraordinary, issued a proclamation in which he declared that Fiume should be annexed to Italy and the Treaty of Rapallo repealed. It is expected that an attempt will be made to force the new Italian Parliament to repeal the Treaty by holding Fiume through force of arms.

Despite the apparent disturbed state of the country, Premier Giolitti, in an interview on the eve of the election, declared that Italy, "by pure plodding and striving, has reached a point where she can lift her head and look into the future with a sterner faith in her own resourcefulness." According to the Premier's statement, although Italy has been taxed almost to the breaking point—out of the estimated national income of \$3,000,000 the Government exacts taxes totalling \$1,200,000—nevertheless, she is recovering from the War and is once more firmly on her feet.

Despite the Premier's optimism, many industries in Italy have recently been reported as being in severe straits because of the poor exchange rates and the collapse of markets. The metallurgical factories have reached the verge of ruin and other enterprises are suffering. All the steel works in Italy are working on a half-time basis and most of the blast furnaces are idle. The automobile and mechanical trades are running better than the metal factories, although many of these also are on half-time, and reports are frequent of liquidations forced by the unfavorable situation.

On April 18th the United States Secretary of the Treasury made an advance to Italy of \$16,000,000 under loan commitments previously authorized. While this was the first foreign loan transaction since last September, there was no actual transfer of cash, arrangements having been made some months ago whereby this amount would be advanced to Italy for payment to Great Britain, who returned it to this country for the account of France.

May 15, 1921.

With Our Readers.

IN a smoking car conversation—rather above the ordinary—one of the company asked leave to read aloud from a book he held in his hand. With full permission, he proceeded. What he read was Sidney Lanier's rhapsody to the sun. The reader was enthusiastic: he loved the passage. Evidently, it had long been to him a personal delight: a guide, an inspiration and a light to better thoughts, higher resolutions and a kindlier spirit towards creation and towards his fellowman.

All of his auditors agreed with regard to its beauty and its power, and their short phrases of approval signified also a measure of gratitude. We say all: but there was one exception. He was evidently an intelligent man, something of a scholar: well-bred. His exception was not rudely offered. He gave it with the reticence of that consideration which hesitates to offend or to disappoint. "It's well put," he began. "But isn't truth our first responsibility and our only safe guide? We ought not to deceive ourselves, much as we may like to. Nature gives and can give no more than she has. The sun is really but a huge mass of molten metal. It has no beauty; just an immense furnace. Your poet has imaginatively misrepresented, I may say distorted, a purely chemical process, the effect of heat upon the forces brought within its reach. All of them can be explained by physical laws and by physical science. We are not justified in going beyond either. And it would be best in this practical world to walk by the light of the knowledge we have, rather than, forgetting it, to substitute our own dreams and unrealities however poetic they may be."

The reader, with a wondering, but not a worried, look, closed his volume and was silent. So were we all.

The reader and the critic differed absolutely in their fundamental point of view: their attitude: their spirit: their estimate of the personal value of life and the worth of character. Which would help to make this a better world?

* * * *

DURING the recent War a book, entitled *Under Fire*, by Henri Barbusse, achieved great fame: was widely read, and played an effective part in molding the opinion of many, not only with regard to the character and motives of the French soldiers, but with regard to the merits of the entire War, the worth of the

holocausts of human victims offered in those years. The book was depressing, decadent. It betrayed hopelessness, and it defended it. No man could rise up from reading it with any courage save that of despair: with any fraternal love save that of toleration.

* * * *

RECENTLY there was published the following poem on the same subject as that treated in *Under Fire*—the Poilu:

"You never can tell," said the Captain,
"What a blooming Frenchy'll do!
Colonials fight like hell for the right
(The same as I and you),
And a Tommy is always grouchy,
And a Kiltie is always blue;
But nobody knows of the wind that blows,
Or the bird they call poilu!

"There's a Christ at every crossroads
In France," the Captain said,
"Battered and shattered by shrapnel,
Minus an arm or head,
There's a Christ or a Virgin Mary
Painted in blue and red.
They gave godspeed to the living,
And they give good sleep to the dead!

"We always saluted a wayside shrine
When the company passed it by;
And once, on the eve of battle,
While the gun-glare lit the sky,
And the shells were singing over,
We came to a cross nailed high—
And a Christ with a poilu's helmet
Cocked rakishly over an eye!

"I've never been overly pious,
But I wheeled my horse right there,
And rode to the cross, and, standing
In my stirrups, reached in air,
When a voice in the column shouted:
'Oh, Captain! Leave it there!
'Twas a lad climbed up and left his own,
For the Saviour's head was bare!

"We charged from the front line trenches
At dawn," the Captain said,
"And I woke, when night had fallen,
In a little white hospital bed.

On the cot next to mine was moaning
 A boy with a bandaged head.
 He cried to his mother and Jesus Christ,
 In French—and then was dead!

“’Twas the lad who gave his helmet
 (And his life—as each man knew!)
 To shield the head of the Saviour,
 Painted in red and blue.
 He had laughed at the sleet of shrapnel
 As he laughed at the hat askew!
 So you never can tell,” said the Captain,
 “What a Frenchman’s apt to do!”

—*Kadra Maysi.*

This is but a short poem. The book contains over two million words. But which speaks the more hopeful, the more needed message to humankind?

* * * *

IT may be said, after the way of many moderns, that there is something of truth in both attitudes. But, first of all, they are more than attitudes: they are basic, spiritual foundations. And while we may and should check and sober our imaginative enthusiasm by reasonable fact, it is undoubtedly true that if we wish really to live and to achieve, we must build on the philosophy of the reader and the poet. That alone leads to progress, to achievement, to victory. The philosophy of the critic and the author we have mentioned leads to depression, to materialism, and to death.

* * * *

FOR even if a man confine his view to the material universe—to what he can see by his eyes and touch with his hands, yet must he of necessity pass beyond the material into the spiritual. Even with him there must be a spirit and a life. He will speak at once of the uniformity of nature’s laws: of cause and effect: he will predicate at once his general principles underlying the universe he studies. He will have to accept, as Huxley said, spiritual law or laws which he cannot prove by material experiment or by natural argument—granting that there could be such a self-contradictory process. And recognizing material order, he will speak of the right life, the right spirit of the material universe. Nature will have its spirit, inevitably involved with the interpretation of the spirit of man. Nature will serve. And it will serve according to the spirit which the individual brings to it. To him who has spelled into self, hopelessness; an infinitesimal chemical part of a chemical universe, nature will be a meaningless, ruthless, destroy-

ing tyrant. To him who sees self as an intelligent moral person, created by and destined for the God Who has sent His Spirit through all the universe, nature will be the many tongued messenger of His glory.

Nature dies not, neither will he. Nature renews its life, so will his life be renewed. Nature knows no loss: neither will man in any of the powers, the gifts that have contributed to his manhood. Nature is fitted, ordered in yearly response to the spirit of life, of achievement, of fulfillment, so will that same spirit of life dwell within man, sustain and perfect him in line with his powers of intelligence and will, make eternally enduring that which every one of us knows as a hope, even though we at times crush it and deny it.

* * * *

UNLESS the knowledge of hope inform every part of our life and the whole of life itself, then are we but weary workers in a lost cause. The *knowledge* of hope. Hope is not built on imagination: but on reality. Hope is built upon what we may call the revelations of nature, which in turn are confirmed and securely sealed by the revelations of Christ. The revelations of nature are those first truths which cannot be demonstrated because to demonstrate them means to pre-suppose them. And it is a noteworthy fact that nature's revelation is not preserved nor its value maintained among men unless divine revelation be treasured also. That is why the intelligent knowledge of our Faith is so supremely necessary, not only as we often think for the immediate religious values and concerns of life—but for every department of life itself.

For with that knowledge comes the Spirit which, given unto man, permits him to see that order, the order of personal Wisdom, reaches through all things, from end to end, mightily and orders all things sweetly. The very fact that the individual man must always think as "I" means that he reduces all things to unity. If he cannot coördinate himself with the order of the entire universe he is bewildered. He may behold order and purpose in parts of it; in some departments of human activity and human progress, but unless by an all-embracing truth he can explain this order with regard to himself and himself with regard to this order, he loses himself. What truth he knows becomes distorted, misshapen, unbalanced. Failure, misery, death are all personal equations, and it is vain to tell any man that there is order elsewhere, if he knows no order, or hope, or purpose in himself. The spirit that bids him hope must be also the spirit of life. Revelation confirms nature and nature is the foreshadowing of God's relations

with man, even as it is His handiwork. And as He made man personal, intelligent, responsible—so will He give to man the Spirit that is also personal, the Spirit that will guide the mind and the will into the ways of His hope and His life.

* * * *

TO see more clearly the vital importance of this, consider for a moment the man who gives himself to the study of one part or one phase of the universe or its life. It quickly absorbs all his attention and his obedience. He makes that part the centre of the universe. Its laws become the laws of all else—of explanation, of interpretation, of progress, of life. Science is not impersonal. Unless man keep the delicate balance of his freedom, science will make him as slavish and as blind as any moral passion. Looking constantly at one truth he will see no other. In his forgetfulness he will deny to other truths the value that they also equally possess. "Seeing he will not see, and hearing he will not understand." "He that hath to him shall be given, but he that hath not, from him shall be taken away that also which he hath."

* * * *

RECENTLY a noted biologist has written a paper, which is hopeful and which is also very pitiful. He is attempting to show that there is some other view of life than the merely physical, chemical or mechanistic conception of life. And what is his argument?

"If I myself am not yet convinced that all of humanism is to be dumped, together with all the rest of nature, into the common pot of chemicalism, it is chiefly due to my wife and child. Not that I cannot recognize in them the presence of bodies composed of engines, and of living tissues and organs composed of substances, mostly very complex, but at bottom made up of the same chemical elements that make up the less complex substances of non-living matter; nor that I cannot perceive in them the results of the influences of the biological laws that I find also in the various lower forms of life. But I find more in them; so much more, indeed, that, although my scientific training and knowledge urge me to look on this more as only quantitatively more, my common sense and general experience, to say nothing of my recognition of the limitations of scientific knowledge, compel me to see in them the manifestations of natural possibilities so far removed from, or in advance of, those manifestations as revealed in non-living matter or in the whole range of the rest of the world of life, that, for all practical purposes, these two human

beings, and hence all others, must be looked on as possessed of at least some qualities and capacities essentially different from those found anywhere else in nature."

This is hopeful, yet is it not also pitiful? Is this the reach of modern secular science? Is the approach of so many to religion, that is to a "whole" view of life, still so far distant?

* * * *

NOT through the uncertain by-ways of scientific thought need the soul find its way to God. Left to them, man would, and does, send forth the same cry today as his fellows equally learned, equally scientific of two thousand years ago, for a Saviour, a Redeemer, a Teacher: for a Truth that would guide them through earth to heaven. Our hopes, our aspirations, our loves, are not in vain. The Catholic Church has kept for us, has given us the Faith of God. In His humanity, and His divinity Christ reigns upon our altars. We receive Him, our Truth. He is the witness and the seal of the first things and of the last. To an insecure world He is the security of Truth. And He has sent His Spirit, Who will not only teach us all truth but Who will conform us to Christ's own image, for we have salvation only in Him. And the Spirit dwells in each one of us, the Spirit of Life, moving us, directing us, sustaining us to that victory which explains sin and suffering and separation and death.

CATHOLICS—especially those who have lived in Catholic countries—know with understanding sympathy the indispensable rôle of the church bell in village life. It is time-keeper, chronicler, monitor: it marks the hours' flight into eternity, links the homely fact of birth and death, with Him from Whom we come, to Whom we go, calls to the daily present Sacrifice of salvation, and thrice lifts "earth to Heaven" in its song of Heaven's stoop to earth.

Silence hangs heavy over devastated France. To reconstruct French life without the church bell is recognized as a hopeless task. Hence, the appeal of the American Committee for Devastated France, 16 East Thirty-ninth Street, New York, for the "Angelus Fund," as it is most appropriately called. One hundred (100) bells are needed at the approximate cost of \$100. It is a beautiful thought this, to make France vocal again with the joyous call to prayer in memory of our soldier dead.

A ROMAN priest, black as the top of a stove, drove down the jetty toward them.

"You—you!" he shouted to the cripple when he was yet ten strides away. His voice rose as he approached. 'You let the *m'sieu*' row you ashore! You—' A square, heavy boot shot out from beneath his cassock into the boy's stomach.

"*'Cochon!*" said the priest, turning to Simpson. His manner became suddenly suave, grandiose. "These swine!" he said. 'One keeps them in their place. I am Father Antoine. And you?'"

This paragraph is the introduction to the Catholic Church in Hayti, furnished by a writer in *Scribner's Magazine* for May. And side by side with this introduction is placed the priest's claim that he belongs to the true Church: and that Simpson, the evangelical missionary who has come to labor for the welfare of the blacks, is not of the true Church. Conscienceless dramatics may in many ways serve falsehood. The writer either knows nothing of the Catholic Church or else he has deliberately sought to give a false impression. The same priest, Simpson is informed later, "may try to have him knifed." Another time, Simpson meets this Father Antoine. "Why should we quarrel—you and I?" Simpson asked. "Can we not work together for these people of yours?"

"Your friends are not my people, heretic!" Father Antoine retorted. "Rot in hell with them!"

Then Simpson publicly attacks the "Roman" Church. (The Anglican Church is referred to as the English Catholic Church.) "What has it done for you?" he shouted. "You cultivate your ground and its tithes take the food from the mouths of your children. Does the priest tell you of salvation, which is without money and without price, for all—for all—for all?"

And as Simpson thus exhorts the people, Father Antoine suddenly appears. "He was robed, and there were two acolytes with him, one with a bell and the other with a candle—and he began to read in a voice as thundering as Simpson's own:

"*'Excommunicabo—'*"

This, after all, was an expression of future intention. But the author states that the whole crowd was then and there excommunicated. "The Latin rolled on, sonorous, menacing. It ceased, the candle flame snuffed out: the bell tinkled, there was the flash of a cope in the doorway, and the priest was gone."

* * * *

ONE would not be surprised to read such cheap dramatics in an anti-Catholic novel of fifty years ago, but *Scribner's* has seen fit to revive it in May, 1921.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
The Story of St. Christopher. By A. C. Penrose. 40 cents. *Life in a Mediæval City.* By E. Benson. \$2.00. *Greeks and Barbarians.* By J. A. Thomson. \$3.00. *Peeps at Many Lands: Canada,* by J. Bealby; *Newfoundland,* by F. Fairford; *Sweden,* by W. Liddle and Mrs. Liddle; *Finland,* by M. Thomson; *England,* by J. Finnemore; *Wales,* by E. Willmot-Buxton; *Scotland,* by E. Grierson; *Ireland,* by K. Tynan; *London,* by G. Mitton; *Paris,* by M. Williams; *Spain,* by E. A. Browne; *Portugal,* by A. Goodall. \$1.50 each.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., New York:
Notes on Life and Letters. By J. Conrad. \$1.90 net. *Prize Stories of 1920, O'Henry Memorial Award.* Introduction by B. Williams. \$1.90 net. *The Seeds of Enchantment.* By G. Frankan. \$1.75 net. *An Ocean Tramp.* By W. McFee. \$1.75 net. *A Son of the Hidaigos.* By R. Léon. Translated by C. Pérez. \$1.75 net. *The Annes.* By M. A. Taggart. \$1.75 net. *The Alternative.* By M. M. Gibbon. \$1.75 net.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Mother of Divine Grace. By Rev. S. M. Hogan, O.P. \$2.00. *Life of St. Leonard of Port-Maurice.* By Dominic Devas, O.F.M. \$1.75 net. *The Love of the Sacred Heart.* Illustrated by St. Margaret Mary Alacoque and Blessed John Eudes. \$1.75 net.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Next War. By W. Irwin. \$1.50 net. *The Origin and Problem of Life.* By A. E. Baines. \$1.60.
- THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
The First American Sister of Charity. By Rev. J. C. Reville, S.J. 10 cents.
- BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:
Red Flowers. B. F. H. Snow. \$2.00.
- E. WEYHE, New York:
The Print Collector's Quarterly. Edited by C. Dodgson. \$4.00 a year.
- FREDERICK PUSTET Co., New York:
Epitome Theologiæ Moraliæ. By Dr. C. Telch. \$1.50.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Visible Church. By Rev. J. F. Sullivan. \$1.00.
- THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:
The Desert and the Rose. By Edith N. Ellison.
- YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:
Hints to Pilgrims. By Charles S. Brooks. \$2.50.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
Princess Salome. By B. Jenkins. \$2.00. *The Trust.* By G. L. Hill. \$2.00.
- EXTENSION PRESS, Chicago:
Bird-A-Lea. By Clementia. \$1.50. *The Greater Love.* By Chaplain G. T. McCarthy. \$1.50.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
A Handbook of Moral Theology. Vol. IV. By Rev. A. Kock, D.D. \$2.50 net. *The Essence of the Holy Mass.* By Rev. W. Hackner. 25 cents net. *The Psalms.* By Rev. P. Boylan, M.A. \$5.50. *Miserere.* By Allegri and Manzetti. 30 cents. *Christus Factus Est.* By Martini. 15 cents.
- CENTRAL BUREAU OF THE CENTRAL SOCIETY, St. Louis:
Blessed Peter Canisius. By F. S. Betten, S.J.
- DIEDERICH-SCHAEFER Co., Milwaukee:
Thoughts of June. By Kathleen A. Sullivan. \$1.50.
- AVR MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
A Woman of the Bentivoglios. By G. F. Powers.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF CANADA:
"Some Fell Among Thorns." By Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B. *Memoir of a Great Convert.* By Rev. W. B. Hannon. Pamphlets.
- JOHN MURRAY, London:
John Patrick, Third Marquess of Bute. By Rt. Rev. Sir D. Blair, O.S.B. 18 s. net.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, London:
Le Droit International Public Positif. By J. de Louter. Tome I, II. 2 s. 2 d. net each.
- EVELIGH NASH Co., London:
The Irishman. By Oliver Blyth. 7 s. 6 d. net.
- CONSTABLE & Co., London:
Conquest. By Gerald O'Donovan.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
An Appeal to the Catholic Laity in Canada for the Propagation of the Faith. Why "Separate Schools?" By G. T. Daly, C.S.S.R. Pamphlets.
- THE TALBOT PRESS, Dublin:
The Hounds of Bamba. By Daniel Corkery. 4 s. net. *The Labour Leader.* By Daniel Corkery. 5 s. net. *Three Irish Plays—The Yellow Bittern, Clan Falvey, King and Hermit.* 5 s. net. *The Making of a Republic.* By Kevin R. O'Sheel. 5 s. net.
- MAUNSEL & Co., Dublin:
Holy Romans. By Aodh de Blácam. 7 s. 6 d. net.



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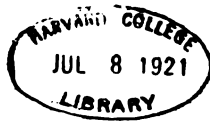
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THE STUDY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.



IN his Encyclical on the fifteenth Centenary of St. Jerome's death, Our Holy Father, Benedict XV., earnestly appeals to Catholics, as his predecessors so often did, particularly Leo XIII., to restore the Bible to the foremost place which it once held, and should always hold, in the devotional life of educated Catholics.

The present series of articles by Father Lattey, S.J., is published both in honor of the Centenary and in the hope that our readers will, if they do not already do so, make both the reception of the Blessed Sacrament and the reading of the Holy Scriptures their daily "Bread of Life." As Benedict XV. writes in his Encyclical letter: "In the Sacred Scriptures is to be found the food for the spiritual life and the guide to the heights of Christian perfection."

To live Christ we must receive His Body and His Blood. "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you" (John vi. 54). To know the character of the Christ we should live, we must be diligent students of the divinely inspired word which reveals the Word Divine and Human. "My Word shall not return to Me void." "As the rain and the snow come down from heaven and return no more

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thither, but soak the earth, and water it, and make it to spring, and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall My Word be which shall go forth from My mouth" (Isaias lv. 10). Therefore, St. Jerome declares: "Not to know the Scriptures is not to know Christ."

The daily reading and study of the Bible should be characteristic of every Catholic, and such a custom a commonplace in every Catholic home.—THE EDITOR.

I.

THE story of the Bible in Western Christendom is to a large extent the story of religion itself, and of necessity falls into the same chief periods, the first entirely dominated by the Catholic Church; the second, in which she found herself confronted by Protestantism; the third, wherein the main battle is with Rationalism. Protestantism, speaking roughly, exaggerated the deference due to Holy Writ, and only disputed the Church's right to control the interpretation of it. Catholic controversialists, therefore, proved the authority of the Church from the sacred text; they showed that this authority alone provided an intelligible explanation of what was meant by the canon of Sacred Scripture, in short, they both studied and used the Bible, but not as a rule to provide a *defence* of it in the strict sense of the term. Let us render them their meed of praise; they did their work so thoroughly, that though at times we still have the Bible waved in our faces in the good old style, still there are but few thinking men today that consider the original Protestant position tenable. It is ridiculed by many Rationalists, in spite of the obvious fact that their intellectual lineage, such as it is, goes back to it. Let us take but one striking example.

Auguste Sabatier, in his work, *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit*,¹ devotes the first book to "The Roman Catholic Dogma of Authority," and the second, significantly enough, to "The Protestant Dogma of Authority" before he passes to his third and last on "The Religion of the Spirit." The first book could be dealt with on lines too familiar to need restatement here. The second is far more formidable, and as a destructive criticism of the old Protestantism may be said to hold its ground still. Perhaps, the titles of its five chapters

¹ English translation.

will prove sufficiently eloquent, without any need of longer exposition: they are (1) Primitive Protestantism; (2) The Infallibility of the Bible; (3) The Progressive Dissolution of the Dogma; (4) The Authority of the Bible in the Nineteenth Century; (5) What Is the Bible? Of the third book it may be enough to quote a single sentence, found almost at the end of the entire work: "Thus comprehended, theology abides in its own domain, which is the study and explanation of Christian experience." In a word, we are bidden abandon in despair the defence of any truth as such, in matters that affect religion, and fall back upon that sentimental skepticism which is at the root of Modernism.

Into that mental attitude it is not to our purpose to inquire, but rather into its effect upon Biblical studies within the Church. With the growth of Rationalism in the latter half of the nineteenth century it became necessary to look to all that was most fundamental. Much that had been common ground ceased to be so any longer. Protestants of the old type, for example, generally believed in the Divinity of Christ, and would have been content to rest their belief upon St. John and St. Paul; but nowadays many, perhaps most non-Catholic students, would merely smile if one were to allege such sources to prove that, as a historical fact, Christ Himself claimed Godhead. Much preliminary argument would be necessary before one could use the Fourth Gospel; it may be said broadly that one would have to make good the positions indicated in the answers of the Biblical Commission on the subject, issued in May, 1907. And even then one would have to link up what was found in St. John's Gospel upon this particular topic with what was to be read in the Synoptics and elsewhere. Briefly, the demonstration would have to be historical, not directly theological. It is the complete sundering of the two, to the rejection of the latter, that marks the stage of Bible study in which we find ourselves involved—necessarily involved, since we must needs take account of this state of affairs, both for purposes of defence and attack. Such defence and attack there must be, not merely out of charity for those within the fold, but also to help those without. We are debtors to all.

But before analyzing this state of affairs more closely, let us briefly consider the action of the Holy See in this crisis.

The parting of the ways is most clearly marked by the issue of the *Providentissimus Deus* in November, 1893. That Encyclical is apt to be remembered by its severely dogmatic pronouncements, and those mainly of a negative or exclusive character, and it is chiefly these, naturally enough, that the theological student finds confronting him in Denzinger's *Enchiridion*. But there is more, far more than this in the *Providentissimus Deus*, which is perhaps even greater, considering the historical circumstances, upon its constructive side, and must remain for ever in a certain sense the *Magna Carta* of Biblical studies within the Church. For this reason it is a pleasure to notice that Father Pope, O.P., has prefaced his *Catholic Student's Aids* with a translation of the text in full. It is, of course, impossible even to summarize the Encyclical here. It must be enough to note how strongly it insists upon the necessity of Biblical study, and how clearly it indicates the best means to promote it. Early in the document St. Jerome's saying is quoted with approval, that "ignorance of the Scriptures is ignorance of Christ." There is also a striking sentence later on which may here be translated in full: "Now this is above all desirable and necessary, that the employment of this same divine Scripture should influence the whole study of theology, and be almost its soul: such was the view of the matter taken in every age by the Fathers and all the most brilliant theologians, and they carried it into effect." Two means of promoting Biblical studies are insisted on, which to the present writer appear, if not the most essential, at least the most easily neglected, namely, the consecration to this work of carefully selected students, and their thorough grounding in the original languages of the Bible.

The historical significance of the Encyclical lies in the fact that the Church now stood forward plain for all to see, not merely as the sure guardian of Holy Writ, but as the only sure guardian. Henceforth, nothing could be taken for granted in dealing with the vast majority of non-Catholic students; and if well-meaning Protestants had for a long time been able to flatter themselves that the Bible was as safe with them as with us, such an opinion ceased to be even plausible by the end of the nineteenth century. The point is worth insisting on, if only as a matter of practical politics. It would be a mistake to suppose that those without the fold commonly take any

pleasure in seeing Holy Scripture assailed and contemned. Heirs in some cases of a genuine devotion to the sacred books, they are oftentimes pained at the treatment meted out to them, and lend a willing ear to those who bid them believe still in the written word. Nor is it necessary that a complete and annihilating answer should be produced ready-made to every difficulty, in order that the Church should appear as the true guardian of the Scriptures; sometimes, indeed, a better impression is made by a little ingenuous modesty, provided only good reason be given for believing that a solution there must be. Almighty God has nowhere promised that what is clear to faith shall be clear also to reason unaided, even where of itself it might be so.

The *Providentissimus Deus* laid the foundation, deep and wide, of modern Biblical study in the Church; but if we desire to see the programme worked out in practical detail, it is rather to Pope Leo's successor that we must go, Pius X. Here again, perhaps, attention has been too much riveted upon the repression of error, useful and necessary as it was, and it has not been fully realized that the zeal of the Pontiff, here as in other matters, was eminently constructive. The Apostolic Letter upon the study of Sacred Scripture in clerical seminaries, issued in March, 1906, sets forth an admirable scheme of organization, in eighteen short directions. As an example of the spirit in which they are conceived, it may be enough to quote the eleventh, which enacts that seminaries which enjoy the right of conferring academical degrees must increase the number of their Biblical lectures, "and, therefore, general and special questions are to be treated more thoroughly, and more time and study given to Biblical archæology, or geography, or chronology, or theology, and likewise to the history of exegesis." The *vel* of the original is here rendered "or," but is evidently not intended to present alternatives mutually exclusive.

The administrative action of the Holy See has been no less significant than its pronouncements. The Biblical Commission has been founded, to pronounce with authority in matters Biblical, as well as to direct Biblical studies generally, and grant degrees in them. Subject to it is the Biblical Institute, to provide a more advanced course, primarily for those who are already doctors of divinity, and the Commis-

sion for the Revision of the *Vulgate*, to accomplish a task due to the dignity of the Latin Church, the recovery of the exact text of the original Latin Vulgate, such as St. Jerome first wrote it. Thus by word and work the Holy See has insured a rise in the general level of Biblical attainment within the Church, besides a large increase of experts and expert knowledge. The fruits of such action are already to be seen, and it is safe to prophesy that they will be still more abundant as time goes on.

It has been said above, as an indication of the period of Biblical study into which we have passed, that a demonstration of Christ's Divinity would nowadays have to be historical, rather than directly theological, by reason of the prevailing Rationalism. For fear of confusion it may be well to explain that by rationalism is here meant what is essential to Rationalism, the rejection of any *a priori* argument that a doctrine or fact is true, because contained in a revelation from a personal God. As against such Rationalism there is no need to introduce a completely new method of argument, but to make greater use of a method already recognized. Still, there is not merely the question of what may be called incubation, of the effective presentation of truths, such as the *Grammar of Assent* shows to be so valuable to human nature, if it is indeed to be convinced and won over; rather there must be an effort to collect and coördinate a considerable mass of actual data, which for a purely theological argument would have little or no value.

Not to remain in the abstract, or to proceed without authority, let us hark back to the answers of the Biblical Commission on St. John's Gospel, to which allusion has already been made. In the first question it gathers up the case for the Johannine authorship under four headings, which may here be summed up shortly as the witness of writers, the use of St. John's name in the title, the evidence of manuscripts and versions, and the liturgical argument. We have here stated practically the whole case, as far as the survey of the evidence goes; what is highly significant is that we are not allowed, so to speak, to give the evidence its full objective value. The question which is answered in the affirmative is whether, *abstracting from the theological argument*, it be proved by *solid historical argument* that John the Apostle is the author. In other words, it is laid down that the literary

and historical argument, just as it might be applied to any pagan classic, if the question of the authorship of such a work were mooted, is a strong and certain proof of the Johannine authorship, quite apart from any appeal to Biblical inerrancy or any theological consideration of that kind.

We are bidden hold that mere reason itself can come to see that St. John must have been the author. The Biblical student, properly trained in the estimation of evidence, ought to be able to realize that the conclusion follows in this way from the data. But now, in order to understand better the nature of this mode of study, let us imagine a perverse interpretation of the decree. Let us suppose that the student makes up his mind that he must think out the whole matter entirely for himself, laying aside every possible theological prejudice, and in fact any regard for the Catholic faith itself. Incidentally, this brings with it the imagined duty of reading anything and everything he can pick up on the point. And what happens? Carried off his feet by Loisy, let us say, or Professor Bacon, he reluctantly comes to the conclusion that, to whomsoever we may owe the Fourth Gospel, it certainly is not the work of the Apostle St. John.

What are we to think of this imaginary student? It is not his conclusion that here calls for comment, but his method. And in the first place, before referring once more to the Biblical Commission, let us note that he has certainly fallen foul of some of the condemned propositions in Pope Pius X.'s *Lamentabili*. It may be enough to quote the twelfth: "An exegete, if he wish to apply himself to Biblical studies with profit, must first lay aside any preconceived opinion as to the supernatural origin of Sacred Scripture, and must interpret it just like other merely human documents." Further, he is in evident disaccord with the Biblical Commission itself, since he comes to a conclusion precisely opposite to that enjoined. How then is he to be extricated from his quandary, and that without resort to theological arguments? The best answer seems to be, that he should have used his theological reasons as a negative criterion of truth, but not as a positive criterion; that is a simple and expressive distinction, which puts the matter in a nutshell.

He can use his knowledge to bar certain conclusions, since he knows them false; if he examines the matter carefully

afresh, and be competent in other respects, he may be trusted to find out the fallacy. Otherwise he must, indeed, fall back upon his faith, and confess that without it he would go astray! And in the same way by patient study he will perceive the force of the arguments for the true conclusion; the fact that he has used his faith as a negative criterion still leaves it undeniably true that he reached his conclusion by the light of reason, and is satisfied by the light of reasoning that the argument is valid. He has really and truly "abstracted from the theological argument" by not using it as a *positive* criterion of truth, as a direct argument wherein all that we know from revelation, and from authority based upon revelation, is brought to bear upon the point.

It is not here asserted that the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel is in the strict sense a revealed truth; it would be out of place to discuss the matter now, though it may be pointed out that the truth of Holy Writ would at all events be difficult to defend on any other hypothesis. But cases certainly arise where there *is* question of an article of faith; for example, it is an article of faith, clearly set forth in Wisdom xiii. and again in Romans i. (which is based upon the former passage), and explicitly defined by the Vatican Council, that mere reason from the consideration of creatures can know for certain the existence of God. Accordingly, we may set our reason to make such a deduction, with faith as a negative criterion safeguarding the whole process.

It should also be noted, however, that the duty of internal assent can by no means be limited to cases in which the Holy See is certainly speaking with infallible authority; it may suffice to refer to a *Motu Proprio* on the authority of the decrees of the Biblical Commission, issued in November, 1907, and to a good treatment of the subject in the first volume of Father Slater's *Cases of Conscience*, in a case on "The Roman Congregations." Nor, again, must it be thought that this use of the Faith as a negative criterion of truth may be entirely confined to theologians; the Catholic scientist or historian can be certain that some modern hypotheses are false, because they evidently conflict with the Faith, before ever they commence to investigate them as specialists in that department. Still, it is in very truth with their reason that they see a flaw in the argument, and they are satisfied that they can really

and truly prove the flaw to exist, without any appeal to a theological argument. And so it is in some other matters. In a word, according to the Biblical Commission, we must abstract from the theological argument, but this is not the same as ignoring its existence altogether.

The example here taken from the Biblical Commission's answers, that of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, concerns a conclusion which it is necessary, or at least highly desirable, to prove in the course of Apologetics, which is the demonstration that God has given a revelation and intrusted it to the Church. And it must be proved "abstracting from the theological argument," since otherwise there would be a vicious circle, that is, if we first proved the Johannine authorship from revelation and what it entails, and in particular from Biblical inerrancy, and if we then went on to prove the fact of revelation on the strength, among other premises, of the Johannine authorship. And again it must be shown that unaided reason can validly deduce the existence of God from creatures. This is evidently necessary in order to the proper defence of Scripture (Wisdom xiii., Romans i.) and, since the time of the Vatican Council, to the defence of an article of faith fully defined.

But quite apart from cases such as these, exegetes, like theologians generally, and indeed, like Catholics in several other departments of knowledge, constantly have to be considering the force of evidence "abstracting from the theological argument," and such a course finds a sanction not merely in the words of the Biblical Commission already several times quoted, but also in its constant practice, as may be seen from a careful inspection of its decrees. Indeed, in the very first question and answer it ever issued concerning the treatment of definite books of Holy Scripture, it appealed, among other things, to the internal evidence of the text itself as proof of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch.²

This manner of employing Holy Writ is in reality at least as necessary for the scientific study of theology as for dealing with Rationalists outside, and indeed, we naturally expect the former to be brought into some relation to the needs arising from the latter, from a contact for which it must be in a measure a preparation. In any case, accurate method de-

² June, 1906.

mands that the precise force of a Scripture proof should be accurately gauged, and it is obvious that the proof which is perfectly plain even to the unaided light of reason, will, *ceteris paribus*, be the strongest. In such a case we can say to the modern Rationalist, "My dear Sir, you may take this doctrine or leave it, or you may extract what you imagine has permanent value and discard the rest; one thing you cannot do, without you show yourself knave or fool—you cannot deny that the doctrine is in the text." That St. Paul and St. John, for instance, teach the Divinity of Christ is beyond all serious dispute, even if their writings be treated as purely human documents, like the works of Plato or Aristotle.

By insisting upon this outside, we put a powerful check upon reckless histories of dogma and so-called studies in Biblical and Patristic theology; by insisting upon it inside our schoolrooms we may teach students to distinguish nicely the precise weight of individual proofs. No doubt, one must be careful. Sometimes a different interpretation of a passage could not be rejected with absolute confidence, apart from reasons more or less theological. Sometimes, again, it may be that the Fathers hardly do more than take occasion from a suitable text to dilate upon a particular doctrine, without committing themselves definitely to the statement that the text clearly contains the doctrine. It may even happen that an exegete or theologian may be tempted to confess that unless there were revelation or authority to guide him, he would be inclined to lean to the wrong side; for Almighty God has not given His Church and His revelation in vain, and we cannot always presume that without such help we should be so much better than those who disown them.

But, in a word, it is evidently to be desired in the interests of scientific truth that teacher and taught should estimate aright the exact demonstrative power of every argument, and from every point of view. In so far as they fail to do this, they remain still in unbecoming ignorance of the matter with which they are dealing.

Not merely should the sacred text always be studied in the full light of all that our faith and our theology teaches us, but in many places, at all events, as has been explained, it should also be studied in a way that makes abstraction from such light.

Biblical theology, therefore, though expressly enforced by Pope Pius, in the document cited above, as part of a thorough training in Holy Writ, cannot be treated as something foreign to the study of strictly dogmatic theology, of which, indeed, it should be, in the words of Pope Leo, also quoted already, almost the soul. For the primary function of dogmatic theology, is, surely, to tell us what has been revealed; and everything that is asserted in Holy Writ is revealed. Consequently, to Holy Writ the dogmatic theologian goes, no less than to tradition; and in the former case he needs the help of technical works on Biblical theology, no less than of Patristic and Scholastic studies in the latter. On his side the exegete needs to be a trained dogmatic theologian, to have done a good course and to be prepared to follow it up, according as he finds it expedient for his own studies. In this field of Biblical theology it is an enormous help to have had the Scholastic training; one cannot but recognize this when one compares such excellent works as Père Prat's *Théologie de S. Paul* or Father Hetzenauer's *Theologia Biblica* with the attempts of outsiders who, learned though they be in certain departments, neither have a fixed standpoint themselves, nor are schooled to appreciate the logical implications of doctrines.

After all, it is Biblical theology, the question of the doctrines involved, that matters most in Biblical studies, and it is in that field that Catholic exegetes have scored, and will score, most heavily. Nevertheless, it is much to be hoped that in archæology and philology and textual criticism they will also come in large numbers to stand in the front rank. For this organized effort is needed, both to produce scholars capable of dealing efficiently with manuscripts and antiquities and the like at first-hand, and to give them ample opportunity of doing so. But where the Holy See resolutely shows the way, there can be no serious ground for misgiving, nor again, as has been said, can it be doubted that progress is being made. In the matter of archæology, it is much to be hoped that the monumental and authoritative work upon Jerusalem, which the Dominican Fathers there began to publish before the War, may now be continued.

THE ROMAN LEGACY TO BRITAIN.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.



WHEN the Roman Legions were finally withdrawn from Britain, that most capable and masterful of races had held sway over the greater part of the southern half of the island for something like four hundred years, that is more than the period during which white men have dominated the Continent of North America. What traces did they leave behind them of their occupation? No doubt, to begin with, they must have left many curious streaks of foreign blood in different parts of the island, for large numbers of soldiers do not reside in a country for four centuries and, as we may feel sure in many cases, settle down there on retirement from the army, without leaving considerable traces of themselves in the population. And what a cosmopolitan horde it was that occupied Britain especially along the Wall which cut off the wild Picts and Caledonians—Dacians, Asturians, Thracians, boatmen from the Tigris constantly employed on the Tyne, a mixed contingent! In Chester, a purely military city, there were Rhenish, Greek and other peoples, and amongst many others there is an altar set up by a man from Samosata on the banks of the Euphrates.

Of course, the underlying race was purely Celtic, and when the Romans left that race formed the crumb, though there was a Latin crust—so the late Professor Haverfield put it. And, in my opinion, the Celtic crumb has always persisted and formed the larger part of the loaf except in places like East Anglia, which during the Saxon troubles and later on account of constant contact with the Low Countries, has doubtless received a large admixture of Teutonic blood. Mr. Belloc has lately tried to show that the Saxon kinglets only occupied a narrow strip of the southern and eastern coasts, enough to cut the rest of the country off from that free communication with the Continent which it had so long enjoyed and from which it had so much benefited. This is flat contrary to the views of the older school of Stubbs, Freeman and Green

(whose work Mr. Belloc calls romance), but in any case far nearer to the truth—so I think—than that of the extollers of “the Anglo-Saxon Race.” When St. Augustine came and history once more commences after some one hundred and fifty years of cloud and doubt, the crumb, nay, in most parts of the country, practically the whole loaf, was Celtic and so, to my thinking, it has very largely remained, though there, as elsewhere even in the most remote and detached parts of Ireland, it has had a rich variety of other flours mixed in with it.

The Romans also left the country provided with a splendid system of roads; largely, no doubt, along the lines of the previous Celtic trackways, but improved and magnificently made. Until Macadam arose (he died in 1836) Britain had nothing to compare with the Roman roads for excellence, and even now has none better than they were. These great roads ran much on the lines of the chief railway systems of today, for the Watling Street (as the Saxons afterwards called it), which is the Holyhead Road of today, runs almost parallel with the main line of the London and Northwestern Railway as the Erming Street does with the Great Northern; the Ake-man Street, along which the aching citizen dragged his gouty frame to Bath, Aquae Sulis, that is the waters of Sul, the Celtic Minerva, is the track of the Great Western, and so on. On these roads they built numerous cities, which in most cases are the great cities of today—London, Lincoln, York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leicester, Manchester, Gloucester, and many others.

There are only two Roman cities which were never built over—Calleva Atrebatum, the city in the wood of the Atre-bates, a Celtic tribe, whose headquarters, as the name implies, was at Artois and Viroconium under the shelter of the Wrekin, whose name no doubt includes whatever Celtic word—possibly “*vri*”—is common to the two. Silchester and Wroxeter, to give them their modern names, never were built over. The first has been and the second is being carefully excavated to the great advantage of scholars. There are great cities which had no Roman predecessors, such as Birmingham, Bristol and Liverpool, and the reasons for this are plain enough, had we time to pursue them, but, on the whole, it may be said that the bulk of English cities rest on Roman foundations.

But, incomparably, the greatest legacy which the Roman Occupation left was the Catholic Faith, and to this the remainder of this article must be devoted. Indeed, what has gone before is no more than an introduction to what is to follow. There have been various stories related to account for the introduction of Christianity into the country, and the most extraordinary attempts have been made to prove that the early Church somehow or another came into existence without any relation to and remained unrelated to the Church in Rome, and, in fact, one would imagine from their phraseology that some of these writers envisage it as a kind of early Protestant organization, Presbyterian to wit, as I have seen it claimed to be. Let us look at the plain facts of history and see what a distorted picture all this is.

There is a legend that St. Peter visited the island and was in it, and in great danger of his life during the time of the outbreak under Boudicca. St. Paul is also said to have visited Britain, but, though so cautious and conservative an authority as Conybeare says that there is "nothing essentially improbable" in these two legends, we had better agree with Ramsay who, speaking of the Pauline visit, says that what we are told about it is "too uncertain to be used as evidence." It is interesting, however, to note that, if Tischendorf is right in accepting the reading of the Codex Sinaiticus in the Second Epistle to Timothy of Gallia for Galatia, St. Paul did send a missionary to Gaul, and may well have done the same by Britain. We may pass over the legendary visit of St. Simon Zelotes, and cannot even linger over that of St. Joseph of Arimathea, who is said to have landed with twelve companions at the foot of the hill now known as the Tor on which the last abbot (Whiting) of that great monastery was in later days to be hanged for the foul crime of being faithful to his trust. There Joseph is said to have founded what came to be known as the *vetusta ecclesia*, the ancient church, and there, too, he planted his staff which grew into the thorn that flowered at Christmas and was rooted up by the soldiers of the first ruffian of the name of Cromwell, whose blight fell on the ancient houses where God was served. The old story speaks only of a Joseph and twelve companions; it was left for later generations to add Arimathea. There is no inherent improbability in the landing of a Joseph and his band, in fact a very good, though not con-

clusive, case can be made out for it. Nor, indeed, is it in any way impossible for it to have been him of Arimathea.

We may pass these stories by with some regret that they cannot be proved to be true and with the reflection that, if they were, they would cement and not sever the early connection of the Church in Britain with the central Church which was in Rome. But when we have the real means of the Christianization of the country staring us in the face, why seek for another? Who brought into the country the numerous exotic religions which undoubtedly were practised there—the belief in Cybele, Astarte, Isis, Mithras, the Deæ Matres, and many another? The answer is the soldiers, and the same reply may surely be made in the case of Christianity. Cumont, a first-rate authority, has told us that the Roman soldier, always in face of danger, was greatly addicted to religion of some kind or another, as is testified by the many votive tablets which he has left all over the Empire, and nowhere more than in Britain. At the heart of Rome Christianity flourished, even in high places. “All the saints salute you: especially they that are of Cæsar’s household,” says St. Paul in the Epistle to the Philippians.

Where the soldiery went, there went their religions and their priests. There were Mithraic grottoes along the Wall and in London as there were along the margin of the Sahara and elsewhere throughout the Empire. There was a Christian Church in Calleva; there were half a dozen in Thamugadi, an African town which were of an exactly similar type. And as Mithraic priests accompanied the worshippers of that Oriental deity, so no doubt Christian priests accompanied the believers in a purer Faith.

What picture do we get of this Church during the later days of the Roman occupation, for that is the important point? A. D. 314 is the crucial date, for in that year was held the Council of Arles (Arelate to give its Roman name) and there were present three British Bishops, together with a sacerdos (pray note the title, *not* presbyter as many would wish) and diaconus. The latter two are unnamed and may have represented a Province temporarily without a Metropolitan, for Metropolitans the three Bishops may have been. Eborius was Bishop of Eburacum or York, which was in most senses the real capital of Roman Britain; Restitutus of Londinium, the larg-

est and richest, though not the most important city. Adelphius is described as of Colonia Londoniensum, an obvious blunder probably for *Castra Legionum* or *Cærleon-on-Usk*, the most important place in the southwest and a likely site for an archbishopric. Let us note the date, for Christianity had only been set up for two years, the battle of the Milvian Bridge, after which Constantine established that religion, having taken place in 312. Let us also remember that this Constantine was the son of a British Christian woman (princess as some think, though the story about Coel—"old King Cole"—of Colchester is purely mythical), and that he was born at York and there proclaimed Emperor on the death of his father, Constantius Chlorus. And last of all, let us by no means forget that the date of the Diocletian persecution in Britain is fixed by Conybeare as 303.

All this proves to the hilt the fact that about the beginning of the century in question there was a flourishing and firmly established Catholic Church, in full communion with the Catholic Church elsewhere. St. Jerome, who flourished circa 342, confirms this: "Neither is the Church of the city of Rome to be held one, and that of the whole world another. Both Gaul and Britain and Africa and Persia and the East and India, and all barbarian nations adore one Christ, observe one rule of Truth." St. Gildas tells us that St. Alban, the protomartyr of Britain, and seventeen thousand others perished in the Diocletian persecution. Gildas was a poet not a historian, and no doubt exaggerated, for though he may be, indeed quite probably is, right about St. Alban, we need no more believe in his seventeen thousand others than in the eleven thousand virgins said to have perished with St. Ursula in Germany. It was the custom of early days to deal in large figures; witness the numbers given as to the Boudicca affair.

But historians nowadays are certainly not inclined to agree with the learned Haddan that the Catholic Church when the legions left was but a small thing. Before the departure of the legions we hear of it again, for at the Council of Ariminum, held in 360, there were also present three British Bishops, and special mention is made of them since they were the only Bishops present who accepted their traveling expenses, perhaps on account of the distance they had to come, perhaps because their Church was not a rich one. Then the Legions

depart; the date is uncertain, but we may safely say before the middle of the next century, and it must be confessed that we know little of what happened after that. There is the visit of St. Germanus of Auxerre somewhere about 429, perhaps, much about the time that the Legions were leaving. He was sent by the Pope to extinguish the Pelagian heresy, which was making, it would appear, some headway, perhaps, too, the more rapidly since its author was a Briton.

We are told that he visited St. Albans, or Verulamium, as it then was, venerated the relics of the martyr and took back some of the dust where his blood had been shed to his own cathedral city. After St. Germanus, nothing until the writings of Gildas, which cannot well be earlier than 545, *i. e.*, more than a century after the last record. We do not get much that is valuable from him, though we must be thankful for the straws which we do collect. We gather that Latin was still the tongue at any rate of the educated classes, as Professor Haverfield has shown that it was the tongue of most city dwellers while the Romans were in occupation. For in telling of the coming of the first horde of the "most ferocious people of the execrable name of Saxons, hateful alike to God and man," as he puts it, he says that they came in three ships, which he tells us they called "cyulas," but which, he adds, are, *in our tongue*, "longæ naves."

And, of course, since his "*liber Querulus*"—apt title—is largely a denunciation of clergy and laity for their shortcomings, we get the picture of a Catholic Church carrying on behind the screen of paganism—thick or thin, but impermeable—and sorely limited by want of constant contact with the centre of authority. And there we are until the coming of St. Augustine, with which history recommences in 597. He found a Church in full existence, and we must assume in all essential matters identical with that of Rome, save in the matters of the form of the tonsure and the date for keeping Easter. These were deemed to be of great importance at that time, though it may be difficult for us to see why so much fuss was made about them. But we do not hear a word of difference of opinion as to doctrine or as to the remaining, and surely much more important, ritual matters, such as the Holy Sacrifice, which we cannot imagine would have been left out of court had there been any question about them.

It is easy to see why the Celts did not look with a favorable eye on St. Augustine for, as in so many other cases in history, politics became mixed up with religion. Much or little of their country as the pagan Saxons may have held, they held more of it than the Celtic tribes desired. St. Augustine had to reach them through that pagan barrier, and he did so after converting it, to some extent at least, to the Faith. Hence he arrived under the worst possible auspices, and met with a treatment which was disedifying no doubt, but by no means surprising.

Still the main point is that there was the Church and, what is more, it seems to have wiped out all other kinds of beliefs. When Claudius is said to have put down Druidism, so powerful a belief at the time of the coming of the Romans, Bryce thought that all that he did was to put a stop to the cruel human sacrifices, just as British rule in India has forbidden suttee without interfering with the religion of which it once formed a part. However this may be, the fact remains that we do not hear of this form of religion during the later part of the Roman occupation, nor after that had come to an end does there seem to have been any revival of it as one would have expected to have been the case were there any active adherents in the recesses of wild Wales as it now is.

Nor, of course, is there any mention of any of the other rites which followed in the train of the Roman soldiery. Mr. Wells, whom one may admire or not as one chooses as a novelist, but cannot greatly respect as a historian, has lately committed himself to the opinion that Christianity is "one of the numerous blood and ceremonial salvation religions that infested the decaying Empire." This is, however, a point which deserves and may receive fuller consideration, and we must return to our point from which we have only wandered in appearance.

The great fact is that when St. Augustine came to the island, apart from the pagan Saxons, it was the home of an organized Christian Church. From its commencement right down to the time when the Legions left, and history goes into seclusion under a cloud, it remained an organized Christian Church (Catholic, of course, for the two were synonymous) in full communion with Rome. When it once more appears from behind the cloud it reappears disheveled, no doubt, from

its long seclusion and want of intercourse with the rest of the civilized world, but for the rest, save in two points, not, we submit, of the first importance, in full agreement with the Church at large. The Church, which was the Mother of good deeds until the wicked hunger for gold coupled with the still more wicked lust of the flesh in a monarch and his creatures tried, almost successfully, to destroy it, was the descendant of this, and how any student of history can look upon it at any time in its career as a Protestant, still more a Presbyterian, organization is certainly difficult to understand.

ALONE.

BY BRIAN PADRAIC O'SEASNAIN.

HID in a cloud of dreams on this far peak
I watch the world's little tale go by
And wait for the slow stars to climb the sky.

When the far, hungering mountains have devoured
The golden apple that each evening brings—
Twilight comes on drift of bat-like wings.

My firelight hunts the dark with reddened spears
The lowlands sink into a far-off dusk,
. . . The circling forest sends a drift of musk. . . .

Silence . . . and stars . . . and the wide mystery
Of ancient secret mountains veiled in shade;
I—wondering—that saw their dim shapes fade.

Waking . . . I feel the stillness creeping close,
Stalking my spirit to the verge of sleep;
Slow-breathing the dark air, I drink the deep

Unveiled night-passion of the star-drenched wild—
Then . . . ghostly . . . drift out on the tides of being
Beyond the hidden gates . . . beyond all seeing. . . .

JORIS KARL HUYSMANS: EGOIST AND MYSTIC.

BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER.



FROM egoism, in a sublimated, literary sense, we were until lately comparatively free. This was perhaps one direct result that could be claimed for Democracy as America interpreted the word, although the lustiest voices raised in eulogy of popular freedom were, by some strange chance, the property of the only real egoists we produced: Whitman, whose jerky rhythms cover the "Myself" in a semi-barbaric palimpsest, and Thoreau, who hunted individuality on the banks of Walden pond. Lately, however, we have been developing *Egos* in startling quantities, and it would seem that the War has been an especially prolific hatchery.

Accordingly we ought to be interested in egoism, although logically it has no need of us. For the egoist stands against the world: his discovery of himself is attended by a reversal of Balboa's sentiments on the finding of the Pacific. That intrepid explorer was interested chiefly in his novel environment, while the egoist is exultant because the environment is too stupid to see that he is there.

The real trouble with the egoists lies not in what they say, but in what they are. Pointing out people's errors has little purpose if one does not belong to the people. Every egoist dwells in a glass house, and his great diversion is throwing stones, a futile and rather expensive pastime. Somewhere there must be a trysting-place, with a standard round which the enemies of the World may gather and roll the drums of life and death. For us, however, there can exist only one such standard which, as everybody with historical feeling knows, is the Christian tradition. This is all the more evident since the Supermen have died: it used to be agreeable before the War to hear of economic forces which would amalgamate the world, dispense absolute justice through the medium of a beneficent State and throw the battle-sword to rust on the shining fields of peace. Nobody talks aloud of these things now, for we have rediscovered the amazing existence of men.

Accordingly it is clearer than ever that we must restore the decent, traditional civilization of Christian men.

No less true is the fact that the Christian tradition is synonymous with the Catholic Church. Indeed, the degeneration of individualism into a critical, rather than a constructive, philosophy dates from the Protestant revolt; with the imperious statement of the sufficiency of egoistic reason began the weakening of that reason. If it did introduce the organization of commercial civilization, Protestantism prepared no less for the disintegration of intelligence. All that is so clear, it hardly needs to be said. But if the Christian tradition be the Church, can the egoistic spirit possibly submit? What is to become of liberty of thought, that arrogant freedom which seems the very root of genius? Many believe that it is in nature opposed to the Church. Frequently enough we are told that Catholicism could appeal only to those who need something in the fashion of a spiritual prop to lean upon; that the "educated classes" must perforce be driven to another creed.

Now it would take too long to follow the persistent appearance of the Christian tradition through modern thought; strangely enough, whenever the individual was stressed, Christianity stood near the writer. Perception of the Great Tradition resulted always in powerful Romantic movements that filled the dry shells of literary form with flesh and blood; and it is remarkable enough that Oscar Wilde wrote *De Profundis* to prove that Christ is always present in Romanticism. The great Catholic victory, however, lies in the conversion of numerous gifted men who had all the qualities of egoism. It is impossible to enumerate here more than a few. The genius of Coventry Patmore was almost haughtily individualistic, and yet his violent will was brought into complete harmony with the most mystical tenets of the Faith; Monsignor Benson was certainly not of a submissive temperament, and his brother says that, "it was his very isolation, his independence, his lack of deference to personal authority which carried him into the Church of Rome." Among men who came to accept Catholicism for reasons closely allied to Social Philosophy, Mr. Cecil Chesterton is a prominent example. A hater at all times of oppression, and at first a Socialist, Mr. Chesterton became a Catholic, I think because he believed that the Christian tradition alone had stood for liberty.

In France, whose ancient fields have witnessed the shock of battle between so many philosophies, the actions of the egoists have been no less startling. Throughout the dark and prosaic eighteenth century, era of the musty twilight of kings, the minds of philosophers were directed against the Christian tradition; throughout the following cycle the spirit of irreligion bade fair to triumph no less surely. It was accepted doctrine that intelligence meant a discard of traditional Christianity; that to be a captain of one's soul was almost equivalent to denying that soul. Nevertheless, one by one many egoists bowed their heads to the music of ecclesiastical organs; and though it had seemed that the Church could never survive the attack of science, the lure of life, or the long-settled contempt of the professors, those men who had most closely identified themselves with individualism went back to her. Of course, it was not a universal submission, because the souls of men, despite everything in the universe, are in the hands of God. But no Satanic school ever possessed a master who went to greater depths than Baudelaire, and he died a Catholic; no lover of the people wrote of them in more original syllables than François Coppée, and his submission was complete; no believer in egoism spoke more strongly than Maurice Barrès, and he has become a champion of the Christian tradition. In the face of Voltaire, Renan and Zola, regardless of Decadence and Modernism, the egoist has returned. For there is no freedom anywhere in the world except the freedom of a Christian man.

But, even more profoundly than with any of these writers, the splendid darkness of the old, half-forgotten religion brought light to the greatest of the French naturalists, Joris Karl Huysmans. Although not well-known in America, our absurd deference to the name of Zola serving to keep other realists in oblivion, this man has influenced French thought to an incalculable extent. At first, he represented in prose the beliefs of the decadent poets, and the uneasy prurience of the end of the nineteenth century found in his style all the morbidity, the sickly perfume, that were required to give it expression. An egoist for whom nothing in life had permanent value, who found all things unhealthy, filthy even, Huysmans possessed, nevertheless, an eye of microscopic power that reveled in color, in piquant detail, and never failed to regard a

scene as actually individual. His power for reproducing little things in words was just as great as his contempt for the greatest things; so that he came to be considered a literary Mephisto whose satire was as brilliant and unbearable as the depths from which it sprang.

Finally, however, there came a moment in Huysmans' life when the beauty of the ancient tradition broke through upon his soul; after this he was led almost unconsciously to a complete acceptance not only of the graces and dogmas of the Church, but also of those difficult and exalted implications which have meant so much to the mystic saints. Seldom has there been a conversion so unexpected and so complete: reading the account, one almost doubts the reality. Huysmans, who as a naturalist had admired no beauty that was not sensual, half-corrupt and bizarre, was set on fire by a glory whose revelation was to him like a meeting with someone robustly, transcendently alive.

There is no other novelist who has narrated the Christian life with anything like the same exactness and fervor. Throughout his career as a Catholic writer he held fast to the same sincerity in thought and expression; in other words, he continued to be the egoist he had always been, even giving vehement expression to the dislike he entertained for the devotional practices of some Catholics. In the end he became a seer, lost in visions of the old ages of belief, when Beauty seemed to dwell indeed with every Christian, and when the streets of heaven were almost as much in men's minds as the ways of earth. For these reasons his influence has been so extensive that bounds can scarcely be set to it, nor can one foresee what effect his example will have on the future. We are interested in him as an egoist who took his place with the most unrelentingly individual of men, and as a Catholic who became one of those for whom the discoveries of science and the affairs of the world are like garments that one sheds when going, penitent and with utter submission, to bathe in the love of God.

Biographical details are neither numerous nor important. Huysmans was born in Paris, February 5, 1848. His family was of Dutch origin, having come from Breda; an ancestor, Huysmans of Mechlin, is represented in the Louvre by several sketches done in the Flemish manner of the fourteenth century, vividly realistic and quite individual. Although his father

was also a painter, Huysmans was destined for the law, but accepted, at the age of twenty, a position with the Minister of the Interior, and remained there until his conversion, except for a brief period of military service during the War of 1870. Literature became his real purpose in life, and he joined enthusiastically with Zola and others in the realistic movement. When the Goncourt Academy was formed, Huysmans was looked upon as one of the most important members; later, in 1900, he became its president. During nearly his entire life he lived at No. 11 Rue de Sèvres, Paris, in a small apartment containing his books and pictures; the oriental hangings of this high room seemed to inspire him with the sense of color which is one of the chief qualities of his writing.

His personal appearance and disposition are matters for dispute. Arthur Symons, who met Huysmans rather frequently before his conversion, speaks of the "cat" about him; the commonplace benevolence of his face lighted up suddenly with a strange maliciousness; the sardonic conversation that delighted in withering epigram. James Huneker was struck by "the essentially Semitic contour of his head." Others, however, who were intimately acquainted with Huysmans after the conversion, speak of his humor and simple, honest heart. After having come into the Church, the novelist lived for a while at a house which he had built near the famous Benedictine Abbey at Ligugé, but subsequent to the expulsion of the Religious he returned to Paris, where he died.

Any discussion of Huysmans' earlier works must necessarily be somewhat unpleasant, for, although endowed with a keener perception and a more refined diction than Zola's, he went to the extremes of the naturalistic school: still, it would be quite impossible without some consideration of his first books, either to give a satisfactory insight into his artistic nature or to explain the miracle of faith that was later wrought in him. *Croquis Parisiens* are poems in prose about various scenes in Paris, chosen seemingly at random. The Decadents, in their super-refined theorizing, had conceived the idea of a "prose-poem" which would present the substance of novels in a form so exquisitely refined that it would appeal only to the "dozen chosen souls scattered through the universe." This art has now become quite commonplace, but as Huysmans first used it there is a certain finesse of epithet and

discontent with anything except the *one word*, a certain color and verve and rhythm, that both fascinate and repel—like wine with a dash of wormwood. The most remarkable thing about these sketches is, of course, their snobbish individualism, the trade-mark of egoism.

Les Sœurs Vatard is a novel of much descriptive power, although the narrative, being devoid of any sustained movement that could be termed a plot, is merely a sort of thread that connects the pictures from still-life. No modern writer has succeeded so fully in reproducing besides the mere tableau all the attendant details of atmosphere, color, smell and sound. While this novel served no other discernible purpose than to display the banalities of existence as exemplified in the lives of two sisters, Céline and Désirée Vatard, the idea of *dégout* was most forcibly expressed in one of Huysmans' short-stories, *A Vau-l'Eau*. The central figure in this brilliant pessimistic narrative is a governmental employee whose two considerations in life are bad books and worse health. After a series of depressing adventures, the poor fellow betakes himself, without purpose or hope, to a promenade along the darkened Seine, sounding the keynote of ennui in a phrase of almost unbearable misery: "*Nous sommes les malheureux qui allons éternellement chercher au dehors une part mesurée de fricot dans un bol!*"

But the soul of Huysmans, though apparently that of a hopeless and worn-out decadent, was not standing still: sensitive sincerity, restless search for ultimate truth, which with him were just as relentless in thoughtful art as exactness is with others in science, had led him to the camp of Schopenhauer, but they could not keep him there. *A Rebours* appeared in 1884, mystifying all the accepted critics, and nearly causing a rupture between its author and Zola. These effects were not surprising, for the book was not merely a novel, but almost a ritual of Decadence: into it were crowded the most bizarre experiments for arousing the decrepit senses of a finely-organized *roué*, art and literary criticism, and a merciless condemnation of everything the ordinary citizen is proud of. The hero, Des Esseintes, is a man whose disgust with life has driven him into solitude; he builds a house at some distance from Paris, fitting it out in sensuous luxury with those tapestries, furnishings, paintings and books which seem to him

most exquisite. Strangely enough, however, his ruminations cannot dissociate themselves from recollections of the religion to which he had once belonged: he dreams of the purity of monastic life, the tender influences inherent in his early Jesuit education, and, above all, of the haunting beauty of the ancient Church with its charity and fervent faith, its engrossing symbolism, its evident connection with the shining city of God. When at last his shattered nerves give way entirely and he is forced to go back into the society he scorns, a prayer rises almost involuntarily to his lips: "Ah! my courage is gone and my heart sinks. . . . Lord, have mercy on the Christian who doubts, on the agnostic who wishes to believe, on the outcast from life who sets sail alone, during the night, under a sky no longer lighted by the consoling stars of the ancient Hope."

Among all the critics who commented on the book, only one saw the definite trend. Barbey d'Aurévilly, a remarkable, visionary Catholic whose vow of poverty allowed him no earthly goods except an iron bed, wrote this bit of astounding criticism: "After the *Fleurs du Mal* I said to Baudelaire, logically there is nothing left for you now except the mouth of a pistol or the foot of the cross. . . . But will the author of *A Rebours* choose between them?" The book is indeed one of those strangely individual masterpieces which can never be imitated and which, like the crises in good drama, are pregnant with the parting of life's ways. Everyone who cares to understand the Decadence of the *fin de siècle* must come to this book; but he will find also the tenebrous and palpitant promise of a peaceful dawn.

That dawn, however, did not break immediately. There had come into Huysmans' mind a hungry preoccupation with the religious tradition, an intellectual interest in those little-known Middle Ages which were so blessedly different from modern times. The ideal of Poe and Baudelaire had been a shudder in the dark, a fiendish stab into a disordered brain, and perhaps it was their influence which led Huysmans to the study of the most terrifying manifestation of Spiritualism, Demonism. The result of his researches in occult documents was the novel, *Là-Bas*, which became one of the most widely read books in France. Huysmans himself is represented in the story by Durtal, whose friend Carhaix, bell-ringer at Saint

Sulpice, is altogether a loveable man: he moves about the windy towers with the tenderness and understanding which a wise shepherd gives his sheep. Then there are terrible characters, Gilles de Rais, Mme. de Chantelouve, and many fallen ecclesiastics, all given to the horrible rites of Satanism.

Moving against the background of the dissolving Middle Ages, these monstrous figures rise up like the demons in Dante, wicked and, nevertheless, fascinating. The weird rites of the cult furnish opportunity for a series of word-pictures strong and shadowy as the canvases of Rembrandt; one reads descriptions which for sustained and terrible power have yet to meet their equals in prose. Despite the strict censure which certain chapters deserve, *Là-Bas* is worth while because it shows the unconscious attraction that Huysmans felt for the art of life which surrounded with a beneficent halo those dark and bloody sinners whom he had resurrected in his study. He was drawn to Catholicism "by its ecstatic and introspective art, its haunting legends, and the beaming simplicity of its Lives of the Saints."

A contemplative mind would discover a natural antithesis to modernity in mediæval life, which was artistic to the very core; it having a philosophy wherein the degradation of man was linked fast to his essential loftiness, and which dignified the most trifling of good means by association with the Ultimate Good; a science whose lens was the spirit, rendered doubly powerful by mystic faith and wonder-working charity: a poetry whose wings were safely strong in the spaces of eternity. *Là-Bas* proved once more the truth of Tertullian's maxim: "The devil is God's monkey."

During the month of July, 1892, the Parisian papers stated that Huysmans had resolved to become a Trappist; in reality, however, he had only made a retreat at the Trappist monastery of Notre-Dame d'Issigny and been reconciled with the Church into which he had been born. At the time he was forty-five years of age. Grateful for the divine grace of conversion, he related his religious experiences in *En Route*, a deep and powerful book which must be ranked with the greatest Catholic literature of France. The story is to some extent autobiographical, but it must be understood that the fictitious Durtal is not always identical with Huysmans: the personality of the author is kept distinct from that of his creature, but

essentially the process of conversion, the action of grace remains the same.

We are introduced to a lonely Durtal whose friends have died. Their influence, however, has succeeded in keeping up his interest in the Church to which he is further attracted by the art and music of the mediæval services, and by a strange atavistic inclination due most probably to the prayers of certain members of his family who have entered monastic life. Throughout the oscillations of his temperament the desire for a new life stands firm, and he goes vigorously to work against the temptations of the flesh which are exceedingly violent.

Naturally, he needs help, and this is supplied by the Abbé Gevresin, a remarkable mystic priest. Durtal's constant attempts at prayer lead him into various monastic chapels where the beauty of sublime human sacrifice and the clarity of pristine religious art, move him most deeply. It is impossible for him to neglect, even momentarily, the fields that have been opened to him by the discovery of the Christian tradition. He reads with burning eyes the books of mystic writers and then carries on his lonely battle with the desires and doubts that assail him; finally, the day of decision is at hand. Trembling with anxiety, he goes to the monastery for his retreat, and prepares for the unburdening of his sins in the Sacrament of Penance. Thereupon, Durtal passes through a harrowing crisis of the kind described by St. John of the Cross as "The Night of the Soul," but emerges in a holy and satisfying peace. Sunshine floods his spirit; the every-day life of the abbey, with its corporal rigors, its rule of silence and manual labor, and its sonorous office chanted at break of day, appeal to Durtal so strongly that he is loath to leave, loath to go out from this blessed tranquillity into the disorder of life in Paris, where the perception of the Divine is so much hidden by the noise of the superficial.

Yes, *En Route* is in every way a book of tremendous, yet delicate power. Appearing at a time when literary craft in France had dissociated itself from religion or, in fact, any reality at all, except the duel of the sexes, it seemed almost too virile to be modern. The substance and spirit of Huysmans' work had changed, but his art was the same: he still possessed the supreme ability to fit the word to the thing. Subtle psychological situations are handled in this book with a strict

and burning mastery, with an almost primitive lack of ornament, and yet with resistless energy. *En Route* is alive with verbal insight, with vivid poetry and unflagging descriptive strength. The sincerity of the tale was so evident that Abbé Meugnier declares that it performed the work of an army of missionaries in bringing about conversions and revealing religious vocations.

All this is true, despite the fact that Huysmans made many rash critical statements and carried with him remnants of his earlier philosophy, bits of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, which appeared like dark spots against the bright canvas. *En Route* had restated the Christian tradition so emphatically that it was placed almost immediately beside the *Confessions* of St. Augustine as one of the great records of the discovery of truth. This judgment, it seems to me, remains altogether just.

Now a Catholic of the deepest conviction, it was necessary for Huysmans to plunge himself into the beautiful mysteries of religion, to fulfill as best he could the missionary duties of a zealous man. Realizing as an artist how much of ancient ecclesiastical symbolism had been lost to the world, how far the love for the beauty of the Temple had deteriorated, he determined to write a book dealing with the architecture, sculpture and painting of the Middle Ages. *La Cathédrale* was published in 1898, and the difference between this book and those previously written by Huysmans was evident. It seemed that he had tried to put all the majesty, the supple symmetry, and the mystic symbolism of Our Lady's finest cathedral, Chartres, into a great prose-poem, destined this time for the millions rather than for the "dozen choice souls" hidden in the mob. Rarely has prose so victoriously joined close observation with the ecstasy of phrase: these pages, so packed with learning, objective detail and religious verity, move with the elastic tread of a beautiful woman whose soul is afire and whose heart is rich with the verve of life.

Durtal goes through these chapters, still melancholy, still distrustful of himself, but quite in the background. Instead, the Cathedral wakes to life: the forest-nave, shadowy with leafy arches, glows with the rich color of a hundred flaming windows and fills with ghostly crowds of kings and Saints, Crusaders and pilgrims; bells boom in triumphant thunder from the aged tower that, buckled in armor like some mystic

Roland, points a sword into a heaven that is close to earth; the marvelous groups of stone, where Christ sits in judgment and Mary is glorified, assume a consoling reality and speak the beautiful old words which seem to have gone unheeded for so long. Beneath, in the crypt, tapers burn at the Mass which is again a *Lux in Tenebris*, and seems to have added to the dignity of the Divine Sacrifice a wealth of martyrs' blood; for here some of the earliest Christians in France were massacred at the shrine of the Virgin Mother. Nowhere has the religious imagination wrought greater wonders than here, and yet Huysmans does not lose himself in detail or forget the most important point in all this wealth of color and beauty—the high spiritual conception of the whole.

Durtal had discovered finally the splendor of the Christian tradition. There had been the *inferno* of *Là-Bas*, preceded by long, dismal wastes where his soul thirsted for something out of reach, something that had been forgotten. Moreover, throughout the experiences of *En Route* he had suffered a *purgatorio*, a period of trial and torment that was lighted by reflections of the star-lit beauty of heaven. Finally, the *paradise* of the artist had been reached, a domain of glory and insight, where the Christian kneels to pray in temples which visions of the Infinite Beauty have transformed into the ante-rooms of eternity. *La Cathédrale* is not without its blemishes. Huysmans was incapable of that fine, spontaneous generosity which is the glory of the saints. But human art is always only adumbrative of the ideal, and generous criticism will condone the occasional errors of one whose hunger and delight have resulted in so powerful a restatement of the Christian tradition.

Huysmans' later books do not, it seems to me, equal in power and insight either *En Route* or *La Cathédrale*; he became too critical, too much absorbed in reflection, to take into sufficient account the audience for whom he was writing. Still, everything was sincere, original and rigidly artistic in form; if he had not written previously, these final volumes would be sufficient basis for great fame. *L'Oblat* was constructed round the liturgy of the Church, that sublime literature so sadly neglected and yet so necessary for a complete knowledge of the Sacred Mysteries. *Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam*, the life of Huysmans' favorite Saint, showed profound intimacy with the inner life of the expiatrix and reso-

lute attention to the harrowing details of her bodily condition. It is not a pleasant book, but it attempts to prove the reality of mysticism, and yet is the work not so much of a champion as of a lover. The closely connected vignettes of *Les Foules de Lourdes* give a very original view of the sacred grotto and the devotions which are grouped around it. Occasionally, its realism is sombre and hard; those parts of the book which deal with the art of Lourdes are scathing in their denunciation of ugliness. But there are really no words violent enough to upbraid a people who surround the tabernacle of the God they worship with trash fashioned in the market-place, for art is the pantomime of the soul and not the product of molds in a factory. Once more Huysmans returned to the consoling antique beauty, and in *Trois Eglises et Trois Primitifs* analyzed penetratingly and with inner delight certain monuments of ecclesiastical art. With this final service to the Tradition for which he had lived, the artist's work was done. He was buried simply in the habit of a Benedictine oblate, during the year of Our Lord, 1907.

Sufficient time has passed to show that his writing is above time, as Christianity is. Zola and the fleshy gods he worshipped have departed, perhaps forever, like the fierce warrior deities of old barbarian Europe. Movements such as Whistler's "art for art's sake" and the Tolstoyan profession of "no art for truth's sake," have grappled for the mastery, but the beauty of the Christian tradition has been steadily revealed and will eventually prevail.

Because art is so completely a product of the soul's meditation on the Infinite Splendor which gleams faintly through the material form, it must be the handmaiden of some religion. It is nonsense to attribute the conversion of Huysmans to a love for charming melodies and well-wrought chalices; but it is profoundly true that the grace of God came to him through art. He read in the finely executed designs of mediævalism the expression of an intense desire to burst the bonds of everything merely superficial and earthy, and to rise purified to the ultimates of existence. Here was mingled a boundless contempt for life with a delight no less passionate—the vision of men who are certain that the banalities of everyday will end in glory. Seen thus, Huysmans' return to the Church is an occurrence of miraculous simplicity. Therein lies its importance.

With great, almost terrible sincerity, he took his soul to the Master and laid it down; he who had hated existence with greater bitterness than Tolstoy and in greater loneliness walked at last, submissive in the Communion of the Militant. In him had been repeated the mystery of the miracle.

With all his strong virtues of thought and expression, this novelist had various shortcomings which must be regretted. Fundamentally he was the child of his age, a period of ennui, and there is nothing darker than that listlessness. The great laughter of the Middle Ages, the earth-song of men who had banished fear to hell, had died with the Faith. The rooms of thought, thick with the breath of Voltaire and Renan, stifled the intellect. Perennial, unconquerable, man's desire for happiness shook—still shakes—civilization with the rumble of human discontent; people took vermouth and absinthe instead of wine, just as they read Schopenhauer and Karl Marx instead of the Gospel. Underneath, in constant, irresistible rhythm, groaned the drums of war.

It is not surprising that Huysmans should have retained some marks of the fever. His attitude toward woman, his excessive asceticism, his cruel derision of people whom sometimes he failed to understand, his lack of democratic sympathy or brotherly love, are all ear-marks of egoism; but he remembered always that he was a sinner, and there is no reason for insisting that he should have been a saint. Moreover, his style suffered from certain eccentricities, such as manneristic syntax and a delight in words which are often bizarre; still, whatever he may lack in gracefulness and ease, Huysmans' remarkable sincerity, originality, and naturalness will keep him a place as a master of style. The sum-total of his influence has been very great. The great literary Crusade that has followed him in France and England, has for its Grail the revival of the Great Tradition. It is enough that Huysmans should have been among the greatest ancestors of this glorious company. We cannot afford to neglect either his labor or his genius, for in a sublimely courageous sense he was a Captain of the Wars.

RECREATION AND ITS RELATION TO DELINQUENCY.

BY JOHN O'CONNOR.



IF wholesome recreation makes for physical, moral and spiritual development, it tends to reduce delinquency, and the absence of wholesome recreation or the presence of vicious forms of recreation which make for the dissipation of the natural and the supernatural life, tend to increase delinquency. If this be true, it follows that the Church, which is concerned with the spiritual well-being of its children and with their physical well-being, because of its reaction on the spiritual, should be interested in, should advance the cause of, and should promote wholesome recreation.

In these days of reservations and interpretations one must define and give boundaries to such a subject as recreation and its relation to delinquency.

The term "recreation" as used here is to be construed as synonymous with spare time activity. The normal day is now divided into three periods—eight hours for labor, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for recreation. It is with the latter period, all of it and all of its activities, with which we now have to do. Recreation is play in its broadest sense, in contradistinction to toil and to rest. It is very unfortunate that the term recreation has come to be associated in the minds of most people with organized play and athletics, and that the greater part of the efforts to promote recreation has been confined to children. The recreational efforts of the N. C. W. C., the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. C. A., and the Jewish Welfare Board in their work for soldiers during the War did something to destroy this erroneous and mischievous mental association. For the purpose of this article the particular spare time activity of a scholar of sixty, be it card-playing or golf, will be just as important as the game of "London Bridge" for Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue, five and seven years of age, respectively.

The studies which will be quoted will of necessity have to do with the term "delinquency" in its general legal sense—

law breaking. As it is well-known that but a small part of the offenders against the rights of persons and property are confined in prisons and jails, and that the larger number, and often the most dangerous enemies of society, are still in the exercise of freedom, and, furthermore, as most of the insidious crimes against self and society do not come within the scope of the law, the term delinquency will be considered here in its sociological, rather than in its legal, sense, and will include sins of omission, as well as sins of commission. George B. Mangold emphasizes this point when he wrote, "Delinquency should be referred to as an attitude of mind and morals rather than to the commission of some particular offence."¹

It is well to keep in mind that it is very difficult to apply a yardstick to measure human actions, and that it is impossible to give quantitative conclusions as to the extent to which wholesome recreation reduces delinquency. On the other hand, there are certain general conclusions which may be drawn from the studies of the relation of recreation to delinquency.

At the conference of Social Work at Atlantic City in 1919, Allen T. Burns reported the results of a study on the relation of playgrounds to juvenile delinquency which was made in Chicago in 1908, and which Mr. Burns had previously reported in *Charities and Commons* for October 3, 1908. This study brought out that the proportion of delinquency on the South Side, Chicago, had been a practically constant figure from the time the juvenile court of Cooks County had been established until playgrounds were opened. This figure was forty per cent of the entire juvenile delinquency of Chicago. It was found that this figure had decreased in the two years of the operation of the playgrounds. The South Side was then furnishing only thirty-four per cent of the delinquents of Chicago at a time and over a period when delinquency in Chicago had increased twelve per cent. That meant, with reference to delinquency in Chicago as a whole, that delinquency on the South Side had decreased twenty-nine per cent. The only new factor that could be found on the South Side were the new recreation facilities. For the purpose of this study, the delinquency figures for four districts of the South Side that had

¹ *Problems of Child Welfare*, by George B. Mangold. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1916.

been similarly and somewhat adequately provided with playgrounds, were examined apart from the figures for the others, and showed an average decrease of forty-four per cent. When circles around these playgrounds, one-half mile in radius, were drawn, it was found that there had been within that radius an average decrease of twenty-eight and one-half per cent. "It is easy to say," declared Mr. Burns, "that these playgrounds had nothing to do with the case, but tested in three different ways, while delinquency in Chicago was on an appreciable increase, we found that there had been a decrease in delinquency where a playground had been introduced."

The most intensive studies of recreation influences published so far in this country, are three monographs of the Cleveland Recreation Survey, made under the direction of the Survey Committee of the Cleveland Foundation in 1917, namely, *Delinquency and Spare Time*, *School Work and Spare Time*, and *Wholesome Citizens and Spare Time*. The first of these, *Delinquency and Spare Time*, by Henry W. Thurston, is a study of ninety-five cases of juvenile delinquency that were, with respect to sex, age, character of offence, birthplace of the fathers, and religious affiliations, typical of the whole number of children who came into the court in Cleveland in 1916. This monograph also contains a study of twenty adult delinquents, (twelve in dance halls and eight in municipal courts). In brief form, the important conclusions from the study of these cases for the purpose of this article are as follows:

1. That spare time is not only an important factor in the delinquency of three out of every four of the juvenile delinquents studied, but frequently also in the delinquency of young people and adults.

2. That the relation between delinquency and spare time reduces to two kinds: (a) A relation so close as to amount in many cases to an identity of habitual spare time activity with delinquency; (b) A contributory relation of spare time activities to delinquency through knowledge of opportunity for and temptation to delinquency.

This study, which on the negative side showed that recreation has a bearing and an important one on conduct, was wisely supplemented by one employing the direct method of ascertaining what part recreation plays in the development of wholesome citizens.

In this monograph, *Wholesome Citizens and Spare Time*, by John L. Gillin, a study was made of one hundred and sixty individuals representing roughly the local distribution of population with respect to nationality, occupation, and sex. The general conclusion of importance for our present purpose is as follows: Spare time pursuits have either directly or indirectly entered in as a decisive factor in the development of these people. These activities have not been the only force which wrought the marvel of wholesome personality, but they have been more uniformly present than any other factor.

A study of Pittsburgh playgrounds, published in June, 1920, by the Citizens' Committee on City Plan, contains a map showing juvenile delinquency from the records of the Juvenile and Morals Court, 1919, each dot representing one case six to twenty-one years of age. A glance at the map convinces one that these cases are most numerous in those sections for which the report recommends that playgrounds are most urgently needed. The need, so far as the report is concerned, is based on service to children living within fifteen minutes' walk of a proposed playground. The report itself declares that the justification of so great a public undertaking as it recommends, is its ultimate economy in the up-building of a citizenship which shall be sound physically and morally. "Much of the expense," it goes on to say, "of present correctional institutions can in the future be saved by a proper recreation programme today."

The studies that have been presented so far have been inductive ones. It would not be of great value at this point to outline the numerous deductive theories which go to support the general thesis that wholesome recreation reduces delinquency. The play instinct theory, the race epochs theory, fatigue studies, the physical demands for relaxation, the theory of vitality through recreation, the theory that the imaginative powers, the sense that life possesses variety and color, are realized most easily in moments of recreation. The theory that social intercourse and companionship depend in a large measure for their highest development upon recreation, and Freud's theory of sublimation are just a few of the hundred and one theories, some of which must be true, that recreation is a prime requisite for a wholesome and normal life.

It is not necessary to discuss even in a brief way the

results of the numerous studies of the relation of vicious forms of recreation to delinquency. The facts are well known. The reports of the various vice commissions in this country are filled with evidence on the subject and the majority of court cases, especially in which young people are involved, tell the same story. It is the story of delinquency caused by suggestive moving pictures, unregulated billiard rooms, degrading theatrical performances, vicious dance halls, and numerous other forms of recreation, which thrive on what is, after all, a legitimate craving. It is a good Catholic maxim that all the things of the earth were given to man for his use, but not for his abuse.

While on the subject of sordid and vicious forms of recreation, it may be well at this point to quote another one of the conclusions of the Cleveland study on Delinquency and Spare Time, that effective prevention of delinquencies among children, young men and women and adults, so far as these delinquencies are due to the opportunities and temptations of spare time activities, cannot be looked for until innocent counter opportunities for spare time activities are adequate both in variety and in quantity to the needs of the whole mass of people. As already stated, if wholesome recreation reduces delinquency and if vicious recreation increases delinquency, it follows that Catholics should be interested in, should advance the cause of, and should promote wholesome recreation.

The Catholic body is interested in recreation because it holds among the other rights inherent to living human subjects the right to recreation—"so that the worker may live as a man, restore the strength expended in his labor, and have a reasonable possibility of his development."²

In addition to this general interest in recreation, the Catholic workers in the United States should promote recreation because the figures, at least for juvenile delinquency, show that the number of Catholic delinquents is almost twice as numerous as the total number of Catholics would justify. In Allegheny Co., Pa., the Catholics form a little over one-third of the population. In 1915, sixty-five per cent of the children coming before the Juvenile Court were Catholic; in 1916, fifty-five per cent; in 1917, forty-nine per cent, and in 1918,

² *A Primer of Social Science*, by the Rt. Rev. Henry Parkinson. London: P. S. King & Co., Ltd.

fifty-five and eight-tenths per cent. There are many ways of explaining this condition; one will be suggested here. The parents of a great many of the children who come into the Juvenile Courts are immigrants. To these people the Catholic Church has been a very vital thing—the most vital in their lives. When Catholic workers do not help them in adapting their lives to the new civilization in which they find themselves, they, and especially their children, flounder. Catholic workers do not lead them in channels of recreation. Today we do not contribute as much in proportion to the total recreation activities of a community as we did thirty years ago.

Those who say that recreation is not the business of the Catholic body must be told that it always has been and always must be. Even though it had not been; souls are at stake and the dispensation on methods of bringing about salvation has not been closed.

How can we best promote this necessary work of our Catholic inheritance? In the first place, we can by deed, as well as by word, strengthen family life in the home. Joseph Lee said naively that the first requisite for the play of a little child is a mother, and the next is a home. The importance of home recreation is one of the facts brought out in one of the Cleveland recreation studies. It states that with both men and women the recreation habits formed early in life are the habits on which their later recreational life depends. Although later all the activities of childhood were shown to have dropped out of the lives of the adults in the study, and even those that were left showed a lowered intensity when new activities came to take the places of those that had lapsed.

Every time Catholics promote or join in movements for a living wage, shorter hours of work and good housing, they are contributing to the up-building of family life and to one of the important features of modern family life—recreation. At the same time they are assisting in removing other causes of delinquency, for it is not the premise of this article to hold that the absence of recreation is the only cause of delinquency. The Catholic body through its social agencies should help to work out a consistent programme to stimulate the interest of parents and other adults in a scheme of home recreation.

In the second place, Catholics should coöperate in a very definite way in promoting community recreation. However it may be lamented, most people, especially in modern cities, are forced to find their recreation outside the walls of their homes. Recreation has become a recognized municipal function. The complexities of city life, the congestion of population, the opportunities and incentives for perversion of childish and youthful activities into unwholesome channels, all these make imperative a general and complete municipal programme with which the Catholic body alone cannot compete. Our teachers and leaders have framed such a programme. We should coöperate with other forces in the community and bring about its realization, and always be on guard to see that the programme is so carried out that it will make for the development of wholesome citizens.

At this point it may be appropriate to suggest that the Catholic social agencies should aid in stamping out in the community vicious forms of recreation, and assist in throwing all necessary safeguards about commercial forms of recreation.

In the third place, Catholics should promote a definite form of recreation to meet the peculiar needs of Catholic people. The development of this work is the most important and pressing of the social functions of Catholics in the United States. Catholicism gave being long ago to a type of civilization which is native to itself. That type which flourished in Europe has never been transplanted to this country. It is a necessary requisite for the full development of the Church. Thousands of souls remain apart from her because they have looked in vain for such a civilization or culture surrounding the Church in America.

Catholic culture can be developed to a high degree through a well planned and well directed recreational programme in parish halls and community houses.

The Church has a spiritual treasury. People do not always recall that she also has a temporal one which derives its possessions in a mystical way from the spiritual. This temporal treasury through a wise and democratic distribution of its wealth which consists of the influence of Catholic art, literature, music and science, can make for a transforming influence in the life of America. That treasury can, and should,

be opened to the people that they may claim the things new and old which are their inheritance and of which, to their great detriment, they have been deprived.

Through recreation, which has come to occupy so important a place in life, Catholics may carry on, on the one hand, a preventive work, through decreasing delinquency, and on the other hand, a constructive work, through the development of a culture which will carry to all a new and compelling evidence of her divine origin.

A PRESENT-DAY SAINT.

BY L. A. WALLINGFORD.

O FRIEND, with the earnest eyes! When we meet in life's busy
ways,
There's power in your glance and smile to lighten my heart for
days.

You may greet me trivial-wise, just passing the time of day,
But I feel the touch of your spirit, whatever your lips may say.

Why is it, friend of mine, that courage and strength and cheer,
Revivify my soul whenever you are near?

The secret I've discovered: Back of your glance and smile,
A soul in touch with God, prays blessings all the while.

Such sacred office this, God's almoner to be,
At times the artist's nimbus around your head I see.

WHY GOD BECAME MAN.

BY LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J., M.A.

II.

MAN'S DESTINY AND FALL.



HERE are two ways in which a man may express himself. He may bring forth a child, born to his image and likeness, or he may express himself by creating imaginary characters in an imaginary setting as in literature and art. The second is the feebler way, for in it man expresses himself in a material he has in no way produced, and expresses withal not so much himself as what he has learned from experience.

The first mode of self-expression is realized eternally in God, first in the generation of the Son by the Father, and, finally, by the procession from these two of the Spirit of Love. Out of unity there arises distinction, personal and real; and then, in a further unity, which also is personal and real, what was distinguished again becomes one. Not that this is a time-process, but that thus we can best set forth the relations between the three divine Persons. The whole is eternally complete. Process in God eternally is.

In the Spirit the order of divine procession is eternally consummated. Beyond the three divine Persons, therefore, there is neither need of any other, nor is any other divine person possible without destroying (*per impossibile*) the very nature of God. If then there are to be other persons besides the Divine Three, they must be *created* persons, *i. e.*, persons who proceed from and depend upon God, but yet are *not* God. Their relation to God may be analogous to that of the Second and Third Persons in God, but their nature will not be the same. They will not proceed from God necessarily; and so will not be self-subsistent, or such that they could not "not-be." Neither at the outset can they share immediately, and to the full, in the Divine Experience; for in that case they would be divine persons, since they would share in that which

is proper to the Son and the Spirit. Created persons are not only imperfect in their mode of existence, in that they need not exist; but also they are imperfect in their nature: there is something that they lack.

On the other hand, it is inconceivable that persons should be created by God except for the purpose of sharing *in some way in the Divine Experience*. For what is a person but one who shares intelligently in the experience of another without losing his own individuality? And what experience is there to share, in the last resort, except that of God. God does not create out of necessity: He creates out of love. Thought must express itself; experience must be shared; good must diffuse itself. But this it has already done to the full in the Triple Personality of God. Any further diffusion of good can only be made freely, out of sheer spontaneity and love; for there is no one to whom God can express Himself, no one with whom His Experience can be shared unless He creates. On the other hand, if God does create, though what is created must of necessity be other than God, and so without divine perfections or divine experience, it will not be impossible that the creature should acquire such experience and with it perfection. On the contrary, it would be characteristic of God, Who is Goodness existent, that such should be the destiny of those for whose sake creation is to be.

If this be so, evolution or process is in some sense essential to a created universe, no less than is personality. Whatever else God creates, if He creates at all, He must at any rate create persons, imperfect at first, but capable of development through experience. No person will have that full and immediate knowledge and enjoyment of God which is his ultimate destiny; but each will have some knowledge of God, or will be capable of acquiring it and also of growing in it, until at length he be fitted to share in the Divine Experience of the Self-existent Three.

It may be that the way to perfect happiness in the case of the angels is short: that there is one supreme act of love and after it beatitude eternal. This is what St. Thomas teaches. None the less he insists also on process. The angels do not see God naturally. They know Him by the effects which His action produces, and must grow in that knowledge. A purification must take place before they have clarity of vision. They

need grace, and must prepare themselves to receive it. Nay, further,¹ grace and its development in the angelic order are compared to the "seminal nature" of the physical order, out of which evolve plants and animals.

All created persons must evolve, *i. e.*, must start with a capacity, the purpose of which can be realized only through a time-process. They must also evolve in conjunction one with the other. This is evident in the case of man, whose development is so largely due to education, environment, and to the tradition of his ancestors. But it is true also of a world of pure spirits. To no creature can God be present at the outset as the *immediate* object of his experience; for in that case he would have the fullest experience of God of which he was capable, and so would be neither subject to development, nor would be conscious of himself as a mere creature. Yet experience is always experience of what is other than oneself. There is such a thing as self-knowledge; but it arises in and through the knowledge which one has of another, who is distinct from oneself. Hence, though it is commonly taught that the angels know God through the image of Him which is impressed in their very nature, in order that this image should become conscious, it is necessary that they should have experience of another; and this other cannot in the first instance be God. Development with all created persons, angelic or human, is essentially a *social* development. Angels, like men, come to know themselves *simul cum aliis*, together with others, as St. Thomas says. They "illuminate" or "manifest truth" one to another, and by means of this intercourse one with another make progress in the knowledge of God.

There are then two types of universe. In the one type *all* creatures will be persons, each manifesting in some degree God, and each destined to progress in the knowledge of God, until he be fitted to enter the society of God; in the other type, the human type, *some* creatures will not be personal, but will manifest God on a lower level, and so will serve merely as means to the end for which persons have been called into being. But each type of universe will be social in character, development taking place in each case through a mutual experience, which in the one case is direct, but in the other is expressed by means of a physical environment.

¹ *Summa*, q. 62, a. 3.

Both types of universe will, therefore, involve certain primary duties on the part of the persons thus called into being; namely that each should seek at once to realize his own destiny and to help his neighbors to realize theirs; and, further, that no person (or thing) should become an end in itself to be sought for its own sake, either by itself or by another. The two commandments which Christianity enunciates as the first principles of all moral life, in reality flow from the very nature of God as manifest in creation. Creation is meaningless except as the expression of God to persons, who come into being as the product of His creative act, and who exist that they may grow in the knowledge and love of God until at length He shall communicate to them the beatific vision, for which He creates them and in which alone they can find rest. Love flows from knowledge, and prompts to further knowledge. It is, therefore, the link which at once unites the created person to his Creator, and which tends to draw him yet closer to his Creator.

The First Commandment is that we love God.

The Second concerns our neighbor.

Created persons must grow in the knowledge of God in conjunction one with another, as each manifests God progressively more and more perfectly. But from knowledge, once again, love flows, linking yet more each to the other, as love grows. Each person is a means to the other's end; yet not merely a means; for each has the same end, which he can attain only in coöperation with his neighbor. Therefore, should we love one another, in God and on account of God, Who is manifest in each of us; and again, should do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. The commandment that we love one another is no *mere* commandment. Neither are the prohibitions of selfishness, greed, robbery, rape, murder, and of the exploitation of our neighbor, or the using of him as an object whereby to gratify our passions, *mere* prohibitions. The good of the one and the evil of the other type of action, follows from the very fact that we are a society of persons, each with the same destiny, which can be attained only in and through social action.

The need of humility, and of its counterpart, confidence in God, also flows from the very nature of the creature. Of himself, he is nothing, and can do nothing; but is wholly depend-

ent upon God, and in a secondary way upon his neighbor. If the creature claim anything as his very own, he is denying fact, and is thus far setting up himself as *the* existent. In other words, he would become *as* God, not in the way in which the creature *can* become as God, but by an act of usurpation and revolt. To become as God, he must needs deny himself, *i. e.*, must recognize that of his own right he possesses nothing and in his own power can do nothing. He can only act as God acts through him. He can only develop in proportion as he receives what as yet he has not received. Therefore, if he would realize his sublime destiny, he must needs have on the one hand, humility, and, on the other hand, confidence in God, Who has created him expressly that in him this destiny may be realized.

The purpose for which all created persons exist, is that ultimately they may have experience of God as He is. But as yet they have not this experience; nor does any creature manifest God in this perfect way. Therefore, there are no creatures, personal or impersonal, which can so attract persons, when in their normal state, that they must of necessity succumb to this attractiveness. In a word, to be personal is also to be free. There is nothing short of the Infinite, which can compel our assent.

None the less, we can give our assent, can contemplate an object till it fascinates us, can yield to a purpose till at length it comes to dominate our lives.

God, Whom we know in part only, is present to us as such an object. The realization of His Will and our destiny is *one* of the purposes which may dominate our lives. But there are other objects, which also we may seek; other purposes which also we may take as our ultimate aim. For God we may substitute the creature. It follows that the created person may fail to realize the destiny for which he was created.

The possibility of evil is inherent in the very nature of a created universe.

On the other hand, it would not seem necessarily to follow that, because evil is a possibility, it must needs be a fact. God, it is commonly supposed, could have created a universe in which all persons ultimately did *de facto* realize their destiny, though freely. And if this be so, and we use the term "universe" in the restricted sense of an inhabited world, or

a group of persons comparatively isolated, God *may* have created such universes.

But is it quite certain that an all-good universe *is* a possibility? The persons for whom such a universe exists will be wholly dependent upon God. Whatever they are and possess, they will have received from Him; and in and through Him all development will take place. But, also, they will be free, free to develop in this or that direction according as they select this or that object or aim. They can, if they choose, grow in holiness; but, to do so, they must freely ask, and freely accept, from God the wherewithal to grow in holiness. For to grow in holiness is to grow in the knowledge and love of God, and hence involves the recognition at once of God as *the* existent Being from Whom all good flows, and of ourselves as wholly dependent upon Him and as mere nothingness apart from Him. But if all persons did this, if all grew steadily in knowledge and grace, might not such beings come to the conclusion that this growth was inevitable, attribute it to their own inherent power, and so imagine that of *themselves* they could realize their destiny. And, if such were their case, how could they recognize their own nothingness, how grasp their dependence on God, how come to behave as free persons, postulating of God that which of themselves they had not, nor of themselves could acquire?

It seems to me that in an all-good universe, created persons could recognize neither their freedom nor yet their dependence upon God, and so could not receive from God what must be freely asked, even as freely it is given. Sin is not a necessity; and yet, if there were no sin, how should we recognize virtue? If there were no downward path, how could we freely choose the upward? If no person ever chose the creature in preference to the Creator, how should we ever come to recognize that the choice of God as our ultimate end is a voluntary choice, or that in realizing the destiny for which He has created us, we are no mere automata, but rational beings, who freely submit to His power? If all the parts of a system move uniformly at the same rate and in the same direction, motion becomes imperceptible to a person within the system, as it is in a lift or a smooth-running train with closed windows. The same law would seem to apply to the spiritual order. Movement to be recognized must be diverse both in rate and

direction; and, unless movement is recognized, it is impossible to grow consciously in the knowledge of God.

If our argument be valid, a created universe must inevitably contain an element of evil; not because God's power is limited—this is sheer nonsense, for there is nothing that can limit God's power: He alone *is*—but because of the very nature of a created universe. Such a universe can only exist as the manifestation of God to persons destined to know him fully, but at the outset possessing but a partial and mediate knowledge. Such persons will be free to realize or not to realize their destiny; and only through freedom can realize it, since, recognizing their dependence upon God, they must freely seek from Him divine coöperation in their spiritual development. Yet, if all developed in the same direction, if there were no strife, no failure, no turning aside or turning back, it is, to say the least, doubtful whether one could become aware of an alternative to the fulfillment of this divinely appointed destiny; in which case it would be impossible to choose freely the one alternative rather than the other.

But if moral evil be inevitable in a created universe, in some sense "damnation" also must be inevitable. For "damnation" is but the outcome of moral evil, the judgment which inevitably follows upon it. In place of God, the creature is chosen as the ultimate goal which is to give us complete satisfaction; and this satisfaction the creature can never give, nor is willing to give, since itself craves a complete satisfaction which the other cannot offer it. Damnation is destiny unrealized, purpose unfulfilled; and it begins so soon as the creature is deliberately preferred to the Creator. That some creatures may vacillate, and, by altering their decisions, escape perpetual damnation, does not alter the fact, that in deliberately substituting the creature in place of the Creator, *ipso facto*, they choose torment, and stand self-condemned. Neither moral evil nor damnation is *necessary*, for both suppose an act of free choice. But, if there is to be a created universe, both the one and the other are inevitable, except with creatures that are capable of repentance.

If this be so, the problem of evil which usually inquires whether it be moral for God to create a universe in which there is evil, is reduced to an inquiry as to whether it be moral for God to create. Even if an all-good universe be pos-

sible, it is irrelevant to the problem in hand. For in an all-good universe not only do all persons progress steadily toward the same end, but each helps the other to attain this end. Whereas, if there be evil, some persons go in one direction, some in another; and, with respect to their common destiny, some help, others hinder, some lead their companions upward, others drag them down. Life in such a universe is no mere story of continuous development. It involves conflict, the overcoming of obstacles, victory over something that resists; and so is of a radically different type from that which would obtain in a universe in which all worked smoothly and everyone was good. Even if an all-good universe be possible, then, nay, even if actually it exist, the possibility of the other type of universe remains, and with it the problem of whether or not it be moral for God to call it into being.

The problem of evil, rightly stated, is not the problem of deciding whether God be justified in preferring a partly-evil to an all-good universe, for of the latter we do not know even whether it be possible. It is the problem of justifying from our human point of view God's action in creating a universe in which successes are mingled inextricably with failures, and there is strife between evil and good.

If we consider the universe from this point of view, there is no doubt as to the first answer we must give. From the point of view of the successes it will be better that the universe should exist, and from the point of view of the failures, better that it should not exist. But what of the successes and failures, considered as one group, supposing, that is, that it be legitimate so to consider them. If on the Benthamite principle we count happinesses and miseries as units, the answer is still clear. It will depend upon the number of the "saved" as compared with the number of the "lost." But, in the first place, we know not the fate of any human soul, unless, perhaps, that of Judas. And, in the second place, the happiness of the "saved" consists in the contemplation of God, Who is infinite; whereas the pain of the "damned" consists in the loss of God, for Whom each has substituted a creature-world which evokes his desires, but being finite never can satisfy them. Each obtains that which he seeks, but the one who has sought wrongly, against his better judgment, obtains it to his perpetual undoing. His loss is a self-inflicted loss, to which

he was in no wise destined by God, and which he could have avoided, if he would.

Imagine now that God is contemplating the creation of a universe. All possible stories, setting forth all possible characters and all possible combinations of characters lie open before Him. Amongst them are some which contain failures as well as successes, the successes bound up with the failures in such a way that these stories would be of a different type if there were no failures in them. Is God, for the sake of the failures, voluntary failures, to abstain from giving reality to a story in which others will gain an infinite success? Or is He, for the sake of these successes of infinite value, to allow failures to happen which will not be infinite except in the sense of an infinite gain that, for some, will be permanently lost?

All things considered, there would hardly seem to be any doubt as to the answer. Our viewpoint is partial and finite. We know not all possible worlds, nor whether there be other worlds than ours, nor yet how many in our world attain their destiny, and how many fail so to do. But—God being what He is, a Trinity of Persons, eternally perfect and eternally one in nature and experience, and the creature being essentially other than God; a being who, if personal, must realize what he is and what is his end, and must consciously make progress towards it—it does seem at least highly probable that our type of universe is the only possible type, much as it might vary in detail; and that, since in it all can attain their end if they will, and many do attain it, it is better that it should exist rather than not exist.

In any case, our type of universe does exist. The Being Who *is*, and is eternally, was not content to express Himself through the processions which are eternally realized in the Son and the Spirit. He has also expressed Himself *ad extra* for the benefit of persons, whom by an eternal act He calls into being. We do not solve the problem of evil by denying that evil exists. Neither do we solve it by denying that God exists. Evil is a fact, and I think an inevitable fact, if there was to be creation at all. What we have to do is to learn how God solves the problem that arises from it.

But first let us look at the universe which God has created. In it are realized precisely those features which we have de-

duced as possible if the God in Whom Christians believe was to express Himself by way of creation. There are two classes of persons, so faith teaches us—angels and men, each member of each class created with a view to his sharing ultimately in the infinite experience of God. But at the outset man, of whom alone we have immediate knowledge, is merely the centre of a finite experience. And this constantly changes and evolves, as the objects of which he has experience change their relations one towards another, or as fresh objects enter his experience or present objects disappear. Of the whole of the time-series God alone is conscious: *we* live *in* it, and so are aware of but a part. But each part is either itself a centre of experience or else a centre of multiform relationship, and so manifests God. He is manifest also in the whole. And though the part may evoke in us affection and desire; it can never satisfy this desire, unless it leads us on to Him Who in it dwells and through it operates. Gradually, we are driven from the universe to its intelligent Source, from the creature to the Spirit that creates.

Salvation is a process, a process of knowledge, from which flow love and desire. But it is also essentially a process in which others coöperate. We grow in holiness—or wickedness—together. This is true of the angels, no less than of men. To them also extends the duty of helping one another, and of helping us; and by them as by us this duty may be, has been, neglected: there are devils. But especially does the principle of social interaction for growth or decadence apply to those persons who have bodies.

The angels presumably have immediate experience of one another and of us. We have not. For it is of the essence of a soul that it should organize and animate a material body, through which alone—in this life at any rate—it can either have experience of, or operate upon, its environment. Consequently, of other souls, and also of the angels and of God, we can have only a mediate experience, through their action upon us. None the less, human beings are closely linked together. For we not only interact, and through interaction commune one with the other in knowledge and love; but also we inherit one from the other—inherit the instincts and capacities with which our bodies are endowed; inherit also experience—the experience of the past which is handed down in

writing and tradition. If the angels can develop only socially through an experience towards which all contribute, still more thorough-going is the social character of our development, in which heredity plays a part and the product of experience accumulates but slowly as generation succeeds generation.

Humanity is one in the sense that all its members are derived from a common stock, all have the same fundamental nature, all have experience of a world in which the same fundamental features are continuously manifest, all have the same destiny, which each can realize if he wills. It is one also in the sense that the thought and behavior of each is bound up with that of his neighbor, and in part is determined by the thought and behavior of the past. In all this—personality, procession from an origin, inter-relationship, experience, society—man manifests God.

But humanity is not one in the sense that all progress steadily towards the end for which man came into being. Many men, perhaps most men, have not the least notion *why* they exist. They have a vague idea of God, and a still vaguer idea of survival; but what God is, what He wants of them, what survival signifies or how their true destiny may be attained, they neither know nor care. It is the creature that they seek. Science and civilization are esteemed; but they are esteemed either for their own sake or for the creature comforts which they bring. And there are masses of men who do not even rise thus high, but are content with the life of an automaton and the pleasures of an animal.

Plainly there are two tendencies in the world, one towards God and the happiness of a divine experience, and the other towards anything but God. What will be the ultimate consequence in any individual case we know not; but we do know whither each tendency leads, and that as a man lives, so in all probability will he die. The direction of one's life one determines for oneself while yet one shares in the time-process. When one passes beyond the time-process, the goal towards which one has directed oneself is attained and one's tendencies are realized for better or for worse. Inevitably, also, there is conflict. Humanity is divided against itself, and the heart of the individual is torn by these conflicting tendencies.

The strife that began in the angelic world is reflected in

this, and is further reflected in the physical environment in which the human race has evolved. Strife in some sense or other is characteristic of the whole of creation. Everywhere is there a *dual* tendency: gravitation and centrifugal force, attraction and repulsion, integration and disintegration, growth and decay; and in the animal world strife between species, and sometimes within them. Contradiction and conflict, if not inevitable in all creation, is certainly a deep-rooted characteristic of all the creation which we know, and is integral to life and development.

On the other hand, there is in the animal world comparatively little conflict between members of the same species. The instincts of the individual are subordinate to those of the herd. It is the group that seeks to persevere in being and to realize the tendencies which characterize it. It does so by means of its members, but these, as a rule, work in conjunction one with the other, rather than at each other's expense. Each lives, not for itself only, but for the sake of the species to which it belongs. It is a different or a lower species that is treated as a mere means to this end. The social principle, manifesting the nature of God, is in the animal kingdom, realized instinctively.

With man just the contrary is the case. His conflict is chiefly with members of his own species. Nation wars with nation, class with class, individual with individual. And the reason is that, ignoring their destiny, men seek creatures for their own sake, so that of the kinds that are fancied, there are not enough to go round. Creatures, whether human or not, are treated by man not as means, but as ends; and so attached may he become to this or that creature, that to the gaining of it he will devote his whole life, and sacrifice all else that he possesses. As a consequence, there appears amongst men a lack of self-control, a passionate violence, an intensity of greed, a refinement of cruelty, even against his own kin, that in the animal world is unknown.

If man be by nature the most noble of the animals, of a surety has he fallen; for, as he is known to us, alike in experience and in history, he is in some respects far below the lowest. He still retains his intellectual superiority; but often enough it does but subserve his passions. Born that he may know and enjoy God, he becomes the slave of some particular

instinct in a way that in the animal world finds no parallel. Man alone seeks pleasure for its own sake, or sex for the sake of pleasure, or will ruthlessly rob his fellows that *he* may possess more, or will enslave his own kinsfolk that *he* may enjoy power. Man, alone of the animals, has an intelligence fitted to know God, and precisely because this is so, man, alone of the animals, can make a god of a creature—of his sex, of his belly, of himself, or of some one of his many ideas.

Whence comes this degradation, so common amongst us, and into which all of us are conscious that we could fall? The psycho-analyst attributes it to a loss, to a loss of control over our instincts, which has occurred in the course of man's evolution, and from which has resulted a split between the conscious and the sub-conscious selves. Science, in short, has rediscovered the Fall; and this just at the moment when eminent clerics, engrossed in textbooks of twenty years ago, have discovered that science does *not* admit a fall, and would accommodate their faith to their science! So prone are we to idolize that, rather than accept divine revelation, we would make an idol of a scientific theory. So far have we fallen that, where we do not worship the creatures which God has made, we must needs worship the creatures of intelligence.

The proudest of God's creatures has unquestionably fallen. But, if we would understand the full significance of the Church's doctrine in this matter, we must remember that the human race is not only a fallen race, but a falling race—a race whose characteristic it is to fall, and afterwards, in some fashion, to repent. If we overlook this fact, we shall miss the whole point of the Church's teaching with respect both to the Fall and to the Redemption.

In both cases the race is envisaged, as embodied in the one case in Adam, and in the other case in Christ. In Adam we fell and in Christ we are redeemed, because both Adam and Christ are one with the whole of humanity. The Church, so to speak, in preaching this doctrine, looks at things from God's point of view, from the point of view of one who sees the whole, and acts with a view to the whole.

Adam's destiny was our destiny. How his body came to be matters little, and the Councils of the Church have not pronounced on the subject. But it does matter that he was created or "constituted" in grace; that into his animal body God

breathed the spirit of life, of life supernatural. For thereby man's destiny is indicated. He came into being for a purpose, and with the capacity of fulfilling that purpose. He was not a mere animal, but a person, with an animal body to assist in the development of his personality. And, as a person, he had experience which would eventually, under divine action, have become merged in a divine experience. So long as he remained in God's grace, he also had control over himself. Instinct, sense, intelligence, will, worked harmoniously together towards the end for which life had been given. There was no lust of the flesh against the spirit, no war of the subconscious with the conscious, no disease; and, consequently, except for sin—Adam's sin, which also was a racial sin—there would have been no death.

But Adam did sin, and in him we also sinned. For Adam was the embodiment of our race, which is a sinful race, a race of whose members it is characteristic that they should reject God's grace and spurn the destiny for which they were created. In Adam's body our bodies were potentially contained, and in his sinful act our sins were foreshadowed. With him we form one race, one whole. Therefore, his sin was our sin, and his loss our loss also. God sees the whole, and acts accordingly.

It is plain that something has gone wrong. There should at least be harmony in our own bodies and peace amongst our own folk; but instead there is continual strife. Disease and division are rampant in the mental and the social, no less than in the physical order, and when passion or greed gets the better of us, there is no limit to the degradation into which intelligent beings may fall.

Science admits the fact; acknowledges that, as compared with the lower animals, man is abnormal in his behavior; and accounts for this by saying that somewhere in the course of evolution a something or other must have been lost. But the Church alone explains in what the loss consists or how it came about.

It is of the essence of sin, that in it man willfully ignores the destiny for which he came into being, and seeks something else in its stead. Thereby he becomes dominated by the lower, and shuts out from himself the influence of the higher. It is also of the essence of sin, as of all human action, that it should affect not the individual only, but the race to which he

belongs. Had Adam not sinned, nor any of our forefathers, we should not be as we are, prone to seek the creature in place of the Creator, and, fascinated by the creature, to become ultimately its slave. And yet it was inevitable that it should be so; for thus only can man learn the worthlessness of creatures or discover his own nothingness, and, discovering it, turn to God with that submissiveness which alone can render it possible for his destiny to be realized, in God and through God, yet without detriment to his personality or his freedom. Life is what it is, pain mingled with pleasure, evil with good, that man may learn from it, without becoming attached to it as to something ultimate and final. The universe exists for man's sake, and as the expression of God's love, but only that man may transcend it, and so pass from the partial and mediate experience with which he begins, to the full and immediate experience for which he has come into being.

That we should know of the ideal which momentarily was realized in our first parents, is of no small value to us, since thereby we are reminded that our destiny is not what it seems to be—a life of mingled pleasure and pain, ending in death, but a life that shall be wholly good and eternally rich in knowledge and happiness and love. It is also of value that we should experience the consequences of the Fall, painful as they may be, for thus only can we learn our own nothingness, or the vanity of creatures, or the power that is needed, if we would transcend their finitude and attain to that Experience to which they perpetually point. But if this we would do, we must learn also how He works for our redemption, and has worked through all time in that racial whole of which we are the present embodiment and momentary expression.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN OF MISTS, IRELAND.

BY KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

'Tis tired you might be, woman!
(And she walking by the lonely shore
Where the curlews were crying.)

"'Tis the long miles I have yet to travel
And the gray rocks still to be climbing."

There's the shadow of many sorrows
Under your eyes, woman;
And the mystery of a long endurance.

"The mother of many sons am I and of many daughters.
But my daughters come clutching my knees
The wild hair of them falling
And they with the sob of the parting sea in their hearts.
And my strong sons wander away from me . . .
Aye! a woman broken in dreams that am I!"

And where now might you be journeying, Mother?
The wind lashing the sea
And it weaving its mist-shroud?
There's a spring in your step that stops not
And a new light on your face surely.

"On the far side of those rocks I'll be climbing—
Where thorns shall bloody the hands of me—
'Tis my bog lands fertile with blossom I'm seeing,
My sons at the plow again,
My green hills studded once more with white houses—
The plump white houses chimney nipples red
Like glad young mothers. . . ."

Then a mist whirled up and around her,
The angry sea thudded—
It washing her words away
As it washes away the sea-shells.

SOME LITERARY ASPECTS OF THE AMERICAN CAPITAL.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.



CITY by a winding river where artistic genius has wooed natural beauty so subtly that the massed buildings seem merely incidental to parks, gardens and tree-arched avenues, would not generally be accepted as fruitful soil for a great and virile literature. From the dim past, where conflicts of the natural forces are written in eruptions of rock and lava, Washington City can display nothing ruder than the picturesque brown stone formations along Rock Creek and the lesser waterways and the splendid palisades of the upper Potomac. Within the city, no smoky chimneys nor clang of mechanical industry disturbs the smug content of a citizenry possessing a plenitude of good things through little effort or self-sacrifice. It is the court of the nation, hence its charm of environment. It is the camp of the nation, and to æsthetic grace has been added military cleanliness and order. As Viscount Bryce noted, in that admirable essay on the American Capital, published in the *National Geographical Magazine*, "it lives by the gospel of beauty and the lighter charms of life veneer its sterner and more prosaic aspects."

Washington, in literature, is a larger theme than it would seem at first glance. If the Library of Congress were to collect into book form all the titles under "Washington, D. C.," listed on its indices, more than one hundred compactly printed octavo pages would be required. A multitude of books does not necessarily imply the making of literature. But in the books which originated in the Capital City, which have used it as a subject, or which represent the works of resident authors, may be found some of the masterpieces of American letters. A fascinating literary aspect relates to writings of aliens sojourning within the city through varying periods.

"Since Cadmus sowed the dragons' teeth" and Gutenberg's later industry rendered the making of books an easy task, there has not existed on the earth's surface a busier mart than the Government printery at Washington. Admit-

tedly, modern production in printing there reaches the apex. Ninety-eight per cent of the books which originate in the Capital are official documents, and form part of the output in the accident of being the seat of government. Yet even here are masterpieces, portions of American letters which are integral of its history, just as the immortal eloquence of the great Cicero or the flaming Demosthenes is as much a part of Latin and Greek literature as the poets or philosophers. From the Government Printing Office, the resounding message to the ages, the Gettysburg speech, was given to the world, and the second inaugural address of Abraham Lincoln. Some of the thundering orations of the nineteenth century will be an insoluble part of the national literature. There is the magnificent speech of Corwin against American aggression in Mexico, so timely now and supplying the needs of patriotism as bountifully in today's imperial tendencies as in 1845; there are the speeches of the abolition era, many of them classics.

A distinct chapter of ante-bellum literature may be studied in Washington. Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, friend of Lloyd Garrison and other apostles of the anti-slavery crusade, established *The National Era* about 1847, a weekly of a pronounced literary flavor, though admittedly the organ of the Massachusetts group of statesmen. Dr. Bailey published in serial form, beginning in January, 1851, and ending eighteen months later, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. At his invitation, Mrs. Stowe resided in Washington during the entire period when her story was being published. All those poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and less celebrated authors on slavery, appeared in Dr. Bailey's journal as part of his abolition propaganda, and they furnish an interesting study of literature which is the spontaneous outpouring of the heart, with that which is written to order. None of these poems would place the writers in the enviable position they now occupy in American letters, and they are universally counted among critics as the lighter and less convincing efforts of untried genius. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, though it has figured more portentously than any other book published in this country, is not regarded as Mrs. Stowe's supreme literary effort and does not compare with a few earlier, and several later, stories.

Twenty years ago, it was possible to make a literary pilgrimage of incomparable interest through highways and by-

ways of Washington, where literary genius had strayed and rested during varying periods. But history, ballad and romance could utter a plangent cry against the tide of destruction which has engulfed the hallowed regions about Lafayette Square. That fetich of the American people, the spirit of progress, has been invoked to demolish some of the cherished monuments of letters, and it is something for which to breathe grateful ejaculations that many distinguished writers have preserved for posterity what the short-sighted citizens have failed to protect. In a broad survey of the field, Washington Irving is the most lovable figure written into the annals, as George Bancroft is the stateliest. All up and down H Street on the north side of the Park, their memories linger.

It does not require an unusual imagination to visualize a scene which the Sage of Sunnyside pleasantly describes in a letter to his friend, Paulding. It is early in March, 1842, and the day is soft and radiant as in May. He sits on a bench in Lafayette Park, watching the White House door for his friend, Charles Dickens, who has been summoned to an audience with the President, John Tyler. As he waits he fingers a note delivered some hours before and anxiously consults his watch. Dickens tarries, though he later confided to Irving that he found Tyler a very dull man. The note is from Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, and invites Irving to come and to bring his distinguished friend to a noon-day dinner, for to quote it, "I have, Sir, just purchased in the market a famous opossum, and I have sent it home to Monica, my cook, who will stuff it with chestnuts and bake it with sweet potatoes in true Virginia style. It will be, Sir, a dish fit for the gods. Come, with your friend, and partake." Presently, the author of *Pickwick Papers*, then in Washington for the first time and Irving's guest at the old Willard Hotel, steps briskly from the front door of the mansion. Together, the two men cross the park to the Webster house, on the corner of Connecticut Avenue and H Street, recently leveled to make room for the United States Chamber of Commerce. As for the 'possum, Dickens writes of it to Forster, and in terms of execration. He acknowledges enjoying the gossip, and he seems to feel something of Webster's "awful charm."

Washington Irving came to the Capital in 1807, and from that year until his death in 1857 he glides through the story

of its literature like a golden thread. His first residence was the handsome mansion of John P. Van Ness, member of Congress from New York, and brother of William P. Van Ness, who married Marcia Burns, one of the heiresses of a vast tract of land upon which the city has been built. In his own graceful term he was then a mere sapling in the vast forest of letters, and he sat humbly at the feet of the masters whom his friend frequently brought to dine. Such are the ignominies which time heaps on cherished spots, this celebrated literary shrine is now a squalid lodging house near the terminus of the Alexandria and Mount Vernon railway. Irving spent a large part of five years in a fine old house in G Street, near Eighteenth, as the guest of that John P. Kennedy of Baltimore who has additional literary fame in that he was the friend and benefactor of the unfortunate Edgar Allen Poe, and entertained him during that fruitless visit to Tyler to awaken interest in his contemplated literary journal, *The Stylus*. Kennedy was Irving's companion during those lengthy sojourns in Europe which resulted in the masterpieces, *The Siege of Granada*, *The Alhambra* and *Bracebridge Hall*.

Nine years after Irving had awaited Dickens in Lafayette Park, he sat, perhaps on the same spot, and certainly on the same day of the same month and the same hour, while another distinguished British man of letters, William Makepeace Thackeray, paid his respects to the President of the United States, Millard Fillmore. Joined by the eminent visitor, they make their way across the park up H Street, where they are to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish. In a letter to his mother, written a few days later, the satirist, all gentleness and gratitude, tells of the amiable hosts and how he had eaten for the first time a frozen dainty called ice cream, for which Mrs. Fish is justly celebrated. He then tells of his grand triumph at his first reading of *Roundabout Papers* and how, having dined at the Executive Mansion with the retiring President, Mr. Fillmore, and the President-Elect, Mr. Franklin Pierce, "these two illustrious Americans came arm-in-arm into the lecture hall like two kings of Brentford smiling on one rose." He mentions that the glowing face of "Old Knick," the affectionate sobriquet of Irving among his *intimes*, in the front row was as gratifying as the presence of the two executives, and he gives delightful details of a very levia-

than of a literary banquet, held after the reading, in the home of Senator G. T. Davis, whose son was attached to the American legation in London and who was Thackeray's very good friend. Longfellow has come down from Cambridge with Lowell, and Prescott, who is just polishing off *New Granada* in his Washington quarters, lends a quaint touch, and all the intellectual giants in public life are in attendance.

But one other prandial event for literary genius ranks with this in the annals of Washington, that dinner which Thomas Nelson Page gave to Mark Twain to signalize the victory achieved in the copyright law, engineered by Mr. Clemens' warm friend and admirer, Champ Clark.

A few years and the hallowed ground on H Street, and thereabout, echoes to the tread of another generation of eminent men of letters.

George Bancroft saunters out of the house where Mrs. Fish made a chapter of American culinary history, and had written her experiments in a series of charming letters. It is a house where earlier literary memories lie thick, the residence of Richard Rush, American minister to Great Britain and Jackson's envoy to collect the fund left by James Smithson—out of which has sprung an amazing amount of Washington book treasure. Bancroft turns his comely gaiters towards Pennsylvania Avenue, where he meets his cronies in a well-known club. He was noted for punctiliousness in garb which was almost foppish, and he was never seen without immaculate spats and light pearl gray gloves. In the Washington home, the historian wrote some memorable volumes, several of the general series, and all of the *History of the Constitution*. He founded the American Historical Society and presided over its initial meeting in his study. He penned here the last words of a busy life—a fine tract, and always excellent reading: "I was trained to look upon life as a season of labor, and being now more than four score years, I know the time of my release is at hand. Conscious of lingering on the shores which border eternity, I await, without impatience and without dread, the beckoning of the hand which will summon me to rest."

Where Bancroft walked, John Hay came in the years after, and from his home he looked upon the same scene, which spread about when he beat his wings against the prison bars as he acted as Lincoln's secretary. In his H Street mansion,

Mr. Hay collaborated with Nicolay in the life of the Liberator. Henry Adams lived next door, and he has written the scene permanently with letters in many chapters of his *Education*. Down this street came a portion of the old horse car route, "the belt line," memorialized, immortalized and roundly abused by Walt Whitman. This stormy petrel of American letters lived in this vicinity, and the better part of his fame belongs to Washington. There is a side-light thrown on a recent revelation that Whitman's favorite poem was a sonnet of Maurice Francis Egan's callow youth, dedicated to his eminent name-sake, Maurice de Guérin, and that the "good gray poet" deemed the last lines the most hopeful he had ever read:

As if Theocritus in Sicily had come upon the Figure Crucified
And lost his god in deep Christ-given light.

Perhaps this later worshipper of Pan did experience the fire of Christian truth.

John Burroughs, clerk in the Treasury Department for ten years, sat often in Lafayette Park and contrived skillful shelter for the birds. That admirable book, *Winter Sunshine*, is in entirety the result of his Washington life. Burroughs lived in a suburban home, revered in the annals, the Rock Creek mansion of Daniel Carroll, the Commissioner, brother of the Archbishop, and where had gathered in the last years of the eighteenth century all the cultured and learned of that age. Thomas Carberry, an early and robust Catholic of the Capital, who was its mayor, its banker and foremost philanthropist and a generous patron of letters, purchased the Carroll home and established a famous bird sanctuary, which it was the intense pleasure of Burroughs to sustain. By a blessed dispensation of Providence, this charming old woods where the songsters revel all through the year in immunity from foes, is now the Walter Reed General Hospital.

Down H Street, Clío and others of the heaven-born whose activities have not been so beneficent to the human race, have been weaving and spinning. Charles Sumner lived where the many windowed tower of the War Risk Insurance stands, and there he entertained all the mighty men of letters from Boston and thereabout. He extended hospitality through years to John Lothrop Motley, author of the *History of the Netherlands*,

and it was here that Oliver Wendell Holmes takes a dip into Washington letters through his championship of Sumner against Grant, likens the rage of the hero of Appomattox to that of Achilles, and in inimitable style conveys the impression that the same qualities which make an intrepid and successful military commander deter a man from being a just and efficient civic executive.

On Fifteenth and H Streets stood old St. Matthew's Church, and an important figure in Washington letters steps down the long flight of stone steps and wends towards the park. Rev. Charles White was the assistant pastor of this urban community in days when the entire city had but six other shepherds. Yet he found time to translate that monumental work of French Catholic scholarship, *The Genius of Christianity*, by Chateaubriand, and so excellently did he accomplish this herculean task that no later scholar has revised his work. It remains the classic English edition. Father White's zeal and diligence recalls that a most edifying and entertaining chapter of Catholic literature pertains to the American Capital. When the facile graceful pen of Maurice Francis Egan writes that tenderest of recent Franciscan offerings, *Everybody's Saint Francis*, he adds in a memorable fashion to the Catholic literature of his home city. Charles Warren Stoddard was a Catholic gentleman who wrote superlatively well, and so graphically of the South Seas that he was called another Pierre Loti. He lived for several years in Washington, and wrote while there that spiritual romance, *The Wonder-Worker of Padua*, like Dr. Egan's *Saint Francis*, one of the few gems of hagiographic literature which this city has produced.

Many cherished names in early literature appear on the rôles, Anne Hanson Dorsey, Mrs. Sadlier, Madaleine Vinton Dahlgren. An entire chapter could be given with pleasure and profit to the literary productions of some Washington pastors.

The very literary beginnings of the Capital are environed in the pontifical seat of learning, the Catholic University of America. In the fine old stuccoed mansion where the Paulist Fathers had, for more than twenty years, their House of Studies, lived Samuel Harrison Smith and his sprightly wife, Margaret Bayard Smith, the first the editor of the *vade mecum* of the Washington historian, the *National Intelligencer*; the other, Washington's first social chronicler and a diarist com-

parable to the immortal Pepys in her diligence, the length of her entries and the space of years she gave to the task.

Georgetown University was, before the divinity faculty was established in Woodstock, the scene of the printing of the *Annual Letters*, the original source of religious history in all of Lord Baltimore's Palatinate. Books of supreme value have come from the pen of various members of this seat of learning.

But in the production of fiction and drama which have come to be regarded as the highest exponent of a national literature, the American Capital is singularly lacking. Washington novels are dreary affairs even from clever pens, as Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Through One Administration*, David Graham Phillips' several attempts to depict the nation's turpitude, and many feeble efforts. In the drama, the result is negligible, except in cases of strong books like Mark Twain's *Gilded Age* rendered for the stage. Many amusing farces like Hoyt's obtained popularity, but as literature they are more defunct than the Hindenburg line of defence.

It is futile to compare Washington with any other city, great or small. It presents an uniqueness, a newness, and a debonair face to be found nowhere else. If one likes to dissect some of the ways in which the Capital differs, there is one very conspicuous. Notwithstanding its cosmopolitan aspects, there has never been the slightest approach to a *literary salon* possible in Washington, though many brilliant social and intellectual leaders have tried the experiment.

Mark Twain touched on some of the laws of the Medes and Persians which are enforced in Washington, in that paper, *Notes on a Recent Resignation*, written after he had severed his official connection with the Capital. He felt stifled and non-productive, and throwing off the restraint of holding Federal office, he set out, like Conrad, in quest of his youth. But if literature is art and art should be primarily, recreation, the fair city of the great Patriot has a long way to travel before this condition is accomplished. For though visitors conceive it otherwise, the denizen of Washington takes his pleasure as work, and he labors indefatigably in pursuit of it.

MATILDA—A VALIANT WOMAN.

BY ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL.



OW that women are so numerously participating in affairs, it is interesting to turn a moment from the contemporary throng to certain eminent figures of the past who, though lacking the opportunities which supposedly make our epoch so superior, stamped upon their own time and subsequent history an impress which reasonably ambitious and genuinely idealistic women of the present may well envy. What was accomplished before our era of increased privilege and conveniences, without telephones, electricity, automobiles and airplanes, will afford inspiration for busy dames of today, will sustain their flagging energies, and reënforce their strength of purpose. To those, meantime, who may be a little vainglorious, the contemplation of certain earlier careers of capability and significance may prove a salutary reminder that feminine efficiency is not a new star in the firmament, that vision, constructive genius, political wisdom and influence are not post-Victorian acquisitions. They have, as a matter of fact, illuminated epochs presumably inauspicious—for instance, the mediæval times; the lustre of several feminine figures then brilliantly efficient justifies an essayist in terming those days "the bright ages." One whose ability and significance may be inferred from the titles which various languages have accorded her, is especially brought to mind by the approaching Dante Centenary. She is known as *La Grande Italienne*, *Die Grossgräfin*, *La Gran Contessa*—Matilda of Canossa, Countess of Tuscany, daughter and heiress of Beatrice of Tuscany and Frederick of Lorraine.

Eight centuries ago this great lady played a prominent part in the dramatic history of that central Europe which has been so lively a storm centre. Initiated at an early age into the vivacious and abstruse game of international politics, from her twenty-fifth year she administered large domains, defended her rights and those of her allies. Three Popes were supported by her loyalty and benevolence. Kings and

other temporal rulers found in her a friend, a sagacious counselor and, when occasion provoked, a doughty foe. Historians have been interested in her as one of the conspicuous figures of her time, one whose activities were important moves upon the chess-board of mediæval Europe. Poets have been fascinated by her idealism, her generosity. In the right transept of St. Peter's rest her mortal remains and her monument—thus Rome of today holds a memorial of her whose history, in the eleventh century, was so intimately associated with the fortunes of the Eternal City.

The background for the career of this truly great personage was that upper and central Italy which, during her lifetime, 1046-1114, was the stirring highway to Rome on the south, and to Germany going northward. As may well be imagined, it was the scene for some of the momentous political and military conflicts of the period. Over Matilda's lands in France, her estates in Lombardy and Tuscany, swept imperial armies; to and fro against them, her Italian retainers and whatever allies happened from year to year to be associated with her. Her castles and strongholds, notably those of Mantua and Canossa, were the scene of siege, council, debate, wherein assembled men of supreme military, ecclesiastical and political rank.

Recalling Matilda's titles, her early homes in Lorraine or the Tuscan hills, one might be tempted to idealize her childhood, to see her as a little Italian girl, certainly of spirit, apparently of beauty, enjoying the pleasures which a young member of noble households could command. Just a moment that picture may flash through the imagination; it is soon obliterated by one of those incidents which have given color and terror to the picturesque, often melodramatic, too often tragic history of both eleventh and twentieth century Europe. However idyllic her childhood may previously have been, her seventh year was made darkly memorable by the murder of her father—followed by one violent episode after another, precipitated by political and international complications. Rivalries between German and Italian claims and ambitions were the larger factors in the drama; the *dramatis personæ* were chiefly Henry III. of Germany, Beatrice of Tuscany and Lorraine—Matilda's mother—and Gottfried of Lorraine—successful aspirant for the hand and estate of Beatrice after the

murder of her first husband, Matilda's father. This second marriage was blessed by no unalloyed nor protracted honeymoon; for Henry III., with ideas and claims of his own, swept into Italy, seized Matilda and her mother, and led them prisoners into Germany. Within the course of the year the captives were returned to Italy—but before her tenth year, these alarms and excursions had initiated Matilda into a tempestuous personal and political drama.

In her early girlhood she was married to her step-brother, another Gottfried of Lorraine. But again no idyllic serenity was to lend grace to this alliance; a separation shortly occurred; five years later Gottfried fell a victim to the fate that had ended the life of Matilda's father.

Long before this second experience of murder among those closely connected with her, Matilda had assumed the responsibilities of governing her vast territories. Such administration meant not merely local direction of a homogeneous people, but also the maintenance of harmonious relations with other rulers. Necessarily, she was involved with German potentates to the north and Papal affairs to the south. She and her mother were ardent supporters of the Papacy. Four Popes—Alexander II., Gregory VII., Victor III., and Urban II.—were valiantly aided by Matilda's sympathy, forces, possessions. Her loyalty to Rome implicated her in those struggles which, beginning as a contest between spiritual and temporal powers, often drew other forces into the vortex, becoming a conflict over French, Italian or German territories, involving the intrigue, turmoil, bloodshed which we were wont to designate as typical of the "dark ages" before our own enlightened era gave us such sharp personal experience of treasons, stratagems and spoils.

In the strife between Papal and imperial forces, Matilda's resources in central and northern Italy, with the Normans in the south and princes of the first Crusades, proved the chief dependence of the Papal power, and manifold were the obligations such an alliance necessitated. No life of royal luxury was Matilda's, no pampered ease nor peace of mind such as a woman of her vast worldly estates might seem able to enjoy. Marshaling armies, mustering councils, holding interviews of diplomacy in behalf of kings, Popes and other conspicuous personages; marching from her castles to Rome, going hither

and thither elsewhere as protector of her friends of exalted, but precarious position—such seems to have been her routine. Her historic castles of Canossa and Mantua were by no means serene homes for a noble powerful dame, but centres of international and political affairs, a refuge for persecuted Popes and their adherents, the resort of kings and princes seeking her favor, her diplomatic services, her military aid.

Canossa is memorable, of course, chiefly for the pilgrimage of Henry IV. But thither also went St. Anselm of Lucca, patron of Mantua, long Matilda's spiritual adviser, who was expelled from his See by Henry. There, for several years, another refugee from Henry's persecution, found asylum—Bonizio of Sutri, scholar and bishop, friend of St. Anselm and supporter of Gregory VII. Thither fared three Popes, seeking safety or resting-place on their hazardous journeys. The most distinguished of these guests was Gregory VII. He had sought protection at historic Canossa when Henry IV. arrived, temporarily desirous of being restored to Papal favor. Matilda's rôle was not only that of hostess to Gregory, but also that of intercessor for Henry.

If the situation was not exactly as some historians have dramatized it, with Henry scantily clad, cold, and ill-fed during the three days and nights of his penitential abasement outside the castle walls, how dramatic, nevertheless, it must have been—Gregory and Matilda, chief actors within the castle; and without, Henry as protagonist during the three days devoted to seeking reconciliation with Gregory. The *Catholic Encyclopedia* prints a quaint illustration from a twelfth century manuscript life of Matilda by a monk of Canossa: seated apparently upon a throne the Countess is depicted; at her feet kneels Henry; at the side sits the Abbot, doubtless of the monastery of Canossa; the picture bears the terse, but revealing, legend: "*Rex rogat Abbatem; Matildim supplicat atque.*" Matilda's supplication of the Pope is supposed to have been the prime factor in obtaining that reconciliation which Henry was so eager to secure, in order also to regain the favor of unfriendly German princes. Typical of the caprice and hot blood of the time is the next episode. Henry departed, apparently in amiable mood; and Gregory prepared to continue his own journey. To assure his safety, Matilda and her men, a guard of honor, accompanied him—

a wise precaution, for en route foes were discovered in ambush, hence the Countess and her distinguished *protégé* retraced their steps to Canossa.

As foreshortened in history, Matilda's subsequent years seem a tumultuous warfare. Once more, Henry IV. devastated her Tuscan lands, resenting her alliance with Gregory. After the fashion of generous women of other days, the Countess pledged a goodly estate to the Church and continued her defence of its Pontiff. Two other Popes were to be assisted by her beneficence—Gregory's successors, Victor III. and Urban II. After the former's reluctant consent to his coronation, she helped to establish him in Rome. She advanced to the Eternal City, occupied the Castle of St. Angelo, and recalled him, thereby thwarting his enemies. Equally generous and effective was her support of the next Pontiff, Urban II.

Not long after his succession to the Papal Chair, Matilda had married again—this time a young man of eighteen, Welf of Bavaria. She was his senior by twenty-two years, but this disparity in age seems not to have weighed against the great advantages hoped for from the alliance. Alas, once more Matilda's matrimonial experience was to prove far from fortunate. Welf and his father, of the same name, both supposedly loyal to Urban, deserted Matilda and her Papal ally, and went over to the side of Henry. Her estates in Lorraine, her castles of Mantua and Canossa, and other Italian strongholds were seized. Yet once more Henry IV. was to feel her superior power—his forces were defeated before that Canossa where several years earlier he had besought and profited by her good graces.

Nearly always successfully for her seem to have terminated the conflicts in which she was involved; yet obviously such triumphs were the result of constant vigilance, persistent recourse to military measures and strenuous diplomatic endeavors. Less dramatic, however, appear her last years which coincided with the reign of Henry V. She made concessions to this monarch who, in turn, showed her considerable honor. But after her death her lands, which from her childhood had been the source of so much conflict, once more became the scene and subject of strife and discussion—her generousities to Rome being disputed for a century after her resourceful

brain, her vigorous activities could no longer influence decisions in battle or debate.

Few women of past or present have attained the prestige of this truly great woman of the eleventh and early twelfth century; and it is a prestige all the more admirable in that it was based not merely upon the glamour of conspicuous position and vast possessions, but upon those firm pillars of a truly worthy fame: exceptional character, unusual mentality, prudence, generosity wisely expended. History sufficiently substantiates these enviable traits, but its findings are still more convincingly attested by the evidence of a master poet. Writing nearly two centuries after her vital career had ended, a renowned fellow-countryman gathered up the traditions of her lofty character and memorialized them in undying poetry.

In the pages of Dante, Matilda has attained the immortality which supreme art can bestow. Among the feminine figures of the *Divina Commedia* her rôle is second in importance to that of Beatrice. She is the poet's guide through the terrestrial paradise, as Beatrice is in the celestial sphere. Her noble nature, active and benign, complements that of Dante's beloved, who is perhaps more exalted and aloof, the radiant star of aspiration to whose pure realms Matilda's firm, kind hand helps the poet to climb. Together the two women complete the symbol of the Eternal Womanly that leads us above—Matilda being the type of the maternal, the all-tender, the zealously active; Beatrice, type of man's transcendent dream, essence of the spiritual, the ethereal ideal.

It is significant that Matilda meets Dante in the terrestrial paradise where her hands must guide him through certain initiations before he is prepared for the celestial presence of the exquisite lady of his devotion. This creature of his soaring dreams may not stoop from her blest altitude to lead and instruct him in the earthly paradise: that task is Matilda's. This fulfillment of divers offices recalls the comparison which the commentators make between these two women of the new dispensation and two figures of Old Testament literature, Rachel and Leah, who appear in a canto of the Purgatorio before the lines referring to Matilda. Speaking of her sister, Rachel, Leah makes the allusion which has served to interpret her own character, that of her sister, and their counterparts in later lines of the poem: "Her joy in contemplation, as in

labor mine." Leah and Matilda typify the active life or the active powers of man; Rachel and Beatrice signify the contemplative life or the contemplative powers to which Heaven offers perfect felicity.

Illustrative of the skill of a gifted poet, in accomplishing inimitable portraiture with a few strokes of his pen, are the passages wherein Dante acquaints the reader with Matilda. Brief references in the final cantos of the *Purgatorio* present her; yet her nobility and her wise benevolent spirit are projected with a definiteness and richness which another writer would have needed pages to achieve. When Dante first meets her in that earthly paradise which she is to interpret to him, the poet immediately gives a clue to her rare quality: "Lady, beautiful . . . Thou who with Love's own beam doth warm thee." Throughout the remainder of the *Purgatorio* she but the more radiantly rounds out this character: "Thou who with Love's own beam doth warm thee." It is a love that through the eyes of God looks forth upon creation and finds it good. As she advances toward Dante, smiling, "most maiden-like vailing her sober eyes," singing and gathering flowers from the river-washed meadow at her feet, the poet entreats her to draw nearer that he may hear her song and learn the cause of her rare happiness. A perfect expression of the poised, clear-seeing spirit's delight and confidence in the marvels of creation is her response expressed in the words of the Psalmist: "Thou hast given me a delight in Thy creations; in the works of Thy hands I shall rejoice." The commentators draw special attention to the symbolism of the flowers she is constantly culling as she smiles and sings—the flowers which to the mediæval mind so persuasively showed forth the wonder and glory of God.

As Matilda leads Dante through the terrestrial paradise, she interprets the "wilderness of primy sweets" and discourses "of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree." The lines emphasize her gift of a lovely voice—that excellent thing in woman. She chants psalm and canticle, "singing as if enamored," as they fare along together. Dante is happy, too—yet expectant of a beatitude more high. It gleams upon his vision as his guide leads him near Beatrice—but not immediately may his bliss be realized. First, he must drink of the waters of Lethe which obliterate remembrance

of transgression and sorrow. When he sees Beatrice, she reminds him that he has transgressed; typical of the differences between her and the more tender Matilda are the lines which describe his august Lady of the celestial plane: her mien was

Of that stern majesty which doth surround
A mother's presence to her awe-struck child
. . . a flavor of such bitterness
Was mingled in her pity.

Before he may mount to felicity with Beatrice he must hear her reproaches for his lapses from the high behavior she desired in him; he must be laved in the waters of remorse and repentance; he must be immersed in the stream of forgetfulness of evil. In his anguish of self-knowledge and repentance he swoons, and it is Matilda who with strong hold sustains him while the waters of deliverance pass over him as he hears the words: "*Tu asperges me . . . and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.*" Thus cleansed and freed from bitter memories of fault and sorrow, he is intrusted by Matilda to Beatrice's handmaids: "Here are we nymphs; in heaven are stars." Together now the poet, guide and celestial attendants move onward, "with step in cadence to the harmony angelical." But even when Beatrice descends toward them, not yet may Matilda resign her charge. As they wheel toward the celestial radiance, the glory blinds and confuses Beatrice's lover; when his eyes grow accustomed to the splendor, once more he turns for instruction to his guide, "the piteous one who cross the stream had brought my steps." He asks where the lady of his dream now is, and Matilda indicates where she rests beneath "the fresh leaf of the ever-blossoming tree."

Through the concluding lines of the Purgatorio Beatrice, Matilda, Dante and the poet, Statius, move toward the shores of that counterpart of Lethe, the stream, Eunoe, whose waters bring remembrance of all good deeds—even as Lethe gives forgetfulness of sorrow and evil. Dante asks Beatrice the stream's name—but not yet has he passed entirely into her hands; a little longer he is under Matilda's tutelage, so he receives this answer: "Entreat Matilda, she will teach you this;" and Matilda is thus commissioned: "Lo, where Eunoe

flows; lead thither, and revive his fainting virtue." Most cordial the poet's recognition of the ministration:

And as a courteous spirit
That proffers no excuses, but as soon
As he hath token of another's will
Makes it his own; when she had ta'en me, thus
The lovely maiden moved her on.

When she has revived his fainting virtue, Dante says:

I returned
From the most holy wave regenerate,
E'en as new plants renewed with foliage new,
Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

To the stars and to Beatrice! With this last office fulfilled, Matilda's part in the poet's journey heavenward is finished. In the pages of the sublime poem we meet no more the benevolent gentle spirit who, nevertheless, has left an indelible memory. Always active, but never for an individual purpose of her own; always engaged in some saving beneficence for another, she lingers in the reader's imagination and affection far more charmingly and impressively than many a heroine of poem, drama, novel, who has been more in the limelight, more self-assertive, more eager for self-realization, as the phrase goes. Not through the introspection and self-analysis of some of the modern heroines is she presented to the reader—her wise counsels, her gentle ministrations, her poet's numerous happy epithets reveal her. She is "the lady beautiful," "lovely dame," one who "with Love's own beam doth warm thee;" she is the interpreter of the beauty of Eden and the splendor of a higher sphere; the meadow flowers at her feet are her thrice dear delight, yet her eloquence and intellect can do justice to the glory of Heaven, to philosophical subtleties. Perhaps the phrase that most fittingly portrays her is "the piteous one," "the compassionate one."

In the *Divina Commedia* Carlyle found symbolized "Everlasting Justice, yet with Penitence, with everlasting Pity." Of the third Matilda is the personification; in Dante's pages her compassion is a glorification of that sympathy and understanding which characterized her earthly years. Her radiant be-

nignity in the Purgatorio exemplifies the power of great art to emphasize, to make hauntingly memorable what history relates. History supplies the facts and dates of Matilda's dramatic, generous career; Poetry, leaving details to biographer and chronicler, exercises its magic of subtler interpretation and lifts Matilda's loyalties and benevolence into the sphere of the ideal; there for all time they remain the vivifying symbol of what she was in actual life.

Because we today so particularly admire her distinctive traits—activity, liberality, loyalty—she seems to have special significance for our own era. But we shall miss the essence of her personality and her inspiration, as discerned by her historians and her poet, if we fail to take account of her concern for things spiritual. In her own day she might have cast her lot with imperial forces against the powers that stood for the life of the spirit, but she chose the latter. Her choice gives a lofty example and fruitful suggestion to an epoch sometimes seemingly so satisfied with its own efficiency, velocity, easy generousities, as to be in danger of forgetting that these are but idle motions, but vain marking of time in Eternity's great processional, unless they are dedicated to that Divine Energy reverently sung by Psalmist and by Matilda, *gran contessa*, beauteous dame, compassionate one—

*Delectasti me, Domine, in factura tua,
Et in operibus manuum Tuarum exultabo!*

LIONEL JOHNSON: WYKEHAMIST.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



LIONEL JOHNSON was one who in his day, except for a few choice spirits, received less than his meed of praise from his contemporaries: but, as sometimes happens in such a case, where many of his acclaimed contemporaries have passed to dusty oblivion, he lives; one is always hearing of him somewhere. The circle of his admirers grows wherever there is fine taste and discrimination. It is to the credit of American taste that he has always had his following in America.

To know Lionel Johnson was to feel that he ought not to die. There was something so unique in his personality. One is mournful when great gifts and great virtues die out of the world. But, after all, the loss one feels most is the loss of a personality: and Lionel Johnson was not to be replaced. The friend who has put together the volume, *Some Winchester Letters of Lionel Johnson*,¹ reveals the charm Lionel had and has for his friends when, in the stress of strong emotion, he breaks out in this lyric cry:

"The poor boy! The wonderful child! the loving Angel! for an Angel of God he undoubtedly was intended to be, and in all associations of my memory with him was and still is. I care nothing for such external facts about his life as have been forced upon my notice, I care nothing for the measure of the world's coarse thumb: this and no less was he worth to God, Whose hand the pitcher shaped."

Happy, happy the man who, seventeen years from his death and thirty-four years from the period of those letters, could inspire such a cry!

Lionel became a Catholic in 1891. Some time during his Winchester years he went to the priest who was in charge of the Catholic mission at Winchester. He was sixteen, I believe, and that would be about the time these letters began. "Father," he said, "I wish to become a Catholic." "My child, you are a Winchester boy." "Yes, Father." "Then you are out of bounds. You should not be here."

¹ London: Allen & Unwin. \$3.00.

The entire wisdom of this treatment is proved by the *Letters*. Lionel was obsessed by religion. Even literature came second and appears in these *Letters* mainly as the hand-maid of religion. One imagines Lionel in the cradle discovering religion. He was a wondrous boy. He always retained the stature of a child: over his little, delicate, sensitive face the dome-like forehead beetled. He was a born mystic. He loved the mystics, from St. Teresa, Thomas à Kempis, St. John of the Cross, down to Jacob Boehme and John Tauler.

Perhaps those young Oxonions were, in a sense, the heirs of the old monastic traditions of Oxford: and certainly the monk's cloak had fallen upon Lionel Johnson. His place was in a mediæval monastery of, most probably, the Black Monks of St. Benedict. His was essentially a cloistered nature. He was in love with ritual. He would have been exquisitely happy reading, writing, illuminating, chanting the Hours in some old monastery. He had a Franciscan nature. He loved the simplicities and profundities of beauty, all innocent things, animals, birds, flowers. Perhaps one of the attractions towards Buddhism which we find in his letters—it was a neo-religious fashion of the day—was its mercifulness.

The letters would be bewildering, written by anyone but Lionel. We accept them as his, we who knew him, as we accept St. Thomas Aquinas. They were written to a group of his contemporary schoolboys—one was a Rugby boy. One wishes that the other side of the correspondence might have appeared: only to extraordinary schoolboys could Lionel have written as he wrote to A. B. and C. as the protagonists choose to appear.

It is a new side of Lionel to think that he was love-hungry. The editor of these *Letters* speaks of "an arid home-life, a lonely school-life." I think, perhaps, that Lionel was something of a white blackbird. He would have been difficult to most people. His family were High Church Anglicans. In one of the letters Lionel, writing from home, says that all the family are at "Mass" and wonders at their certainty of an unseen world. But to them he was heretical, though he ought to have been with them. "A.," who I find was two years his senior, was considered an undesirable correspondent by Lionel's father and a ban was put upon their letters, to be withdrawn later. "A." says:

"Though I had for him a passionate devotion and admiration, which still survive after thirty-five years, my prevailing attitude towards him was one of reverence and awe. As he says more than once in his letters, he appeared to be unimpressionable, unemotional, undemonstrative—in a word, he walked through life aloof, like some æscetic saint. . . . I recognize that I was often chilled by this aloofness."

That experience is utterly opposed to mine. We had been warned before Lionel came to see us first—in September, 1894, I think—that he was capable of infinite silences. It was a time when literary people much foregathered, and there were tales of gatherings where Lionel had sat like a little Buddha, never opening his lips. I know nothing about his silence, though I know a great deal about his talk. From that September Sunday, when he came down the little garden-path under the apple trees, there were no pauses nor languors in our friendship or our conversations.

Of course, Lionel was extraordinarily Irish, although his Irish blood was Anglo-Irish, not Celtic-Irish, and a great uncle of his had commanded the army which overthrew "the brave United Men" at the Battle of New Ross. I wonder what that ancestor would have thought of Lionel. Lionel was rather amused by his descent from such a one. He had a passion for the Irish. In fact, nothing Irish could be to him common or unclean; many of his Irish friends were not of the class from which his friends would naturally be drawn, which is only to say that qualities are not bounded by class in Ireland.

I remember him as almost an intemperate talker, to be counted with the great talkers of my experience. And we found him eager to respond to affection. For some years we saw him constantly. I remember one Christmas Eve night when, after returning from Midnight Mass, he sat up till six o'clock discussing questions of scholarship. I can see him now stealing up to the baby's cot, his finger tips touching, his little body one delicate shrug of amusement, to peep at the young Christian, for whom he would *not* be godfather because he would not take any responsibilities. He was exquisitely amused when the babies were troublesome: and he was always perfectly intimate and at home. We had a little wise, ancient dog that Lionel loved. He came all the way from Gray's Inn to see us before we went into the country in May, 1899. I

came in to find him sitting patiently in my little workroom with Paudeen clasped to his breast.

The *Letters* begin in October, 1883, soon after he had won the coveted distinction of a Winchester Scholarship. Poetry and religion make up the subjects of his letters. Browning or Shelley are always on his tongue. He would have his friends love these poets as he did. His absorption in poetry was extraordinary; it was scarcely less than his absorption in religion. He is always ready to turn from the discussion of religion to the discussion of poetry. He goes through all the phases.

"I have nothing to say against the religion of Buddha: it is a very noble one: but it repels me—chills me, I would rather be a Roman Catholic."

"A strange position ours! Two of Young England's rising generation in search of a creed. I have come more or less to the conclusion that there is no absolute universal Truth—that each of us has to struggle on and make his Truth for himself. I can conceive of no religion which can equally satisfy me and a converted coal-heaver."

His enthusiasm for all manner of religious teachers is on a level with his enthusiasm for poets—sermons and poetry almost equally delight. One gets the celebrities of that day constantly—Liddon, Scott-Holland, Dean Alford, Jowett. His own Headmaster, Ridding, who seems to have been most discerning and sympathetic. One hardly wonders at the sixteen-year-old boy recommending his correspondent to read *Songs Unsung*, by Lewis Morris, and at his enthusiasm for Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*. The blind critics were leading the blind public in those days, and in each case the religious bearing of the matter under discussion would have prevented a direct appeal to Lionel's critical judgment. Like most very generous critics, he often erred from excess of generosity.

Again: "I feel, as all must feel who believe in spirituality, an intense love of beauty in all its forms. I realize to myself an infinity of love in listening to true music, seeing true painting, reading true poetry: but in the midst of all this delight I feel an impatient longing to crash discords into the music, to burn and destroy the poetry and painting with their memories, to be up and doing and suffering: the state of mind which goads men into the cloister or the gambling-hell."

He was always seeking a revelation.

"I have often gone into churchyards and, when possible, vaults and charnel houses to try and hear the truth from the lips of spirits, to force the paraphernalia of Death to unfold their secrets: I have tried, oh, so earnestly, and in utter faith to make the dead hear me, feel for me, comfort me. But the dead are too deaf or else too happy to listen to me."

This makes poignant reading to one who remembers Lionel's young terror of Death, that terror which it is the happiness of age to lose.

"I must live a lonely life: a life of art and patience, of sympathy and self-reliance, but, above all, a life of unseen relations, of spiritual visions and intuitions. . . . The wind, the air, dreams, all bring me questions and keep me waiting for answers."

"I once, in an essay for Ridding (*i. e.*, the Headmaster of Winchester), defined happiness as 'the having full scope in one's own sphere and circle for practising that rule of life which practice and instinct have approved.' Ridding looked at me with a smile and said: 'You have come into the world too late for that.'"

After this passage he goes on to make a strange statement of his own aloofness.

"No one can excite my loathing nor my indignation. After reading Thomas à Kempis I can listen without disgust to sensual conversation. I can return freely to walk over the downs. . . . I told Ridding last half my convictions—no, God's convictions in me, and he did understand me in a way most lovingly gentle and sympathetic. He told me he did not expect me to be able to do two things: to keep myself (from my own point of view) unspotted from the world and to keep any friends in the world."

This recalls Lionel's curious friendships, not to be alienated by any fall or any ignorance, his curious tolerances, perhaps the attitude of St. Francis de Sales to the criminal: "But for the mercy of God, there goes Francis de Sales."

All through is the endless seeking after Truth. The Church of England does not content him, although "it is a live protest against materialism and shall not die. Only think of the chances which the priesthood offers: the countless influences of the pulpit and the altar all protest against the devil in even feeble hands: and how I could train myself! All

other ways of communion with the spirits of our brothers are so half-hearted. Altruism from the independent standpoint of misty intuition . . . may be noble in the abstract: but have all the cliques and sets of philosophers won the world? I know the Society of Jesus and the Brotherhood of St. Francis of Assisi are mighty influences: hardly the Positivists or Idealists."

He ends up this letter with: "I did think of the Church of Rome. I am not sure yet. You see what I am driving at."

Yes—in many phrases it was evident he was thinking of the Church of Rome, though he almost thought he might be a priest—*i. e.*, a High-Anglican one, at times: at other times that he might be a "priest" in a sense which had nothing to do with definite forms of belief.

"A priest! I am to be a priest: I have almost decided on it. Of course, I don't mean a mitre in a shrine, nor even a stall, but a vantage ground of my own, an enticing people under the pretence of shovel-hattism. . . . I have carefully studied the prayer-book and the priest-making part. I can honorably go through that process."

"I am a priest: my own nature leads me thitherward almost to Ultramontaniam. I am prospectively a consecrated priest. I am set apart. . . . I have a very firm faith in hierarchy as a need of humanity. . . . For the last two or three years I have worn round my neck, out of sight, a Rosary blest by Pius IX., given me by a dying Romanist cousin whose last words were: 'You will use it in Paradise if not before that.'"

More and more his passion of religion emerges from the turgidness of youth and breaks into rhapsody.

"Christ, the one completion of humanity, being the most human in His divinity; Christ is pure man, all man, essential man, full of warm life and love: a perfect man, but all God, raised to the ecstatic passions of love and true Godhead by the burning fire of love. God in essence, man in substance, perfect God, perfect man. Is that orthodox? I am no heretic. The Church is a holy thing: full of error and whitewash and dead men's bones and potential love. . . ."

"Love! Incarnate love of man for man becoming God—God and Man all one, Divinity paradoxical!"

"Ave Maria, ora pro nobis!"

"I know nothing: I am ignorant, only a priest of God.

But love is God, and when we love we are creators of God, the new creation of star-fire and immortal tears. Oh, God, Thy priest, Thy priest!"

These extracts would give quite a false impression if they led anyone to believe that Lionel at this time was an orthodox Christian. He was hardly that at all except at rare moments, and there are passages in these letters which might shock many an orthodox person. In those years his mind was in a fluid state, now one thing, now another, absorbed in poetry, in theories, sometimes of the most fantastic kind, but ever groping towards religion, and with the face of the Founder of Christianity seen at the end of a long dark passage.

He was still mocking at and longing for the Establishment, his young feet ever going one way, towards the goal he was not to reach till 1891, seven years later than the date of these letters. He was groping towards it in dreams.

"I had a dream last night: I was a priest of Rome, alone before the altar: and the chancel roof seemed to burst apart and a chain of flowers swung down to me out of the blue, and as I tried to climb I woke."

The last paragraph of these remarkable letters is in a way their summing up:

"I began melancholy: now I am laughing. There is Summer and the thought of love, Sappho of Lesbos and the soft winds. . . . I believe in the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the assertion of the body and Love Everlasting."

A NEGLECTED CLASSIC.

BY JAMES J. DALY, S.J.



IN the summer of 1534 Sir Thomas More lay confined in the Tower of London waiting until such time as Henry might deem it opportune to put him to death. They had not yet deprived him of books and writing-paper, and he spent the hours of his captivity very pleasantly, when he was not praying, in composing a spiritual treatise. He beheld the stately and massive edifice of the Catholic Church in England, reared by the sanctities, martyrdoms and holy aspirations of a thousand years, shaken to the verge of collapse. No one in England, or elsewhere, not even the tyrant, Henry himself, saw so clearly the march of events towards national apostasy as this shrewd lawyer and appraiser of men.

His clairvoyance is somewhat of a mystery today. Externally, the Church seemed to be much the same as ever. The King's quarrel with the Pope would probably blow over as so many similar quarrels had done in the past. Besides, kings did not live forever, and quarrels of this kind were not commonly transmitted to heirs and successors. It seemed to the European statesmen of the time to be no more than a rather serious diplomatic tiff, which would readjust itself in the usual way. One could almost succeed in discovering a defence for this light-hearted view of the situation in the subsequent course of events, when the Church was so often apparently on the point of retrieving her fallen fortunes, but for some slight mischance due to incredible blundering and misunderstanding. While the late Chancellor was languishing in the Tower, the minsters and monasteries were still intact, Catholic churchmen were in honor, the Church was functioning through countless parishes, the Catholic life of England bore all the signs of vigor. It was inconceivable, one might suppose, that the knell of doom was sounding for this glorious Church.

But so it was. Sir Thomas knew it, and he was the only man who knew. Was it because he, better than anyone else, understood the formidable nature of the conspiracy of wealth

and political influence organized by greed against the Church? Did he alone detect the symptoms of deadly decay in a hierarchical structure long exposed to the corrosive action of secular interference and favoritism? Was he the only one keen enough to appreciate the fearful force of the impact of imported heresies and revolts upon a powerful middle-class which had been scandalized and rendered cynically critical by the worldliness of courtier-prelates? Whatever the signs in the heaven during that halcyon and deceptive calm, he, of all the statesmen in Europe, read them as harbingers of a devastating hurricane. Whether he realized that the destruction would be so thorough and so irreparable as the event proved, there is, perhaps, no means of determining. But his deductions and forebodings, the oppressive sense of great and impending calamity, as they urge themselves to the surface in the spiritual book written during the first months of his imprisonment, cannot but strike the modern reader with something of the force of inspired prophecy.

The title given to the treatise by Sir Thomas is *A Dialogue of Comfort Against Tribulation, Made by an Hungarian in Latin, and Translated Out of Latin Into French, and Out of French Into English*. The setting of the dialogue is the house of a certain Anthony in the city of Buda. Anthony is a virtuous and respected citizen who has grown old in the service of the State, and now, in his declining years, has nothing to do except to engage himself serenely in the more immediate preparation for a happy death. All the portents of the times point to an imminent invasion of the Turks and the violent persecution of all good Christian people who value their Faith more than the whole world. A prey to the prevalent apprehensions, Anthony's nephew, Vincent, pays several visits to his uncle to gather from the old gentleman's wisdom and ripe experience fortifying counsels against the approaching trials. This is the simple framework on which are spread the hopes and fears and most intimate self-communings of a great man at the most critical moment in his life.

The framework also serves as a disguise. Here we have again the Sir Thomas of the *Utopia*, a liberty-loving man obliged in an age of absolutism to veil his ideas under fictitious forms. Plain speaking was not always an easy virtue in those days. When tyrants had to be crossed, it was sometimes a

heroism; and, when his conscience urged it, it was a form of heroism which Sir Thomas was not afraid to practise. In the *tracasseries* of courts, where envy and jealousy were ever on the alert to entangle honesty in the coils and technicalities of the law, the man who desired to raise the windows and to induce a circulation of new and healthy ideas, had to pick his way nicely. The *Utopia* was a challenge and a criticism which would have brought Sir Thomas' head to the block ere his career was well started, had it been couched in plain terms. As it is, we are a little surprised today that it succeeded in passing off as well as it did. Sir Thomas clearly entertained an almost cynically low opinion of popular powers of penetration. Similarly, we are astonished that the transparent disguise of the *Dialogue of Comfort* could have succeeded in deceiving the dullest of official censors.

What imaginable reason was there for issuing a book in England on the religious troubles of remote Hungary? The Turkish peril in the Balkans, although serious in that day as it has been in our own, is, nevertheless, no particular occasion for a minute and anxious survey of the spiritual resources of Christianity on the part of an Englishman waiting for execution in the Tower of London. How could the censor have failed to pause over this sentence: "For there is no born Turk so cruel to Christian folk as is the false Christian that falleth from the Faith?" The only plausible explanation of the density of the officials, who missed so egregiously the real nature and point of the book, is that Henry had not yet exposed to the world the native ferocity of his temper. He had been up to this a rather good-natured monarch. It is probable that he himself was unaware of certain black possibilities in the recesses of his heart, and as yet had not the faintest notion of the fearful upheaval which was to follow in the train of his headstrong passions.

The ex-Chancellor must have had a profound insight into the character of his sovereign. English Catholics were never in so great need of fortifying counsels to prepare them for an overwhelming avalanche of adversity. And yet the tempest was so far below the horizon of the average man, with its annihilating menace so completely hidden from the common view, that the most brilliant and intellectual Englishman living at the time could send out a solemn warning and endeavor to

prepare his countrymen against disaster without being suspected of his real design, simply because he employed the rather crude device of putting his words in the mouth of an imaginary character and transferring the outlook from England to Hungary. Sir Thomas was neither by nature nor untoward fortune a prophet of evil. He may be described as the wittiest, most genial, and most successful man of his day. It was in a way characteristic of his clever genius, since he felt impelled to accept the rôle of Jeremias, to utter his lamentations in as light a note as possible. Sir Thomas could not help being merry. When a little subtlety was needed to throw treason-hunting censors off the track, he must have reveled in the expedient of merriment.

The historical significance of the *Dialogue of Comfort* will, perhaps, constitute its chief interest for the general reader. It leads us into the innermost penetralia of a statesman's mind at a crisis when the world, of which he was a foremost figure, was undergoing an epochal transformation. But it would be an error to suppose that the value of the work is merely documentary. It is beyond any doubt one of the most charming spiritual treatises in the English language. It is divided into three books, of which the contents may be roughly outlined as follows: I. The Function of Suffering in Human Life; II. Various and Common Kinds of Affliction, Principally Temptations of the Soul, with Corresponding Remedies; III. Temporal Evils and the Way they are to be Encountered. Under these broad headings is collected a mass of weighty practical philosophy garnered from a career unusually crowded with rich and multifarious experience, and presented with an instinct for literary form which, in England at least, was the most highly cultivated of the age. Like Sir Thomas himself, it is a synthesis of unexpected excellences, with surprises around every corner.

It is to be noted, too, that, while the *Dialogue* is intensely Catholic in tone, it carefully avoids all controversy. In this respect it is a singular exception among the writings of Sir Thomas in the vernacular. In a great nation abundantly supplied with an educated clergy, secular and regular, it is difficult to understand why his was about the only pen at the service of the Church to do battle in the vernacular against heresy. His antagonists were arrogantly confident at having the field

of literature practically to themselves. They were men who felt no inconvenience in stooping to employ any coarse or ignoble means of discrediting the Church in the popular eye. Very often Sir Thomas was constrained to fight his adversaries with their own weapons. With a public just learning to read, personal invective went farther than argument, and boisterous banter than nice appeals to feeling. This concession to the needs of the moment has seriously diminished the literary permanence of the martyr's polemical works in a language which has thrown all its favor on the side of his opponents, and has always regarded his as a lost cause. It remains a matter for regret that the merits of Sir Thomas More and of his rivals have not been weighed by literary critics in the same scales.

In the *Dialogue of Comfort*, however, Sir Thomas moves in a serene mountain atmosphere high above the brawlings and bickerings of the cities and congregations of men. He disengages himself from all petty strife and clamorous demands; and in the silence of an upland height beyond the clouds, holds deep converse with the sun and stars, with God and eternity. Strident echoes sometimes faintly reach him from the busy ant-hills of men; but he refuses to be drawn from the spiritual regions of his thought.

"Holy St. Bernard giveth counsel that every man should make suit unto Angels and saints to pray for him to God in the things that he would have sped at His holy hand. If any man will stick at that, and say it need not, because God can hear us Himself, and will also say that it is perilous so to do, because they say we be not so counseled by no Scripture, I will not dispute the matter here. He that will not do it, I hinder him not to leave it undone. But yet, for mine own part, I will as well trust to the counsel of St. Bernard, and reckon him for as good and as well learned in Scripture as any man that I hear say the contrary. And better dare I jeopard my soul with the soul of St. Bernard than with his that findeth that fault in his doctrine."

Although this is the farewell performance of Sir Thomas in the field of literature, written in a dungeon and in the very shadow of the scaffold and packed with reflections tinged by the light of a dawning eternity, his whimsical humor will assert itself. The easy and discursive style suggests a back-

ground of aged leisure in a country villa in the calm enjoyment of nature and pleasant surroundings. The author possesses his soul in peace while the axeman is waiting, and through pages of most solemn import his natural laughter runs like a glistening thread.

Thus, in discussing the vivid and detailed realism of dreams, Anthony, in a quizzical mood, defies young Vincent to prove that he is awake, and not merely dreaming. Vincent fumbles hopelessly and, finally, cries out in dismay: "God's Lord, uncle, you go now merrily to work with me, indeed, when you look and speak so sadly, and would make me ween I were asleep." When Vincent apologizes to his uncle for asking him to exhaust himself by so much talking, he elicits the following gem: "Nay, nay, good cousin, to talk much (except some other pain let me) is to be little grief. A fond old man is often as full of words as a woman. It is, you wot well, as some poets paint us, all the lust of an old fool's life to sit well and warm with a cup and a roasted crab, and drivel and drink and talk." He then proceeds to tell a story about a nun who was being visited by her brother. The young man had just received his doctor's degree and had hastened to see his sister after his long absence at the university. When she was called to the grate and had presented her finger-tips, she forthwith began to pronounce a long lecture on the vanity of the world in her gentle solicitude for her brother's soul.

"And gave him surely good counsel (saving somewhat too long) how he should be well ware in his living and master well his body for saving of his soul: and yet ere her own tale came all at an end, she began to find a little fault with him, and said: 'In good faith, brother, I do somewhat marvel that you that have been at learning so long, and are doctor, and so learned in the law of God, do not now at our meeting (while we meet so seldom) to me that am your sister and a simple unlearned soul give of your charity some fruitful exhortation. And as I doubt not but you can say some good thing yourself.' 'By my troth, good sister,' quoth her brother, 'I cannot for you, for your tongue hath never ceased, but said enough for us both.'"

Then there is the famous story of old Mother Maude, about the Ass and Wolf who came upon a time to confession to the Fox, and many another diverting tale. Sir Thomas

liked to tell a good story. It is the Lord Chancellor, perhaps, who thinks it necessary to make apology: "As Pliny saith that there is no book lightly so bad but that some good thing a man may pick out thereof, so think I that there is almost no tale so foolish but that yet in one matter or other to some purpose it may hap to serve." We see why Erasmus loved this man, why he was the idol of his children, and why, ere his head was danced off by a royal mistress, he had to assume the mask of dullness to escape the exacting fondness of the King for his society.

And yet he seems to have been visited by pathetic little misgivings about the bubbling humor which there was not enough misfortune in the world to choke. Vincent is quoting Solomon and St. Thomas Aquinas in support of the contention that a man may sometimes search for comfort in tribulation at other sources, less spiritual and exalted than those hitherto enumerated by his uncle: "For a merry tale with a friend refresheth a man much, and without any harm lifteth his mind and amendeth his courage and his stomach, so that it seemeth but well done to take such recreation."

Anthony replies, and this time it is the Saint and not the Lord Chancellor who speaks, that he thinks any counsel in favor of such comfort is superfluous, since it is a kind of comfort men are too prone to take of themselves. "You may see this by ourself, which coming now together to talk of as earnest, sad matter as men can devise, were fallen yet even at the first into wanton idle tales; and of truth, cousin, as you know well, myself am of nature even half a gigglot and more. I would I could as easily mend my fault as I well know it, but scant can I refrain it as old a fool as I am. Howbeit, so partial will I not be to my fault as to praise it. But for that you require my mind in the matter, whether men in tribulation may not lawfully seek recreation and comfort themselves with some honest mirth, first agreed that our chief comfort must be in God, and that with Him we must begin, and with Him continue, and with Him end also." He then settles the point in conformity with good and learned men who have allowed honest mirth as a concession to human weakness, too soon wearied, alas, by heavenly discourse. The argument is then clinched by another tale.

The rare literary quality of the style will not have escaped

attention in the passages from the *Dialogue* already cited. A homely vigor of phrase, a swift penetration of mind, a balanced condition of judgment, and the easy gesture of magnanimous humor give these pages a Shakespearean flavor which epicurean palates will delight in. The large scroll of life lay unrolled before the eyes of Sir Thomas, as before the eyes of the Elizabethans, giving him some of that spacious outlook which our literature was not to know again till some fifty years after his death. Here, for instance, is a touch which draws the modern and mediæval worlds together. Shakespeare could not have seen it, or he would have stolen it. Anthony has been speaking of the cruel indulgence and false consolation which certain obsequious pastors hold out to the wealthy members of their flocks.

"And in such wise deal they with him [the rich man] as the mother doth sometimes with her child: which when the little boy will not rise in time for her, but lie still abed and slug, and when he is up weepeth because he hath lien so long, fearing to be beaten at school for his late coming thither; she telleth him then that it is but early days, and he shall come time enough, and biddeth him, 'Go, good son, I warrant thee I have sent to thy master myself; take thy bread and butter with thee: thou shalt not be beaten at all.' And thus, so she may send him merry forth at the door that he weep not in her sight at home, she studieth not much upon the matter though he be taken tardy and beaten when he come to school."

What child has not been the victim of this gracious perfidy? Again, speaking of the brief tenure of their worldly estate, which prosperous folk enjoy, a favorite topic with moralizing philosophers, the *Dialogue* breaks into the following noble cadence:

"O cousin Vincent, if the whole world were animated with a reasonable soul (as Plato had weened it were) and that it had wit and understanding to mark and perceive all things, Lord God! how the ground on which a Prince buildeth his palace would loud laugh his lord to scorn, when he saw him proud of his possession, and heard him boast himself, that he and his blood are forever the very lords and owners of the land. For then would the ground think the while in himself: 'Ah, thou silly, poor soul, that weenest thou were half a god, and art amid thy glory but a man in a gay gown. I, that am

the ground here over whom thou art so proud, have had a hundred such owners of me as thou callest thyself, more than ever thou hast heard the names of. And some of them that proudly went over mine head lie now low in my belly, and my side lieth over them. And many one shall, as thou doest now, call himself mine owner after thee, that neither shall be sib to thy blood, nor any word hear of thy name.' Who owned your castle, cousin, three thousand years ago?

"*Vincent*: 'Three thousand, uncle? Nay, nay, in any King, Christian or heathen, you may strike off a third part of that well enough, and as far as I ween half of the remnant, too. In far fewer years than three thousand it may well fortune that a poor ploughman's blood may come up to a kingdom; and a king's right royal kin on the other side fall down to the plough and cart; add neither that king know that ever he came from the cart, nor carter know that ever he came from the crown.'"

Does it seem extravagant to discover here for the first time in our literary history the genuine ancestry of that distinguished and dignified port and sad grave demeanor which glorify the prose of Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, DeQuincey and Newman? And it is hard to believe that Thackeray the genial satirist, could have read the famous description of the emptiness of fame without feeling kinship with Sir Thomas More.

"But now to speak of the thing itself in his own proper nature, what is it but a blast of another man's mouth, as soon passed as spoken? Whereupon he that setteth his delight feedeth himself but with wind, whereof be he never so full, he hath little substance therein. And many times shall he much deceive himself. For he shall ween that many praise him, that never speak word of him; and they that do, say yet much less than he weeneth, and far more seldom, too. For they spend not all the day (he may be sure) in talking of him alone. And who so commends him most, will yet (I ween) in every four and twenty hours wink and forget him once. Besides this, that while one talketh well of him in one place, another sitteth and sayeth as shrewdly of him in another. And, finally, some that most praise him in his presence behind his back mock him as fast and loud laugh him to scorn, and sometimes slyly to his face, too. And yet are there some fools so fed with this fond fantasy of fame that they rejoice

and glory to think how they be continually praised all about, as though the world did nothing else day nor night but ever sit and sing, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*, upon them."

There is much precious ore of this kind in the *Dialogue of Comfort* for the literary student, if he will take the trifling amount of patience required for the first few pages to become accustomed to the occasional archaisms and labored constructions inseparable from prose finding its literary wings for the first time. As it is, the prose of More is hardly more archaic and certainly less awkward and floundering than the prose of Milton, who enjoyed the advantages of a most extraordinary century's growth and development to improve upon the style of his predecessor. It is futile to conjecture why an age, which reprints Ascham and Fuller for the use of young students of our early prose, should ignore so completely the vastly superior merits of Sir Thomas More.

The attention of Catholic teachers and publishers is respectfully directed to the *Dialogue of Comfort* as a promising field of enterprise.¹ Besides its value as a literary monument, it is full of bright little side-lights on English life of the fifteenth century. It should stimulate historical curiosity and research. One would like to know, for example, why the subject of suicide enters so largely into the *Dialogue*. It is a phenomenon we hardly expect to find very prominent in society during robust Catholic times. Whether the reader is looking for literature or history or prudent direction in the spiritual life, he will find the *Dialogue* a treasure. It will bring him into close communion with one of the great men of all time. And this is the surest and, it is commonly conceded, the only test of a great classic.

¹ The *Dialogue of Comfort* is published in the popular "Everyman's Library." It occupies the second portion of the volume entitled *Utopia*.

GRANDMAMMA.

BY AENGUS MACHAR.



GRANDMAMMA was dead. Désirée told herself anew the fact. She found that she must keep reminding herself Grandmamma had died yesterday. The machinery of the household had not yet run down. For the first time since the home was built, sixty years ago, an affair was to be carried on in it without Grandmamma's supervision—her own funeral.

Aunt Juliette was resting. Uncle Henri off seeing to arrangements. Stéphanie and Bernice, the schoolgirls, had slipped from the house of mourning on the pretense of sewing their new black over at Ray Dillon's.

The telephone sounded the dissonance of life: Désirée flew to quiet it.

"Yes. This is Lake Seven Three One. This is Désirée speaking. Who is it? Léonide, dearest! This is Désirée. I am quite alone. Yes, our sorrow is indeed great. I cannot face it until tomorrow will be over. You are coming here tonight? I wouldn't, dear. Please do not come, Léonide. It won't do any good now. All the talk seems to have died away. The family will be furious, and the girls ought not to hear things. Can't I say anything to make you stay away? What's that about Grandmamma? She is not worrying now, dear. She would wish you to stay away. What is that about Aunt Juliette? No, I'll not tell her you rang up. I'll keep hoping that you will change your mind. Well, when shall I expect you? Eleven? Very well. Good-bye."

Désirée hung up the receiver. This was a new, an utterly unexpected trouble. Every one would know now for certain about Léonide. The talk that had ebbed to a whisper would roar and thunder. Indeed, Léonide was a cruel, heartless girl to affront her wronged family in this hour of sorrow. But, was it not like Léonide's own selfish daring? She would come in dramatically, for a last, fond look at Grandmamma; for one more mocking glance around the home circle.

Désirée moved restlessly through the hushed rooms to the

north parlor, where the dead kept passing hours of state. A half dozen elderly French friends were exchanging whispered reminiscences. Désirée looked down on the beautiful dead.

What a long, hard, laborious life was here ended! How very silent Grandmamma had been about those miserable law-suits of years ago; about silly, weak old Grandpapa; about Désirée's own spendthrift father; about Léonide—how much had she known about Léonide?

Désirée studied the mystery of the still features, and a rush of tears came to relieve her aching heart. As she stood, struggling for composure, strong arms enfolded her, and she leaned her troubled head for a moment on the shoulder of Cousin Julian.

"I told you not to be coming in here. Désirée, you must rest. What shall we all do if you break down?"

She suffered him to lead her away—for she must tell him about Léonide. Julian would know what to do.

"Léonide rang up to tell me she is coming. Oh—I begged her not to. She laughed in her old way, and told me not to worry. And the house will be full of the old friends. And it will be worse for Stéphanie and Bernice; they have some new ones who will be curious."

Julian muttered an exclamation of wrath. He cordially detested Léonide. "Isn't that like her, though? Of all the nerve!"

Miserable and perplexed, they regarded the situation. Of the whole family, only Désirée and Julian knew the real truth about Léonide.

"See here, Désirée, Léonide won't be fool enough to injure herself. She'll pull things off, somehow. For four years she has kept folks guessing, and her name seems to be as good as ever. We'll see her bluff it out."

When they were all children, together, Léonide and Julian had quarreled incessantly and furiously. When they were in high school, Julian scowled darkly and pointedly at his pretty cousin in the home circle. Abroad, Léonide knew he was watchful and wrathful, and she complained bitterly of him to Désirée. But Désirée was puzzled and distressed. She found Julian with his charming French courtesy, his American dash and manly faith, the best of comrades. Why should he and Léonide be so hateful to each other?

Too soon Désirée's eyes were opened to the truth. Julian must have known for a long time before Désirée dared to face her own suspicions. Grandmamma probably knew everything. These two never mentioned the name of the absent one.

Acquaintances, some of the new ones, accepted the version that was spoken. Léonide Lasserre had given up her position as private secretary and married a playwright. She was leading a gay and joyous life, spending money on the most delightful things. She never really had time to go back to the old home, even for a visit. Yes, there was a baby, a winsome little girl, left in the care of a woman who lived out in the Mission. Léonide never did care for children.

Older friends gradually ceased to inquire about Léonide:

"What was her new name? Mrs. Henry Marvyn, was it? or Martell? No one could say positively. Oh, well, many people really have no memory for names. Odd, isn't it? Oh, come to think of it—wasn't it Madison? Something beginning with an M. Yes, the family seem to have lost sight of her. You know how Grandmamma Lasserre has a way of not answering questions and yet of being perfectly courteous."

And so the heart sore was covered by the conventional account invented by Léonide herself. If there were many to feel out the truth of the hidden scandal, genuine sympathy kept them silent. Still talk rambled on:

"What was Léonide Lasserre, the prettiest of the girls, doing now? Was her husband a manager, a playwright or an actor? Come to think of it, Merrill, that was the name, I heard was a clever musician; but he had no money. Oh, well, what is the use of pinning down any of these gossamer tales. We know or guess the truth, and the girl will never come back to take the snubbing prepared for her."

Many old-time friends, whose attentions had lapsed during her recent years of hardship came for a last look at Grandmamma; and many came who had held aloof in silent deference to her unspoken wish. She had not resented sympathy, but she had crept away from it.

Gustave Renée, turned seventy, tall and gray, a weather-beaten warrior of life, looked down on his still old friend. He thought of her care-free childhood in pioneer days. Of her brief belle-hood when he and many other admirers lived for a kindly glance and smile from Félicienne Dubois. A love-

marriage had brought her only hardship, poverty, struggle, disgrace. Her sons and daughters had turned out improvident or helpless; her grandchildren were good-looking, clever.

The old man reviewed the facts. She lay there in tranquil Roman beauty. Only her seamed, worn hands suggested the long labor of her life. "Unconquerable Félicienne," he murmured as he turned away.

Voices of old ladies quavered in the adjoining room. "Everything of the best, my dear, and plenty of it. Her own things mended and put by, so the girls would not have any trouble. Bed and table linen in a box. Even the little altar for the Last Sacraments all ready. A child could get the things out at a moment's notice."

"And I was upstairs in the room of the youngest girls. They might be rich men's children, the best dressed girls at the Academy; and on what, my dear?"

"I know, I know," agreed another. "She used to have beautiful laces, you remember. She has handed down to these girls those wonderful flounces, and her own skill in making things over!"

"And she was so big in her ways. A dozen pies at a baking; two meats and three or four vegetables. She saw to everything. Ah, now they'll miss her managing and keeping them all going."

Thus one note was sounded around the bier of Grand-mamma Lasserre. Admiration for the way she had cared for a large family of ne'er-do-wells.

Meantime the only two of her name, with her own sense of responsibility, had on their young hearts the unhappy problem of Léonide. Would she come? How pitiful to have gossip recommence over the coffin of this valiant old woman!

The hours seemed to pause, their stricken way in a house of mourning. The awful hand of waiting tore at Désirée's heart; yet she knew the time was dragging on. The rooms were now well filled. Friends and connections were praying, exchanging whispered comments, or sitting in the aged abstraction of loss. There were also young people; school friends of Stéphanie and Bernice, pretty girls and tall lads. The boys made themselves helpful in carrying chairs; standing about observantly; the prevailing note of mourning was becoming to their youthful devotedness. Tomorrow evening they would

be again their merry selves in some cheery environment. Oh, if only Léonide would not come!

At eleven o'clock a limousine slid discreetly up to the shadows of the acacia trees near the curb. Désirée was already out on the steps. She was in despair at the absence of Julian. Had he deserted her, unwilling to see Léonide?

A dainty figure fluttered up to the lighted doorway, and Désirée forgot three years of outraged affection. She clung to her sister.

"You darling, waiting on the threshold, as usual." Léonide's silver laugh was sweet and low. Fragrant, swathed in soft raiment, brilliant in the clear starlight, the prodigal herself was indeed "as usual." Désirée felt at once that Léonide still hated to be hugged. Even in those moments of reunion Léonide was thinking of her gown, her hair. Chilled, Désirée drew her sister's arm within her own. "Come up to my room for a little while, dearest. We shall be all alone," she pleaded.

"I couldn't, tonight, Désirée. My husband will be anxious when he finds that I am not waiting for him."

"Your husband? O Léonide!" Désirée's voice had a quaver of gladness in its bewildered question.

"Yes, we were dining with business friends—awfully nice people—and Mordaunt had to leave on an imperative message. A partner died in the city. So I left soon after. I wanted one last look at Grandmamma."

Léonide's clear, low voice carried to those seated in the first parlor. Désirée hurried through the little vestibule. At the end she whispered:

"You did not mention husband or dinner when you telephoned." She did not mean to probe, but she was quite willing to let Léonide know she saw gaps in the story.

"Perhaps I did not mention either, Miss Literal Good Sense. You gave me very little time to think with your exhortations to stay away. Grandmamma belonged to me as well as to you."

Désirée cuddled closer at the breaks in Léonide's voice. What difference did it make? Léonide could make up any story she pleased. She was at home, at home, if only for a few moments.

The two girls made a strange contrast. Désirée, slender and nun-like, was in black and white, Léonide in the shining

panoply of fashion—was a brilliant night moth. Now, however, she drew up her silken wrap of silver mist and so rendered less dazzling the display of gleaming arms and shoulders, of gown and jewels.

“No, *Désirée*. I will not go upstairs; I haven’t time. Take me to Grandmamma.”

“Why, it’s *Léonide Lasserre*,” ran the whisper as the girls entered the long living room. The whisper was eager with amazement and curiosity.

Old Mr. de Cotiss came with extended hands of welcome. Madame Gramont put sheltering arms around the girl; she was thinking *Léonide*’s starry eyes seemed as heavenly as ever. General Talla smiled down on the little witch, who seemed to him as fairy-like as when he used to watch her playing with his grandchild, Bettine.

Suddenly *Désirée* loved all these faithful ones of Grandmamma’s Old Guard. *Léonide* seemed to be giving to each of them a reward of merit in a smile of disarming appeal. Then *Désirée*’s heart sank, as she saw her sister turn to Mrs. Devereaux, a middle-aged antagonist of *Léonide*’s girlhood, and in whose eyes could now be read suspicion and possible affront. Characteristically, *Léonide* made the first move:

“Dear Mrs. Devereaux, how are you? It was only the other day I was telling my husband of the fright you once gave me when I was a naughty little girl and helped Henrietta steal cookies. You did put fear in my heart for once. How is Henrietta? How I should love to see her and the baby. Fancy you a Grandmamma!”

Mrs. Devereaux was not very happy over her daughter’s married life, and this speech was a vexation to her. *Léonide* went on with the subdued and pensive sweetness suitable to a gathering of mourners:

“I had been planning to be more dutiful, and to bring my husband out to see this sweet old home. But we kept putting it off—and now—now, Grandmamma will never be here.”

Abruptly she turned away, but not quickly enough to hide the genuine tears that ran down her glowing cheeks. She looked back to them, with lips quivering. “I will remember you all as kind.”

Désirée’s arms were around her, and the two girls went into the room where Grandmamma lay. The watchers there

considerately withdrew, and the sisters were alone with the dead.

Léonide advanced; studied the coffin-plate—and then by an evident effort of will moved forward to look, long and silently, at the well-remembered countenance. She did not weep, yet Désirée had the feeling that Léonide's soul was crying aloud for help. Oh, for words to help; to help so effectually that never again Léonide would be mocking, bitter, sinful!

The door opened and closed gently; Julian was in the room. Désirée had a new prayer: that these two would not quarrel; not even spar—here with Grandmamma dead between them. Julian was very pale as he spoke:

"Léonide, I am pleased to see you here. Désirée, I meant to be on hand all evening; but, unexpected business kept me. Léonide, I have a message for you from Grandmamma."

They looked at him with startled eyes, Julian was rarely so moved. He went on.

"You remember the old houses Grandpapa had south of Harland Street, and how we used to tease about the fortune they would bring?"

"The rookeries, that were finally sold for taxes? Yes, I remember," said Désirée.

"Well, I found out this afternoon that they had not been sold. Grandmamma managed to save them, and to put them into such good order, that they now bring in a fair rental. How she did it is a mystery. God only knows what a struggle it must have been."

Julian was silent. The girls felt that more was coming, and scarcely grasped the amazing statement that Grandmamma had left property.

"Only two months ago she paid the last bill for the repairs. From now on they will bring in, under a ten years' lease, fifty dollars a month. All the papers are in order."

Again Julian paused. The faint, cloying odor of flowers and burning waxen candles, the shadows of the big room that lay beyond the flickering light of the tapers, accented his unwonted solemnity.

"Léonide, Désirée and I are to use this money solely for the support and Catholic education of your little one. And you—must give the child up. That is Grandmamma's mes-

sage. She asks the three of us to think first of all of the child's soul, and to help one another."

Désirée was crying now. But the tears were of sweet relief and tender love. Blessed Grandmamma—doing all things well. This was the crowning gift of her selfless old age.

But Léonide's eyes were brilliant, hard. Somehow she had known that this bitter hour would come upon her. Masterful Grandmamma! she was taking from her sinful arms her one treasure. Léonide knew she would consent and, already, for baby's sake, she was glad.

Julian went on uneasily. He stood with one hand on the coffin edge, as if gaining sanction. He was wondering how Léonide would answer, and anxious to get the matter plainly stated, before she could spring on him a refusal.

"I got the first news of this today, after I had heard from Désirée you intended to come."

"But, if I refuse, Julian, to give my baby up!"

"Grandmamma left no suggestions for such a case."

"Grandmamma knew you would not refuse, Léonide," said Désirée, quickly.

Léonide laid her hand again on the coffin and said quietly:

"I am willing, Julian. I yield to Grandmamma's arrangement."

"What is your child's name?"

"Félicienne, Grandmamma's name—and she is baptized."

The cousins stood silent. United as never before, they were feeling the strength of an affection, reaching from beyond the grave. Then Léonide said simply and sincerely:

"I have been desperate, trying to keep baby. Her board bill has not been paid for two months. I am in debt up to my eyes. The clothes I have on are borrowed. I came here to-night to bother all of you; but Grandmamma always was too much for me."

"Won't you live," Désirée whispered, "as Grandmamma would have you? Her heart broke over you."

"I am giving my baby, Désirée. I am quite content with my way. After tonight I will not trouble you or Julian."

Désirée saw it would be useless to counsel Léonide. And, after all, would not Grandmamma in heaven know best how to pursue this straying sheep?

Julian said with musing wonder in his low voice:

"For the last three years I have been putting every cent I made into the business; to get it started. I gave as little as I decently could to the home purse. And those poor worn hands—look at them—toiled for me, for all of us. She worked like a slave—cooking, washing, mending."

"I might have given more, too," said Désirée brokenly, "if I had not insisted on paying for violin lessons for Bernice. And Grandmamma saving every dollar! Oh, I know now why she did nearly all the wash—herself; we thought she was just fussy. Why couldn't she tell us? We would have strained every nerve to help."

"Perhaps we would not," said Julian grimly. He knew he would not have felt like making sacrifices for Léonide's child.

Léonide had fallen into stricken silence. Life was so masterful and so ironic. Dimly she began to apprehend that Grandmamma might get her, too, as well as little Félicienne, and make her once more good.

"I must go," she said. "I promised to return these clothes before morning. A pal was good enough to lend them, and as I may be asking her again, I would better keep my word."

Désirée's heart was torn between pity and dismay. But Julian held out his hand.

"After the funeral I will get some papers ready for you to sign, Léonide. And I promise you, before God and Grandmamma, to do all in my power that your little girl may grow up to be—as good as you wish tonight."

"I am sure you will, Julian. Good-bye, Grandmamma. Désirée, I must get to the telephone without meeting any more of those people. If I do, I shall scream. I must call up a taxi. No, please—do not come with me."

Léonide slipped away. Julian went back to the old friends who had determined to watch during the night. The door leading into the room of death stood open—and the responses of the Rosary came to Léonide as she stood in the corridor at the telephone.

Désirée waited on the front steps, helpless and miserable, to see Léonide go back to that mad world—where gladness and hope were dead.

But Grandmamma lay with the smile that had come with her last breath.

New Books.

THE LETTERS OF ST. TERESA. A complete edition, translated from the Spanish and annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$3.50.

The Nuns of Stanbrook Abbey have already given us an English version of St. Teresa's *Interior Castle of the Soul*, *The Way of Perfection* and her *Minor Works*, including a metrical translation of the Poems, all learnedly annotated by the Discalced Carmelite, Father Zimmerman, or by Sister Beatrice, the Benedictine nun, who is the actual translator.

Apart from a fellow-feeling for the contemplative spirit natural to the daughters of the Patriarch of Western Monachism, there is an historical reason for the zeal of the English Benedictines in St. Teresa's propaganda of the interior life, which it is interesting to note. When the French Revolution was raging, a community of Teresian Carmelites, driven out of their convent, found refuge in a Benedictine nunnery at Compiègne. Out of this asylum they were dragged by the authorities and guillotined on July 17, 1794. They went in procession to their death singing the *Te Deum*. The kinship between the two Orders thus contracted in the blood of martyrdom, has never waned.

The letters printed in this volume were written from July 2, 1576, to December 2, 1577, a momentous period in St. Teresa's life, second only to the era of her first foundation of the Reform. It embraces her internment—a polite name for imprisonment—by her superiors of the Mitigated Rule, good men “whose eyes were held” lest they should know what a great soul they were persecuting. The letters are numbered from 101 to 200, and average three and a quarter pages octavo. About one-half are addressed to her nuns in the houses she had founded before she was rudely ordered off to stay behind her cloister. Most of the others were written to the Discalced Carmelite Friars, whose Reform she had originated, and a few to some of her former confessors. Being intended for the Saint's intimates, they are, in spirit and tone, exceedingly familiar, and treat largely of matters not in themselves spiritual. None the less the saint mingles the principles and practice of perfection, both in its beginnings and in its development, with advice, suggestions, and precautions about secular affairs: these letters give much guidance to souls in holy living.

Two negative excellences are revealed: St. Teresa never voices the least ripple of complaint for her cruel treatment nor expresses the faintest desire for release; nor makes mention of supernatural occurrences—which we know from other sources often happened—except in veiled disguise to one or other of her closest confidants. St. Peter of Alcantara, well acquainted with her spirituality, witnesses to it in these words: “As to visions, locutions, revelations, and other supernatural experiences, she never prayed for them, nor wished for them; all she wishes for is to do the will of Our Lord in all things.”

The translator gives us the connecting links, or hinges, of happenings, making of the *Letters* a sort of parallel autobiography with that already written by the Saint.

St. Teresa's courage, gentleness, and invincible greatness of soul stand out in these letters; especially her patient and contented mind under the most atrocious slanders.

As Sister Beatrice writes: “I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have come upon several recently discovered letters of the Saint which have only been published in Spanish. Unfortunately I got them too late to include them in this volume. They will appear in Volume III. of the *Letters* now in course of preparation.”

THE ORIGIN AND PROBLEM OF LIFE. By A. E. Baines. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.60.

With the main thesis of this book, namely, that there is something more in living things than mere chemico-physical operations, every Catholic philosopher will be at one, but as to its author's view that the something in question is contained in, or conveyed by, the atmosphere, and that this life-giving principle, “the form of energy which actuates organized matter,” is thence obtained, *e. g.*, when the infant takes its first breath, and further, that this is indicated in the passage, “The Lord God . . . breathed into his nostrils the breath of life,” and other passages, we cannot expect the same amount of acceptance. The pre-natal processes which are of a very highly vital character; how are they carried on if the “life-giving principle” is only infused after birth? And there are other difficulties. We do not feel competent to criticize the electrical theories in connection with seed development, but there is one point in the first part of the book which calls for comment. The writer criticizes severely Haeckel's view of the Monera as “structureless,” and says, very properly, that Haeckel would have done better to have said “structureless as far as we now know,” or something of that kind. But he does not seem to

be aware that no one now regards Haeckel's Monera as anything but a figment. A nucleus has been now discovered in so many organisms once thought to be non-nuclear that the existence of a really un-nucleated unicellular organism is now regarded as unproved and unlikely.

The second part of the book, which relates to the prolongation of life by the use of a carbon rod specially prepared and being towards ordinary carbon as steel is to iron, the use of which rod was suggested by an examination of Egyptian statues, in whose hands many must have remarked objects like the corks used by athletes, is very curious, and we should like to know more about the results produced by this rod than we are told.

TWENTY YEARS OF BALKAN TANGLE. By M. Edith Durham.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75.

The authoress of this book is familiar with Balkan affairs by reason of years of study and travel amid its mountains and valleys. She has a conversational knowledge of the Slavic and other languages. Her experiences have carried her from the huts of the peasants to the palaces of the princes. She has written many books. To follow the last one intelligently, one should have been somewhat familiar with her previous volumes.

This contribution is interesting for its vividness, and its confirmation—if that were necessary—of the fact that Austrian and Russian plots and counterplots caused the assassination of the heirs of the Austrian throne at Sarajevo in 1914. The descriptions of customs and people in Montenegro and Servia remind one of Bernard Shaw's play, *Arms and the Man*. The nobles are shown to be at heart bandit chiefs. The peasants have been ruthlessly exploited, racial and religious feelings have been exasperated by self-interested conspirators until conditions became charged with war long before 1914. The rival countries hated each other with a bitterness greater than that felt by all towards Turkey. The main causes of unrest were the conflicting ambitions of Austria—which was but another name for the German Empire—and Russia, always dominated by her hope for Constantinople.

The Balkan peoples, excepting the Albanians and the Mohammedans, are either Slavs, Bulgars, or Rumanians for the most part. They show different degrees of civilization, still strongly tinged with barbarism. The different branches of the Greek Orthodox Church hate each other with a deadly hatred, tempered only by their common hostility to the Catholics. The Greeks in their upward thrust have sought to dismember Albania. The va-

rious wars that have torn the peninsula have given occasion to hideous barbarities not less savage when perpetrated by so-called Christians than those of the Turks. The whole peninsula needs peace, a stable government, new roads, a chance for free exportation of the products of the mines, fields, and forests, and equally free opportunities for importation of the necessities which they do not produce. If the Allied Powers, whose diplomacy dominates all of the countries of the peninsula, will but unite, there is hope for the future.

PSYCHOLOGY, AND NATURAL THEOLOGY. By Owen A. Hill, S.J., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.50.

Scholastic lore, so valuable if not indispensable to correct views of human life and conduct, is too often made unattractive and inaccessible by being cast in a language unfamiliar ('tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true) to most modern students of philosophy. Hence, every attempt to body forth the same thought in the vernacular tongue simplifies the subject and encourages its study. Within the present well-printed and well-indexed volume of 350 pages, Father Hill deals in an adequate manner with the most profound and practical problems of all philosophy: the most profound, because they investigate the question of the ages—the solution of the riddle of the universe; and the most practical, because they are concerned with doctrines of paramount importance, such as man's free and spiritual nature, his immortal destiny, and his moral responsibility to a Supreme Being, Who is Author of all things, and Who holds man accountable for his conduct. In the calm light of pure reason, clarified and corrected by the experiences of the race, and illumined by the genius of such minds as Plato and Aristotle, Augustine and Aquinas, and not unmindful—though its limited field of natural reason inhibits the formal use—of the light supernal that radiates from Divine revelation, the author studies at less or greater length, as the problem is of less or greater moment, such questions as life, sensation, the rational soul, free-will, and immortality; God's existence and attributes; and the providence by which God controls and governs His creation. Father Hill follows, in his treatment of these questions of Psychology, and Natural Theology, the lines and arguments familiar to the student of Scholastic philosophy. And here I might enter a criticism of what seems to me a too common fault in Catholic works of philosophy in the vernacular. Scholastic method and technicalities are not essential to Scholastic truth. Writers ought to emancipate themselves as far as possible from the former, and present the treasures of Scholasticism in the

simple flowing style which popularizes modern pseudo-philosophies. Father Hill himself exemplifies how it can be done in his interesting and readable chapter on Hypnotism.

Objection, too, might be made to the digressions by which the author interferes with the logical sequence by hauling in incidental questions that belong elsewhere. For example, the digression on "life" in God, on page 9, and the time of origin of the human soul, on page 12. Is not the statement on page 26, that, "restricted evolution is without foundation," too conservative, and liable to arouse prejudice against the author's work? The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is treated very exhaustively. And the thesis on the origin of ideas is very satisfactory. The author justly confines his proofs of the existence of God to the *a posteriori* arguments of the contingency and order of the world, and conscience and *consensus hominum*, which are but so many aspects of the argument from effect to cause. His consideration of various difficulties urged against theism by pseudo-sciences and modern agnosticism is very complete. In this, his work serves as a valuable repertoire for the champion of the fundamentals of ethics and religion; while its method of treatment might be modified with profit, the general solidity of the contents must recommend the volume to students of philosophy in colleges and seminaries.

IRISH UNIONISM. By James Winder Good. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 6 s. net.

This book is of substantial value to all who desire to gain knowledge concerning the vexed question of Ireland, and who wish to ground their opinions upon such knowledge rather than upon prejudice or passion. The author has an intimate and extended experience of Irish Unionist opinion and methods and, having obtained his experience from inside and from close personal contact with the exponents of Unionism, his exposition of the case against Unionism is sympathetic. In brief, the book is the history of the process by which Irish Unionism became an established thing, not only regarded as tolerable, but accepted as a political dogma of irrefragable validity and righteousness, after having begun its career under the anathema of all Ireland, North and South, Orange and Catholic.

The author brings forward proof for his contention that in the year 1800 practically all Orangemen in Ireland regarded the Act of Union as a crime. He then traces the process by which the promoters of the Act, through the extension of special favors to the Orange element, caused a change in their point of view,

so that in less than twenty years a majority of the beneficiaries of this political crime had swung solidly to its support, and laid the foundations for their descendants to look upon it as a necessary factor in Ireland's relation to England. A detailed study of the steps by which the protagonists of the Ascendency, especially such skillful propagandists as the Anglican Archbishop Whately, succeeded in giving education in Ireland an English and anti-Irish bias makes unpleasant, but profitable, reading for those who wish to understand the steps by which one nation tried to subjugate the very soul of a conquered weaker one. Such a reading will also make us understand and appreciate the almost miraculous wonder of the unconquerable persistency of patriotism in the Irish race.

THE CATHEDRALS OF CENTRAL ITALY. By T. Francis Bumpus. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

THE CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES OF ROME AND SOUTHERN ITALY. By T. Francis Bumpus. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

These two volumes describe an artistic pleasure tour of Mr. Bumpus in central and southern Italy. He journeys leisurely from city to city, with his critical eyes ever open to the architectural beauties of Italy's famous churches and cathedrals. He necessarily borrows a great deal from his predecessors—their name is legion—and he is over critical at times in his estimates of such churches as the Cathedrals of Milan, Siena and Florence. We can pardon him his prejudices in favor of French and English cathedrals and churches, but we cannot pardon his frequent slurs on the Faith which produced these churches. He bears false witness when he tells his readers that much of the doctrine and practice of the Church of Rome is founded on the legends of the saints, and she has made shipwreck of common sense and truth upon the rock of the Bible.

A feature of these volumes is a series of excellent photographs.

THE SONG OF ROLAND. Done into English, in the original measure, by Charles Scott Moncrieff. With an introduction by G. K. Chesterton and a Note on Technique by George Saintsbury. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

There is a beautiful meetness in the dedication of this new Englishing of the immortal *Chanson de Roland* to three young poet-soldiers "who came to their Roncesvalles in September, October and November" of 1918. For it was in those war-torn days

that the abiding vigor and nearness of this heroic poem lay hands upon the spirit of Charles Scott Moncrieff; and it is chiefly by having lived through those days that the present generation will have learned how to read it understandingly. They are not so far from us, after all—those old combats in their fineness, their fierceness, their apparent futility; those combats where the young men went out high-heartedly at the counsel of the old men; those combats of which Mr. Chesterton says, in his wise and deeply moving introduction, that they are never finished because they defend “the sanity of the world against all the stark anarchies and rending negations which rage against it for ever.”

It would be hard to overstate the value of this book both for schools and for general reading. It is, in the translator's modest word, “an attempt to reproduce line for line, and so far as possible word for word, the Old French epic poem”—a work of enormous delicacy and difficulty, accomplished with self-abnegating skill and precision. Perhaps the highest praise which can be paid its scholarship—that is to say, its truth—is to say that Mr. Moncrieff has made the historic old story absorbingly *interesting* again: that he has made us feel that its chief value is less as a piece of literature than as a piece of life.

SAINT COLUMBA OF IONA: A STUDY OF HIS LIFE, HIS TIMES, AND HIS INFLUENCE. By Lucy Menzies. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

SAINT COLUMBA. By A. B. Ochiltree Ferguson. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 2 s. 6 d. net.

The fourteenth centenary of St. Columba's birth has, presumably, provided occasion for these biographies. Miss Menzies makes a palpable, but unsuccessful, attempt to identify the Christianity of the Celtic Saint with Scotch Protestantism. There is reiteration of the modern argument that has striven to depict the Church of ancient Ireland and Scotland in a position not only of geographical, but of doctrinal isolation. The bibliography at the end of the book is extensive. If it had been drawn upon more exhaustively much inaccuracy might have been avoided and the cause of historical truth better saved. We notice, for example, that Miss Menzies quotes among her authorities *The Early Scottish Church*, by Dom Columba Edmonds, O.S.B. A careful reading of Dom Edmonds would surely have saved her from such statements as, “He (St. Columba) did not trouble about doctrines or dogmas,” or “It (the Columban Church) had no elaborate ceremonial of the Mass, no worship of saints and angels.” Her treatment of the supernatural is frankly rationalistic. The

miracles of the Saint are either to be viewed in the light of the Druid superstitions which they replaced, or explained upon the hypothesis of psycho-therapy!

From a Catholic standpoint Miss Menzies' work is untrustworthy, incorrect and deficient. That it may fire the non-Catholic reader to learn more of St. Columba from other sources is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Mr. Ferguson's biography is, on the whole, well-done. In somewhat less than a hundred pages he has given us a reverent, sustained chronicle; one that sets forth with strength and charm the personality of the remarkable man whose influence was so compelling that one of his disciples could cry out, as he followed Columba to a strange land: "It is thou who art my father, and the Church is my mother, and my country is wheresoever I can gather the largest harvest for Christ."

A TOUR OF AMERICA'S NATIONAL PARKS. By Lt.-Col. Henry O. Reik. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.00.

Colonel Reik knows and loves the National Parks of America better than any living American. He has done more than any other man to make his fellow-citizens realize the marvelous beauty of the great national playgrounds.

In this practical guidebook he describes "The Incomparable Circle," which includes the famous parks of the Rocky Mountains, the Sierra Nevadas, the Cascades, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, Sequoia, General Grant, Crater Lake, Mount Ranier, Glacier, Rocky Mountain and Mesa Verde.

We are only now beginning to realize that these Western Parks contain some of the finest mountain scenery, some of the most beautiful lakes and valleys, and some of the most remarkable natural phenomena that may be observed anywhere in the world. The geysers of Yellowstone, the giant redwoods of Sequoia, the glaciers of Mount Ranier, the cliff dwellings of Mesa Verde are certainly striking enough to interest the most blasé world traveler. "*See America First*" is Colonel Reik's slogan—and his most entertaining book will undoubtedly make many a reader spend his vacation in the National Parks.

THE ART OF LETTERS. By Robert Lynd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

Mr. Lynd, whose *Old and New Masters* made an excellent impression on the reading public, has given us here a series of critical essays in lighter vein. He reminds one of Augustine Birrell in his power to re-create a new interest in old writers, and

although he does not equal Birrell for play of humor, sureness of touch, and unfailing air of distinction, he has unquestioned grace and charm. He discusses the "ancients" as far back as Campion, Donne, Pepys, and Bunyon, the romantics like Gray and Collins, and such a divergent later group as Coleridge, Tennyson, Meredith, and Oscar Wilde. Mr. Lynd is not a big gun of criticism, nor does he claim that distinction, but he does revitalize for us in brilliant fashion many great men of the literature of today and yesterday, whom we are too likely to take for granted and leave unread on our bookshelves. For doing this exceptionally well, he deserves the welcome which this volume is certain to receive.

A SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, 1815-1918. By J. F. Rees, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

The period in English history falling between the close of the Napoleonic wars and the armistice of the Great War is filled with social and industrial changes which followed upon one another so fast that it is difficult to realize them. The present volume is a good, though brief, account of this period. The Chartist uprisings, the horrors enforced upon working people at the beginning of this period, Christian Socialism, the Socialists, the Fabians, the newer industrial unionism, the national guild, and the distributive state, all find a place in this volume. One objection to the book lies in the fact that it limits itself to the period beginning with 1815. An introductory chapter outlines very briefly, and very incompletely, some of the earlier social and economic considerations which conditioned the development of the nineteenth century. But because, in England especially, the period before 1815 is so important, it is difficult to get the proper information concerning nineteenth century industrial conditions without a great deal more information than can be found in an introductory chapter.

IRELAND IN INSURRECTION. By Hugh Martin. London: Daniel O'Connor. 3 s. 6 d. net.

This is an Englishman's record of fact, and as such it presents a terrible indictment against the British Government in charge of affairs in Ireland. The author's purpose is to tell the truth about Ireland, and he obtained his information by visiting the scenes he describes and interviewing the eyewitnesses of the events he pictures. His recital is such as to portray conditions that are paralleled only by the state of affairs that existed during the Prussian invasion of Belgium. He is altogether an unbiased

witness, and he gives testimony of wanton misrule, studied terrorism and unrestrained despotism. The reader is shocked to learn of the outrages committed in Tipperary, Roscommon, Tralee, Kerry and Belfast, and wonders how such excesses could be perpetrated by any civilized nation, and especially after the professed idealism of England in the late War.

It is clearly apparent from the words of Mr. Martin that the facts have been suppressed and withheld not only from the American people, but also from the British themselves. When told as they are in this book they present a forceful picture of the shameful and dishonorable activities of Greenwood and his associates. The book contains a preface by Sir Philip Gibbs, who is unrestrained in his condemnation of the way the British have been treating the Irish problem. He states: "Only by conciliation may we ever have peace in Ireland, for we shall never break the Irish spirit. . . . Only by the most generous, full, quick, and honest acknowledgment of their right to govern themselves shall we keep the Irish people within our commonwealth of nations, secure the loyalty which may follow hatred, and cleanse our reputation in the world."

There is much need of Mr. Martin's book. It will serve a mighty purpose in righting public opinion.

AMERICAN POLICE SYSTEMS. By Raymond B. Fosdick. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

This volume contains the results of an intimate, personal study, extending over a period of two years, of the police departments in seventy-two cities of the United States. Mr. Fosdick is the author also of *European Police Systems*—a volume dealing with the police systems of the principal cities of Europe. He is, therefore, well qualified both in training and experience to give a correct estimate of the work that our police departments are doing.

He first outlines the problems facing the American police—the prevalence of crime and other characteristics that make the task of the American police much more arduous than that of the European police. He then shows the development of the American police systems in the cities and explains, by citation of many examples, the workings of the various systems in the cities of the United States. He also devotes a considerable portion of the volume to the study of the prevention of crime. His conclusions, however, as to the efficiency of our police, when compared with the European police, are not flattering. He admits that this is not altogether discouraging. He claims that a fairer basis of com-

parison would be a contrast between what our police is today and what it was ten, twenty and forty years ago. However, he argues that this improvement has not been regular or permanent, and alleges that the influence of politics has been the prime cause of this condition.

This survey is complete and thorough-going in its presentation of fact, and conservative in judgment. It is a masterly study of a most important subject, and should have the attention of all who are interested in the betterment of American life.

DIVINE CONTEMPLATION FOR ALL. Or The Simple Art of Communing with God. By Dom Savinien Louismet, O.S.B. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.80.

The Reverend author's thesis in this, as in the three preceding volumes of this series on the mystical life and prayer, is that the terms Mysticism and Contemplation have received a strained interpretation by modern writers and need to be brought back to the traditional meaning attached to them in the Church. In *Divine Contemplation for All*, Dom Savinien attempts to do this for Contemplation. In his estimation Contemplation is the simple act of communing with God and, hence, must be within the reach of every good-living Christian soul. The book treats of Natural and Christian Contemplation, of Bodily Worship and of Mental Prayer, in a way that is at once simple, yet comprehensive and within the grasp of the great body of the reading public. Those who have been wearied, and perhaps discouraged, by some of the modern treatises on this subject will be encouraged by this work to start anew on their quest for union with God in this life. The volume is small, some one hundred and seventy-five pages, appropriately illustrated by a colored frontispiece of Millet's "Angelus."

COMPARATIVE RELIGION. A Survey of its Recent Literature. By Louis Henry Jordan, B.D. (Edin.) Volume I. Second edition, revised and augmented. New York: Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

This revised and augmented work on *Comparative Religion* is the first volume of a series to be published on the literature of this interesting subject. The most important works published between 1900 and 1909 are here reviewed and critically analyzed. Dr. Jordan is particularly qualified to pass judgment upon the literature of a subject which he has studied for many years, and to which he has contributed a number of valuable works. His criticism of the works of the period studied is judicious and

thorough, a valuable aid to the student of comparative religion. The list of books analyzed is fairly complete; at least, the most important publications of that period are brought to the student's notice.

The author's own views are expressed in the chapter on "Gains, Needs, and Tendencies." This addition is by no means the least valuable portion of the book. Among other important observations, Dr. Jordan warns scholars against a method of procedure, common in all the literature of the day as in the field of comparative religion. Some authors too easily pass from hypothetical assumptions to the acceptance of the hypothesis, frequently unwarranted, as an established fact. To prevent this danger the study of comparative religion should be dissociated from anthropology, ethnology, etc., and be studied for itself and in itself. The subject is so vast that it requires an international collaboration among scholars; they would do well to divide the subject among them and at stated times compare notes, and thus by coöperation achieve what individual students, and even separate countries, are unable to accomplish. Catholic scholars will agree with Dr. Jordan, that facts brought to light in the most thorough research in the field of comparative religion will in no way be opposed to the justified claims of Christianity.

When this series is completed it will be an indispensable aid to the student of Comparative Religion.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM. By W. Whately Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

The author of this book is a member of the English Psychical Research Society, and author of a previous work entitled, *A Theory of the Mechanism of Survival*, and his latest volume was recommended to the Anglican clergy at the recent Lambeth Conference by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who urged his hearers to adopt the attitude toward the spiritualistic theory taken up by the author. In addition to his experience as an investigator, one who handles his subject in thoroughly scientific fashion, Mr. Smith professes personally to believe in immortality on religious and philosophic grounds. The conclusions, therefore, which he presents in his book are worthy of study by all those to whom the growth of Spiritualism, or Spiritism, as some prefer to term the movement, seems to be one of the many serious problems of this era of upheaval. The book is divided into three parts, namely, "Evidence for Survival," "The Process of Communication," and "Conclusions."

The first two sections give a clear and up-to-date account of the results of psychical research. The phenomena studied are classified under three main heads, namely, physical phenomena; automatism, of which automatic handwriting is the most closely studied type; and phenomena, such as telepathy, hallucinations and apparitions. Typical instances of these three classes of phenomena are minutely studied. Fraud as an explanation is ruled out of court, despite the large amount of fraud which the author admits to be present in many cases. The latent possibilities that are still to be brought to light in the mysterious region of the subconscious are given due consideration, but, as a general conclusion, the author registers his opinion, "that taking into consideration all the available evidence, the balance of probabilities is on the whole in favor of the spiritualistic explanation—not by any means overwhelming, but still distinctly so."

In the section devoted to "The Process of Communication," the author studies the ways and means by which a discarnate intelligence may be supposed to attempt the exceedingly difficult task of communicating with those still living on earth. Here the author seeks to apply as yet unproven theories of psychology to the elucidation of his problems, with the result that this section is far less satisfactory than the objective study of phenomena in the first section.

In his final section, however, the author is on safer ground because of the fact that he uses the sum total of his experiences and of his personal beliefs to warn all save serious and scientific students from dabbling in this dangerous and exceedingly dubious subject.

TALES OF ÆGEAN INTRIGUE. By J. C. Lawson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.

At a time when the public is so surfeited with war books that the jaded reader longs for something new, it is a privilege as well as a pleasure to have Mr. Lawson's book placed in one's hands. Not only is it commendable for an unusual literary style, but its fairness and frankness make it particularly interesting. For example, the author offers the following specific and definite criticism of the British Secret Service: "It was conducted by amateurs . . . and I, for one, never received one word of guidance."

As the title implies, the story deals with the phases of secret service in the islands of the Ægean Sea, and especially in Crete, where Mr. Lawson was stationed. In a most charming and delicately humorous manner he discusses the daily routine of the

British Naval officers *et al*, and the hazardous methods of coping with the enemy intriguers.

The book contains excellent descriptions both of characters and places, and the author possesses the ability to convey the atmosphere of suppressed excitement prevalent in the Ægean environment. His diplomatic acumen, as well as his ingenuity, has enabled him to write *Tales* which sustain the reader's interest, and which warrant a second reading.

THE GREENWAY. By Leslie Moore. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.35.

There is a certain faint suggestion of Jane Austen in this story about Miss Dacre, the English maiden lady past her first youth, who had been a companion to a wealthy old woman and inherited from her a lovely cottage and grounds in the country—"The Greenway." But just before she learned of her good fortune and went down from London to take possession, a pleasant little adventure befell when she met, quite casually one evening, the Artist and the Cynic. The Artist was handsome, clever, and absurdly young, and the Cynic, who was sympathetically nearer her own age, was really not a cynic at all, but, as the upshot conclusively proves, an exceedingly fine and noble character. Moreover, the Artist's wealthy uncle, from whom he is estranged, lives near "The Greenway," and, more important still, the Cynic, who has a title, also has his seat conveniently near.

The Grey Lady, as the heroine is whimsically styled by her two chance acquaintances, being sweet, gentle, and kind, what wonder when she reaches "The Greenway" that she effects a reconciliation between uncle and nephew, visits the cottagers, takes long walks on the moor, brings cheerfulness to sad hearts, and in general conducts herself as a well-bred English heroine usually does. And as for her mild little romance, that too is quite in the accepted order.

The story should appeal to all those who do not care for an excessive amount of excitement in their fiction.

WIND AND BLUE WATER. By Laura Armistead Carter. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.25.

The War poems are not in any sense the best in this collection, but there is an admirable and martial note in the more peaceful verses. In fact, this note, alternating with and strengthening the feminine virtue of a subtle intuition, raises the little book above the average of contemporary "minors and very minors."

IRELAND AND THE EARLY CHURCH. By J. M. Flood. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 3 s. 6 d. net.

This is still another of the many books which are coming from the press in Ireland today: books on art and on history; books of poetry; books dealing with religion, economics, science, *belles lettres*; which books constitute one of the many wonderful signs of the depth and breadth, and permanent quality of Irish nationalism, Irish patriotism, and, best of all, Irish Faith. That, during a time when the whole land is darkened by a terror more awful than has spread over the sorrowful isle since the days of Cromwell or the famine, there should be such a widespread and abundant literature, is surely one of Ireland's most potent appeals to the sympathy and consideration of other peoples. The book in question deals with the roots and origins of Catholicism in Ireland, and is based upon a thesis expressed in the following words: "The ease with which Christianity took possession of Ireland, as compared with the process of its growth elsewhere, has often been noted and warrants the assumption that the character and institutions of the people were in the main favorable to its teachings and affected the nature and course of its growth amongst us." The book is brief, but is full of information, and the short chapters dealing with such subjects as "The Rise of Monasticism," "The Legend of St. Brandan," "The Poetry of the Early Church," "St. Adamnan," "Ireland and the Celtic Church," make fascinating reading.

LE DROIT INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC POSITIF. By J. De Louter. Oxford: University Press. Two volumes. 22 s. net.

During the course of the nineteenth century, treatises on international law became increasingly "positive" in character. Authors attempted to state in as clear and precise terms as possible the rules actually observed by the nations, and no longer felt it incumbent upon them, as was the case with the older authorities, to dwell upon the abstract moral principles which should govern nations by contrast with those which in fact did govern them. Professor De Louter's work belongs to this "positivist school." Originally published in Dutch in 1910, it is now reproduced in a French translation, made by the author himself, and sets forth in great wealth of detail and with ample historical background the variety of rules presented by international customs and treaties.

The author is conscious of the fact that his work is already out of date, but believes that it is well for the nations to have before them a faithful statement of international law such as

it was at the time it was subjected to its fatal test. His task has been well carried out, and within its limits it is deserving of high praise; but it would seem that there is greater need of a critical treatise setting forth the defects of existing international law and the amendments which must be made to it if it is to become the basis of peace and justice in the world.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

The foreword of this volume, published by a Committee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, of which Anna Pettit Broomell is chairman, gives its purpose and effect very fairly:

The Children's Story Garden announces its purpose at once. Its stories have the direct aim of teaching ethics and religious truth to children. The theory appears to be prevalent that children's books should not be burdened with too much distinction between right and wrong, and that a story cannot have the primary elements of unity, sustained interest, and surprise if it is based on religious faith or the love of God working in the human heart. This unfortunate tendency, perhaps, is a reaction from the old type of "goody-goody" or "Sunday-school" story which had strong claims to morals but very little to art. Any collection which will dispel the idea that stories which teach morals must be dull, we are sure will be gladly welcomed by both parents and teachers.

HALF LOAVES. By Margaret Culkin Banning. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90 net.

Cecily and Florence married their opposites, and the husband of each seemed better fitted to be the husband of the other. Cecily lived on a height, and made it hard for Dick because he could not maintain continued existence on the same. The fine husband of the little worldly-minded "Fliss" was unable to give her the love she learned to crave. The writer subtly shows this union of contradictions to be the means of broadening, deepening, and bringing out the best in each of the wives who suffered and came near the danger-point of separation or divorce.

The book will be read with enjoyment by everyone who loves a good story merely for the story's sake. It will also interest those who like to study the psychology of current fiction. The scene where the outraged ideals of a fine and sensitive woman goad her into cruelty and insult towards the other, and the futility of her attempt to wound, resulting only in suffering to herself, is effectively and daringly handled.

There are lovely glimpses of schoolgirl life in a convent, of

its training in that tranquillity which is the fruit of turning over to God the solution of tangles, of the deep understanding of cloistered nuns concerning life in the world. All this, and more, will be appreciated by Catholic readers.

EFFICIENCY IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By Sister M. Cecilia.
New York: Frederick Pustet Co. \$1.50.

Sanctity is usually conceived of as a quiet, mysterious growth in the interior life of the soul. The application, then, of modern efficiency methods to increase God's grace, the standardized production of virtue, or the discovery of "short cuts" along the road to Heaven, may at first sight seem paradoxical. But the greater paradox is that our modern principles of worldly success are only adaptations of our traditional rules of asceticism. There can be but one form of spirituality—that practised by the saints. But the age-old principles of sanctity may be expressed in modern terms, and thus, by the use of familiar commercial images, may make a deeper impression on contemporary minds. In this sense, this book is a real discovery. The author has taken over bodily a much advertised "Course in Efficiency," and has cleverly drawn the parallel between its principles and those of the spiritual life. The book is intended primarily for religious, but all seekers after the higher life may draw great fruit from it.

THE SISTERS-IN-LAW. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.00 net.

Mrs. Atherton's latest novel tells the story of the love felt for Richard Gathbroke, by Alexina Dwight and her discarded husband's sister, Gora. It opens with the San Francisco earthquake, and closes in France shortly after the Armistice, both women having engaged in war work, while Gathbroke served at the Front. These are stupendous backgrounds whereon to depict action which resolves itself first into a study of San Francisco society, then into the wordy solution of the purely personal problem of the trio. It is the unimpressive Gathbroke who contributes the one link that forms a real connection between the War and the main theme. In declaring to Alexina that she is his irrevocable choice, he says: "Life was given to us—for the highest happiness of which we are individually capable," a gem of philosophy he has gained after a hideous experience in the trenches. The speech represents Mrs. Atherton's views: indeed, the book seems to have been written for that purpose. Her vigorous, shrewd, cynical observations upon the War, and upon war in general, are entitled to respectful hearing by virtue of her own

fine war record. It is melancholy, however, to see that not even the world's tragedy has effected a breach in her narrow, iron-bound limitations. To her, mind and body still constitute the whole human make-up. As a rule, she has hitherto kept within the borders of her mental vision; but in the present instance she has ventured upon contemptuous, offensive definition of what she is pleased to term "the much vaunted recrudescence of the religious spirit." In so doing, she displays the superciliousness, born of ignorance, that automatically excludes every ray of enlightenment.

The book is not uninteresting; but it is fragmentary in construction, and labors under all the disadvantages which attend fiction when used as a vehicle for opinions.

VICTOIRE DE SAINT-LUC: A MARTYR UNDER THE TERROR, by Mother St. Patrick of La Retraite du Sacré Cœur. With foreword by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. (New York: Longsmans, Green & Co. \$1.40). Father Martindale's introduction, one of the sort we have learned to expect from him, is so well done that it is scarcely necessary to do more than quote him in calling attention to the merits of the work under review. It is written, as he says, "with a beautiful simplicity and reticence;" "it shows us the tremendously strong current of Catholic life that circulated in that old pre-Revolution France which we are apt to think so irreligious;" and it gives us some idea of "the very remarkable organization of those retreats which we believe today to be of such value for the preservation and development of Catholic life among ourselves."

The sketch is particularly apropos at this time, since Victoire de Saint-Luc met martyrdom by reason of her devotion to the Sacred Heart. She faced death cheerfully, as did the rest of that bright band who climbed the ladder to Heaven in those troubled days. Her dust has mingled with that of the Carmelites of Compiègne in the little cemetery of Picpus, where more than one martyr of the Terror awaits the Resurrection.

MOTHER MARY GONZAGA, by a Sister of Mercy, Convent of Mercy, Manchester, N. H. (Manchester, N. H.: The Magnificat Press. \$1.00). The Community at Manchester has placed the public in its debt by putting out this extremely readable and tastefully printed little volume at a price that makes possible its perusal by many who, otherwise, might be obliged to forego that very genuine pleasure. Mother Gonzaga's earthly pilgrimage was a long one. It began with Mallow, County Cork, and ended in the Sisters' burial plot in St. Joseph's cemetery, Manchester, N. H. It covered a span of eighty-six years, during which she lived to see her Order grow from a handful of brave-hearted women, under the leadership of that pioneer nun, Mother

M. Xavier Warde, to a company of many hundreds of Sisters, toiling from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to Canada.

In all this Mother Gonzaga herself bore no mean part. It would be difficult to conceive of man or woman whose activities were more varied or productive. She was at different times, and often at the same time, educator, social worker, organizer, and guide to individual souls. The story, as given in these pages, is graphically and concisely told. It is interesting both because of the Sister whose fame it celebrates and its descriptions of the scenes amidst which her life was passed. There is a short, but eloquent, preface to the biography, written by Mother Gonzaga's ordinary, the Right Rev. George A. Guertin, D.D.

THE DIARY OF A FORTY-NINER, edited by Chauncey L. Canfield (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.), is the genuine diary of a young New Englander who came to California during the gold rush days to seek his fortune. It is a rambling unpretentious record of daily happenings and gives an accurate account of the life of the mines in those early times. The people referred to actually existed, and many of the incidents noted in the diary have been verified by old-timers still living.

Nothing is too unimportant to be set down. We read of the current cost of food, the successive steps in gold mining, the gossip, often scandalous, of neighbors and comrades. The diary reflects the miner's dislike of the Chinese, "who would soon overrun the country," were they not kept in their place—a feeling which has its sequel in the anti-Japanese agitation of today. Not the least interesting part of the book is the author's growing love for the young "Papist" Frenchwoman and the romance's happy termination.

The diarist appears to have been a very ordinary person of somewhat limited experience and education. He is broadened by his California life and becomes more kindly and charitable towards his fellowmen, while through his friendship with his partner, "Pard," a famous lawyer of pioneer times, he learns to appreciate the beauty of great literature and the wonders of the Sierras, where they worked. This unconscious development of the writer makes the record a very human one, and because of its undoubted authenticity it is a valuable contribution to our stock of western pioneer literature.

FAITH AND DUTY, a course of Lessons on the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments for children of eight to ten years, by Judith F. Smith. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.50.) Year by year the principles and methods of pedagogy are being applied to the teaching of religion in our parish and Sunday-schools with the best of results. The present volume is a contribution to the various manuals for catechists that have been issued of late as a result of the introduction of scientific methods. Children who enjoy the privilege of being taught their religion by conscientious and well-informed teachers

along the lines sketched in this volume, will not find it the drudgery it used so often to be, and they will have that practical grasp of their religion, so necessary in these days. The method followed by the author is based on sound principles of pedagogy and includes the use of blackboards and other apparatus for the proper and interest-inspiring presentation of the subject matter, together with memory work based on the Catechism, and expression work. The references to the Catechism in the memory work are evidently to a foreign Catechism and, therefore, will not be helpful to the American teacher. These references are not essential, but it is unfortunate that, being intended for American children, the Catechism of the Council of Baltimore should not have been supplied.

SURPRISES OF LIFE, by Georges Clémenceau (translated by Grace Hall). (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.90.) The grim old victory Premier of France, Clémenceau, is presented to American readers in this book in the guise of a skillful, ironical, and, at times, an even tender delineator of French rural life and characters. The book contains twenty-five brief stories and sketches, the scenes of which are mostly laid in the writer's native region of the Vendée. Several of the stories are regrettably spiced and larded with rather obvious and trite references to the anti-clerical prejudices, which in the political field the author has cultivated so assiduously; yet, even so, there is to be felt in his portraits of some of these rural curés, who come and go through his pages, evidences of that human sympathy for, and appreciation of, religious persons, if not of religious dogmas, which Clémenceau betokened, to the amazement of his anti-clerical confrères, when he came to the helm of the ship of state in France during the stormiest days of the War.

LIVING AGAIN, by Charles Reynolds Brown (New York: Harvard University Press. \$1.00), presents the Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality for 1920. To this series of lectures many distinguished modern thinkers have contributed, including William James, Josiah Royce, John Fiske, G. Lowes Dickinson, and Wilhelm Ostwald. The author is dean of the Divinity School of the Yale University, and approaches his subject from a Protestant standpoint, the expression of which, however, is firm and steadfast in its faith in a personal life beyond death, even although there is a characteristic vagueness and sentimentality attached to many of these eloquent pages.

CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN AND RELIGIOUS PERFECTION, by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, Metuchen, N. J. \$1.25. This treatise, in the question and answer form of a catechism, is on the religious life as understood by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. It discusses the preparation for the religious life, the religious profession, the religious life itself, the triple devotion indispensable to a religion: Devotion to the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Joseph.

Its final chapters deal with the ideal religious. The book contains a great deal of information on the subjects treated and numerous apt quotations from the saints and spiritual writers. Its main usefulness, of course, will be as a textbook for postulants and novices in religion, but those seeking information on the religious life will find it helpful.

SERMONS AND NOTES OF SERMONS, by Henry Ignatius Dudley Rider, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50.) Those who knew of Father Ryder as the erudite theologian, the true Christian poet, and the accomplished literary artist, will turn to these sermons with eager interest. They are what one would expect Father Ryder's sermons to be—the overflow of a deeply religious nature. Simple, solid discourses, they are faithful to the best Oratorian tradition requiring the sons of St. Philip Neri to preach “in a useful and popular way.” Some are chiseled compositions, others are mere sketches, but all are the fruit of a cultured spirit replenished from the unfailing founts of the supernatural.

OUR GREAT WAR AND THE WAR OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS, by Gilbert Murray (New York: Thomas Seltzer). In this little book, which reprints its distinguished author's Creighton Lecture of 1918, a study is made of the criticisms based on the war leaders of Athens by their contemporary opponents in the days when Cleon was, so to speak, the Lloyd George of his time, and was waging the Peloponnesian War. These criticisms show that human nature, and the problems human beings, for the most part, struggle with so vainly were much the same thousands of years ago as now. In reading this book all that would be needed to make it apply to our own Great War would be a slight change of name or a transposition of terms. In the Athens of that day there were the pacifists, and the profiteers, the militarists, and the propagandists, the secret service men, and the deluded public, the patriots and the traitors, all playing parts in a drama, in the Athens of the classic age, very much the same as we have witnessed in our own days in New York or London, Washington or Paris. The book is written with Gilbert Murray's accustomed charm of style.

THE GULF OF MISUNDERSTANDING, by Tancredo Pinochet (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.50 net). Miss Mabel Jones, an expert linguist, accepts a position with the Government during the War as a translator in the Spanish Department of the Censor's Office in New York. In the course of her official duties she reads a letter from a South American living in Chicago to his wife in Santiago, Chile. The letter is bitter in its denunciation of conditions here in the United States. Miss Jones takes the liberty to add to this letter her criticism of the observations of the writer, and sends both to the South American destination. Other letters follow and the censor continues to combat the impressions the writer would convey. The book is interesting and novel in its presentation. Its arguments, on both sides, however, are

open to serious objections. The statements regarding the effects of the Catholic religion in South America can be ascribed only to ignorance, or worse, prejudice.

MADDALENA'S DAY AND OTHER SKETCHES, by Laura Wolcott (New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.50). Travel sketches, ranging in setting from storied Italy and sunny Provence to Holland and the North Sea, make up two-thirds of this little book; the smaller portion consists of five legends out of the past, if legends they may be called. All are marked by sympathetic observation and delicate humor. The sympathy of observation is extended to the Catholic atmosphere, which is an integral part of life in Catholic countries, but the sympathy lacks that fullness of understanding which alone could save it from smacking of condescension. The "Brief for Mistress Socrates" is a delicious skit, and manages to carry along with it some much weaker brethren.

THE NOISE OF THE WORLD, by Adriana Spadoni (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00), is the story of two young people, pure-hearted and obstinately idealistic, who get married in one of the early chapters, and afterwards become better acquainted—but with consequences far from the betterment of the acquaintance. Nothing unusual in such a theme, but much that is unusual in its strong and skillful handling, which brings to it the charm of novelty.

THE PRIVILEGE OF PAIN, by Mrs. Leo Everett. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) It is to be earnestly hoped that this brochure's arresting title will bring it to the attention it justly deserves, yet might easily fail to receive, on account of its small and unimpressive outward form. Mrs. Everett deals with a present-day phenomenon that some of us have been watching with puzzled dismay: the wide, increasing insistence, as upon an established fact, of physical health as a prime essential without which nothing can be accomplished. That this is, in reality, a theory which has been steadily confuted by the world's experience throughout the ages; that our greatest men and women have most effectively demonstrated the contrary; that to those who will to conquer, pain may become a teacher and a power conferring gifts of keenness and concentration that not only reduce it to a negligible adversary, but, also justify calling it a privilege, are solid, inspiring truths here presented afresh and forcefully. The author has compiled classified lists of those who, handicapped by physical disablement, have reached the topmost pinnacles of greatness in the arts and professions, in soldiering as well as saintship. It is an imposing array. Mrs. Everett's comments and expositions of her own views are compact of sound sense exceedingly well expressed; and the whole content offers food for thought to those who, from sheer lack of thinking, have fallen into popular error. An introduction by Kate Douglas Wiggin adds to the interest.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Interesting biographies are *Général et Trappiste* (P. Marie-Joseph Baron de Géramb) by Dom A. M. P. Ingold; *Vie de la Mère Marie-Madeleine Ponnet* (First Superior of the Visitation of Lyon-Vassieux); *Lettres de Henri Perreye à Un Ami d'Enfance 1847-1865* (Eleventh Edition); *Une Française d'Alsace: Melle. Louise Humann*, the soul friend and counselor of Mme. Swetchine, and probable inspiration of the work of Notre Dame de Sion, by Mme. Paul Fliche—all published by Pierre Téqui; *Saint Grégoire VII.*, by M. Augustin Fliche, the best brief life of the great mediæval Pontiff written in recent years (Victor Lecoffre); *Sainte Jeanne d'Arc*, by P. L. H. Petitot, O.P., belongs to the realm of pure history rather than hagiography (Gabriel Beauchesne); from the same publisher, *Une Educatrice au XVII-e Siècle*, by A. de Nitray, the life of the Venerable Anne de Xainctonge of the Ursulines of Dôle, a true Christian feminist, especially interesting to educators. Of special appeal also to educators are *Les Idées Pédagogiques de Saint Pierre Fourier*, by J. Renault and *Les Idées Pédagogiques de la Bienheureuse Mère Julie Billiart*, by Marie Halcant, both published by P. Lethielleux. A Marian anthology drawn by P. Eugène Roupain, S.J., from the greatest names in religious literature is *La Vierge Toute Belle* (P. Lethielleux). For the lovers of Mary the Abbé de Cazales, gives us the *Vie de la Sainte Vierge*, taken from the meditations of Catherine Emmerich (Pierre Téqui). *La Morale Chrétienne*, by Abbé H. Toublan, gives an excellent *exposé* of the Decalogue, logical, interesting and passably original. Some of the practical conclusions are, however, somewhat formal and ill-considered (P. Lethielleux). Another work on morals is the eighteenth volume of Père Janvier's conferences, *Exposition de la Morale Catholique*, devoted to the "Virtue of Fortitude," showing the breadth and sureness of doctrine, perfect arrangement, simple, yet majestic style characteristic of the series (P. Lethielleux). *Le Divin Méconnu* is the significant and striking title of a work of Monseigneur Landrieux on the action of the Holy Ghost in the Church, in souls, and the nature of His seven divine gifts. A real spiritual treatise for the use of young men is *Du Collège au Mariage* (P. Lethielleux), extracts from the writings of Louis Veuillot. A chapter is devoted to marriage and an appendix to unhappy marriages. *Futurs Epoux*, by Abbé Charles Grimaud (P. Téqui), has also in mind the "great sacrament" of marriage. Two spiritual works published by Lethielleux for children are *Dans Le Silence et Dans La Prière*, an important study of the discipline of obedience, the control of feelings, the upbuilding of character; and *Allons à Dieu*, by Y. d'Isne, short meditations for every day. For priests instructing children we have *Retraite d'Enfants*, by Abbé Morice, and *Retraites de Communion Solennelle*, by Canon Jean Vaudon (Pierre Téqui). A study of the social problems now engrossing Industrial Labor the world over, is *Problèmes Sociaux du Travail Industriel*, by Max Turmann, well known to readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In the field of literature, J. de Tonquédec has made an interesting study of G. K. Chesterton, the Christian apologist, playful, religious, whimsical, sincere.

F. Rauch of Innsbruck brings out two works for priests: *De Poenis Ecclesiasticis*, by H. Noldin, S.J., adapted by A. Schönegger, S.J., and *Repetitorium Theologiæ Fundamentalæ*, by P. Virgilio Wass, O.M.Cap. And from P. Marietti, Turin, we have the *Examen Confessariorum*, by C. Carbone, and *De Sacramentis*, Volume I., by F. M. Cappello.

Recent Events.

Germany. From the middle of May to the present date, the Silesian problem has continued to be the outstanding feature of the European situation. The chief events during this period have been:

On May 18th Lloyd George reiterated his previously expressed view that the fate of Silesia must be decided according to the Versailles Treaty and by the Supreme Council, not by Adelbert Korfanty, leader of the Polish insurrection; and on the same date the American Government declined the Polish request for intervention. On May 23d the first clash between the Germans and Poles occurred along the Oder, especially in the vicinity of Krappitz, the Poles being driven back in some places a distance of five miles. Several days later a number of British battalions entered Silesia to suppress the insurgents, and an armistice was concluded between the Germans and Poles pending the disposition of the British forces. Almost immediately, however, hostilities were resumed.

On June 2d an attack by the Germans upon the French garrison at Beuthen, accused by the Germans of aiding the Poles, was put down by the French with considerable German losses. Sporadic fighting between Germans and Polish forces continued for almost a week, when the French issued an ultimatum declaring that, if the German troops which had advanced several kilometres on the Annaberg sector following insurgent attacks did not withdraw, French troops in the industrial section, which had been protecting the German population there, would be withdrawn. A late telegram says that General Hofer, commanding the Germans, has stopped his attack, although he refuses to withdraw his troops from the part of the territory he holds. Owing to a change in Allied plans, however, the French did not carry out their threat of evacuation.

It is learned from British sources that the probable plan for pacification will be to garrison all the large industrial towns in the plebiscite area with British troops, for which it is said that sufficient forces are available. The French, on the other hand, have proposed that all available troops be distributed between the German and Polish lines, thus establishing a neutral zone and allowing the situation to adjust itself. British officials, however, favor following a plan calling for an active effort for disarmament and the reestablishment of order in both the Polish and

German districts. Latest dispatches state that the neutral zone has been established, and also that the British have occupied Rosenberg, twenty miles northeast of Oppeln, initiating a big flanking and frontal push, having as its objective the suppression of the Polish insurgents and the restoration of the police and governmental powers to their lawful wielders under the Versailles Treaty, namely the Inter-Allied Plebiscite Commission. There is some talk of possible Anglo-Italian coöperation, without the French, along these lines. The discipline of the insurgents under Korfanty is reported to be crumbling.

As a result of the unfavorable turn of events in Silesia, the Polish Premier Witos, late in May, tendered his resignation to President Pilsudski. Earlier in the month, Foreign Minister Sapieha resigned. President Pilsudski has declared his determination to oppose any violation of the Versailles Treaty by Polish armed forces, and to seek a settlement of the trouble by negotiation. Owing to the unsettled state of affairs, the Polish mark on May 29th reached its lowest level, being quoted at one thousand marks to the dollar.

With respect to German internal affairs, the new Cabinet, and particularly its head, Chancellor Wirth, have won for themselves a very strong position not only in Germany, but among the Allies as well. This has resulted chiefly from the firm stand of the Chancellor, who on all occasions has affirmed his intention of seeing that Germany pays what is due the Allies, and to this end would summon to his assistance all the financial and industrial leaders of Germany. The most important step in this last respect was the selection on May 28th of Dr. Walter Rathenau, president of the German General Electric Company, for the post of Minister of Reconstruction. Earlier in the month, Dr. Friedrich Rosen, German envoy at The Hague, was appointed Foreign Minister.

On May 31st Chancellor Wirth outlined his programme to the Reichstag, particularly in regard to reparations, Upper Silesia, and the French policy in the Rhineland, and several days later the Reichstag voted confidence in the Government by a vote of 213 to 77, with 48 members not voting. The vote of confidence was on the question of approval of the Chancellor's declaration regarding fulfillment of the Allied ultimatum. A second section of the same resolution, dealing with the Government's attitude towards the Upper Silesian question, was passed also by a large majority. The Reichstag thereupon entered upon a ten-day recess, during which the Ministry is to draft tax and other financial measures it deems necessary for fulfillment of the ultimatum obligations.

That the Government is fully resolved to act promptly and

decisively in carrying out its promises, has been shown on several occasions. On May 25th, in response to an Allied protest, the Government took strict measures to suppress all recruiting offices for the Free Corps of Silesia, and instituted proceedings against several high railway officials at Dresden for not intercepting trains carrying recruits.

Even more important has been the Government's action with regard to reparations and disarmament. On May 30th Germany completed payment of the one billion gold marks due June 1st as the first payment on reparations under the Peace Treaty, and on June 7th the Reparations Commission announced that up to that date Germany had paid an additional 40,000 marks in excess of the quota. Nineteen \$10,000,000 notes, less this 40,000 marks excess, remain to be paid in the next ten weeks. It is announced that a special conference will soon be held in Paris to settle the operation of the priority to which Belgium has the right in the German payments. The Treaty gives Belgium the right to the first 2,500,000,000 marks, but it is understood that Belgium will consent to modifications, so that she will receive only a part of the first billion marks that have been paid.

The greatest difficulty in the matter of disarmament was experienced with regard to the Bavarian Einwohnerwehr, or citizens' guard. The first step by the Berlin Government towards the dissolution of this and other Bavarian forces was taken on May 18th, when Berlin addressed a note to the Bavarian Government in which it was made plain that all so-called self-defence organizations must be disbanded. After much negotiation and pressure, both from Berlin and the Allies, the Einwohnerwehr finally agreed to disarm voluntarily by June 30th under the terms of the Allied ultimatum.

The trial of German war criminals, as provided in the Versailles Treaty, opened in the Supreme Court at Leipsic on May 23d and concluded temporarily on June 4th, as there were no more British cases ready for presentment. In the cases of three of the defendants nominal sentences were imposed; while in the case of the fourth there was an acquittal. The cases were poorly selected and were badly supported by evidence. The Court, however, was generally commended by the British for its fairness and impartiality.

On June 6th the Council of Ambassadors, sitting at Paris, sent a letter, signed by Premier Briand as President, taking cognizance of the good-will of the German Government in its efforts to fulfill its undertakings under the Peace Treaty. In the letter the Council granted Germany a delay, until September 30th, for

the transformation of the Diesel motors from submarine use to civilian industry.

Despite several protests by the Allies, and repeated threats of intervention by the Central Austrian Government, Salzburg, Austria, persisted in holding a referendum on May 30th on the question of fusion with Germany. The total vote showed 67,533 in favor of and 677 against fusion. In order to relieve the Austrian Government of the onus, the explanation was made that the referendum was unofficial and was being taken under the private auspices of the three dominant parties in the province. Like the recent vote in Tyrol, which also voted in favor of fusion, the vote was for the avowed purpose of ascertaining the popular sentiment on the question of the Federal Government approaching the League of Nations for the privilege of self-determination. Dr. Mayr, the Austrian Chancellor, in his endeavors to stay the plebiscite, held that the whole question of Allied credits for Austria was threatened by this inopportune unionist agitation. Directly after the referendum, the entire Austrian Cabinet, which took office on November 20th last, handed in their resignations.

France.

The most significant feature of the French political situation during the last month has been the French change of attitude toward Germany, consequent on the efforts of the new German Cabinet to meet Allied demands. Immediately following Germany's closing of the eastern frontier, to prevent the passage of troops into Silesia late in May, and her promise to disband volunteer forces forming in Eastern Germany, Premier Briand withdrew his threat to occupy the Ruhr Valley. Since then, Minister of War Barthou has announced the demobilization of the class of 1919, composed of about 150,000 twenty-year old men whom Premier Briand had suddenly called to the colors on May 1st. This action eased the tension between the French and English Governments, which had been growing steadily since the rise of the Polish insurrection and the strong declaration of Lloyd George that it should be suppressed even at the cost of German aid.

Accused by his opponents of weakness and of subservience to the British, Briand, on May 26th, expressed his trust in Chancellor Wirth, his refusal to break the Entente, and in general declared himself in favor of a policy of moderation. After a three days' debate, the Chamber of Deputies indorsed the Government's policy by a vote of 419 against 171. On May 31st the Senate likewise voted its confidence by a vote of 277 to 8. The crystallization of the French foreign policy is now regarded as

more complete than at any time since the Treaty of Versailles was signed. The action of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Senate has been backed by public opinion, enunciated in the press, which indicates that France is unanimous for M. Briand's firm stand that France, while maintaining the right to assume a certain independence in her Continental policy, must continue to accept the counsel of her Allies in dealing with Germany.

In furtherance of this closing of the breach between England and France, discussion has recently sprung up on both sides of the Channel in favor of a new military and political alliance between the two countries. It is felt that the present system of irregular meetings of the Supreme Council with regard to special problems is unsatisfactory, and that the time is approaching when there should be a general liquidation of questions outstanding between the two countries and an agreement on Allied policy on such widely separated problems as Silesia, Austria, the Near East, and the Ruhr. This discussion has been wholly unofficial, however, and the fate of the project is largely dependent on the American attitude towards what, in effect, would be a return to the old system of pre-War alliances, and would make the success of the League of Nations, or of any association of nations, difficult.

Though the American Government has not indicated how it would regard such an alliance, the position of the new Administration towards the League of Nations was made clear in a speech in London on May 29th by the new American Ambassador, Colonel George Harvey. In this speech Ambassador Harvey declared definitely that the United States "would not have anything whatsoever to do with the League or with any commission or committee appointed by it or responsible to it, directly or indirectly, openly or furtively." He also announced his appointment, as President Harding's representative, on the Supreme Council of the Allies to coöperate towards an European settlement.

In line with this policy, the American Government has instructed Roland W. Boyden to resume his seat on the Reparations Commission, and has given him an assistant to act as unofficial observer on the Guarantees Committee of the Commission. In addition the American Government has decided to aid the Allies in solving the Austrian financial problem in so far as this assistance does not involve the United States in matters of purely European concern. An Inter-Allied conference for the consideration of ways and means of improving economic conditions in Central and Southern Europe, will be held on June 15th at Porto Rosa, near Trieste, and at this meeting the United States, as one of Austria's heaviest creditors, will be unofficially represented.

Despite American repudiation of the League, its various committees are still functioning. Of these the most important is the Finance Committee which after an eight-day session in London, closing May 30th, evolved a plan to aid Austria. One essential condition for the success of the plan is, that the Governments entitled to reparations under the Treaty of St. Germain and to the repayment of loans granted for relief purposes, shall postpone their claims for twenty years, and that any fresh loans contracted during the first five years of that term shall have priority over these liens. Partial assurances that this will be done have been received from Great Britain, France, Japan and Czecho-Slovakia. As for the Austrians, they must agree to balance their budget, abolish their food subsidies, cut down their huge Civil Service, and try to remove the customs barriers which have grown up between Austria and the territories which formerly belonged to her. Once these conditions have been accepted, the Committee, which is composed not of politicians, but of expert financiers, recommends that temporary loans be granted to Austria to help her over her present crisis, that a strong bank of issue be built up to retire all existing paper money and to issue a new series under proper control, and that a large permanent loan be floated.

On June 7th, one year after its signing, the French Chamber ratified the Treaty of Trianon, which established peace between the Allies and Hungary. In anticipation of this act, Hungary, shortly beforehand, made formal application to the Secretariat of the League of Nations for admission to the League. The application will be placed on the agenda of the assembly, which will meet in September.

Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary General of the League, on June 2d, received from the acting Premier of Australia a telegram informing him that the Australian Government, on May 8th last, established a civil administration in the former German colony of New Guinea, a mandate over this territory having been allotted by the Supreme Council to the King of England, to be exercised in his name by the Australian Government. On May 31st Czecho-Slovakia gave its adherence to the International Court of Justice, created by the League of Nations.

Negotiations being conducted at Brussels by a Commission of the League, between Lithuanian and Polish delegates, over the occupation of Vilna by the Polish General Zellgouski, were suddenly discontinued on June 2d. Poland insisted that the conference should be attended by delegates from Vilna, who would have equal rights with the other delegates. The Lithuanians opposed this on the ground that, as Vilna was under the domination of

Zellgouski, any delegates chosen to represent Vilna specifically would be inclined to favor Poland, and that Lithuania would be outvoted. The whole issue has now been turned back again to the Council of the League of Nations.

The meeting of the Armaments Commission of the League, which was originally set for May and was postponed to June 20th, has again been postponed to July 10th. It is understood that this action was due to the United States Senate resolution, authorizing the President to enter into a conference with Great Britain and Japan concerning reduction of the naval expenditures and building programmes of the three nations. The Armaments Commission will take into consideration the proposed conference which is to be held in Washington.

The annual congress of the French Railroaders' Brotherhood suddenly ended on June 2d after a series of heated discussions on the question whether or not to adhere to Moscow. The vote was 53,677 against and 55,140 in favor of the motion, thus putting control in the hands of the pro-Bolsheviki. A scene of general disorder followed, ending by the retirement of the more moderate element. The split exactly parallels those which have already occurred in the Socialist Party and other Labor Federations, the result being that the political influence of Labor is nullified, since the two parties are of almost equal strength.

The congress of Russian manufacturers and business men, sitting in Paris, closed its session on May 24th with the adoption of thirteen resolutions of an economic and political character. One of the resolutions warned foreign capitalists against the political and economic complications bound to follow the reestablishment in Russia of a legal Government, which would decline to acknowledge the Bolshevik concessions. Another resolution recognized the tangible character of the Russian debt, both internal and external, and declared that the first duty of a legal Russian Government would be to satisfy all the nation's creditors' whether Russians or foreigners.

Russia. Towards the end of May, Eastern Siberia, with Vladivostok as the centre, became the scene of a series of conflicts, between rival

Russian military interests, the final issue of which is still in doubt. The first event of the series began on May 27th, when Vladivostok, which for some time has been under the control of a sort of Socialistic Government, fell into the hands of the troops of the late General Kappel. The Kappel forces, which are anti-Bolshevik and are remnants of the former army of Admiral Kolchak,

were led by General Verzhbitski, who raised the imperial flag over the city, the Japanese troops in the city remaining neutral. M. Merkudoff was named head of the new Government, but almost immediately another new Government was formed by Lieutenant General Boldireff.

A few days later the anti-Bolshevik leaders extended their authority to the northwestward by obtaining control of the cities of Spassk and Grodekovo. At the same time anti-Bolshevik troops under Baron Ungern-Sternberg, in an offensive against Chita, the seat of the Far Eastern Republic, captured several towns. On June 4th Omsk, the seat of the former Kolchak Government, was captured by anti-Bolshevik forces.

At this time, the officers of General Semenoff, the Cossack general and the most prominent of the anti-Bolshevik leaders in Eastern Siberia, proclaimed him supreme ruler of the new state established at Vladivostok. When Semenoff, who had been at Harbin, attempted to land at Vladivostok, however, he was prevented by the Kappel forces, who, at the same time, placed under arrest several members of Semenoff's self-styled cabinet. The foreign Consuls informally voted that until the population had an opportunity to decide the form of Government it desired, General Semenoff should not be permitted to land.

Latest dispatches state that the Town Council has been reinstated at Vladivostok and has resumed its functions. It has adopted resolutions of congratulation to Semenoff as the staunchest anti-Bolshevik leader in the Far East; but has requested him, as a true patriot, to refrain from interfering in affairs at Vladivostok and also to prevent his Cossack followers, who are estimated to number ten thousand, from doing so. The Japanese command at Vladivostok, which has been preparing to evacuate that city and the rest of Siberia, has issued a statement saying it warned Semenoff that a visit by him to Vladivostok would be undesirable and untimely, and that he would receive no support from the Japanese troops, as such action might give rise to the belief that the Japanese had instigated the Kappel *coup d'état*.

A certain spirit of compromise with capitalistic institutions, has recently been shown by the leader of Soviet Russia, and especially by Premier Lenine. Having first obtained complete approval of his new policies by the Congress of the All-Russia Trade Unions, on May 24th, Lenine, a few days later, won similar approval from the Congress of the Communist Party. These reforms contemplate, principally, a modification of the governmental control of shops, the encouragement of small and medium-sized co-operatives and private industries, and collection from the peasants

of a fixed amount of grain by a system of tax in kind, estimated as about one-third of the crop, the remaining two-thirds to remain at the disposal of the peasant for trading through the newly restored coöperatives, whose power is to be extended. The former system of requisitions permitted the peasant to keep only a small quantity of grain, the State forcibly *taking the rest*.

The change in Soviet policy is ascribed to the lack of food and the exhaustion of the gold supply due to extensive shipments to outside countries. A recent dispatch from Moscow stated that since January 1st there have been issued 1,168,000,000,000 rubles in currency as against 225,000,000,000 issued for the same period of last year. Eighty-seven per cent. of the new budget is to be covered by the new issue.

Lenine's sudden drift away from his Bolshevik doctrines and back toward capitalism, has forced a split between his followers and those of Trotzky, as indicated by a sharp division of opinion between the Soviet Peoples' Commission and the All-Russian Council of National Economy, the two principal political and economic organizations of the Soviet Government. The former, controlled by Lenine, is in favor of discarding the Bolshevik programme, at least in part and for a time, while the Council, which is controlled by Trotzky, Schliapnikoff and Bucharin, urges the annulment of all foreign concessions and adherence to an extremist programme. This is considered the most serious disagreement that has yet arisen between the Soviet leaders.

Even should the Russian Bolshevik régime collapse immediately, however, a new, united Russia is impossible of realization for decades to come in the opinion of political students, Government officials and business men in the three Baltic States, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which have diplomatic missions at Moscow. These men disagree on the number of years necessary to build up a new Russia, some saying it will take one hundred and fifty years and some, making it only fifty. All agree, however, that the fall of the régime headed by Lenine would be followed by a long period of anarchy, during which time the innumerable ethnographic units that go to make up Russia, would break away and form separate states.

Soviet Russia and the Turkish Nationalist Government of Mustapha Kemal have agreed to a treaty based upon mutual aid for the "emancipation of all peoples of the East, and the absolute right of self-determination." The protocol, signed by representatives of the two nations on January 20, 1920, which disposed of territory along their frontiers, has now been made effective. By this protocol, Batum was given to Georgia and Azerbaijan made

an autonomous State. The Soviet Government has released Turkey from all economic engagements entered into by that country with Russia during the Tsarist régime.

In pursuance of the Russo-British trade agreement, several British commissions have left for Russia in order to acquaint themselves with conditions prevailing at the Russian ports and the stocks of goods on hand. The main object of the commission is to overcome transport difficulties. In an endeavor to solve this problem, the Soviet authorities recently decided, at a conference with railway delegates, to intrust private concerns with the task of obtaining fuel for the railroads.

Italy. The general elections held throughout Italy last month were marked by a comparatively small vote and disorders in several places, particularly in the provinces of Pisa, Novara and Parma, where altogether eight persons were killed and many wounded in conflicts between the Fascisti and Socialists. Although Giolitti's own party returned him only 106 Deputies, he has a Ministerial bloc of 221. The other political parties will be represented in the next Chamber of Deputies as follows: the Unified Party, 125; Catholics, 106; Fascisti, 28; Reformists, 22; Communists, 15; Republicans, 9; Slavs, 5, and Germans, 4.

The election of Slav and German Deputies has raised the question of the language to be used in the Chamber. At present, when Deputies from the provinces of Nice and Savoy, where French is spoken, take the floor, they are allowed to speak in French. It is believed the Germans and Slavs will also attempt to speak in their own tongue, thus forcing the Chamber to make rules to deal with the problem.

In the last Chamber the number of Socialists stood 170; in the new Chamber their number will be 162, counting together the three factions into which the Socialists have split—the Unified Party, the Reformists and the Agrarians. In the old Chamber there were no Communists, as an organized party, until twenty of them united after the Socialist Congress at Leghorn and tried to put Leninism into effect; but there were all along eighteen Reform Socialists—those who believed in the War and who later placed patriotism above Bolshevism. In the new Chamber the Socialists are absolutely divided: the Communists have fifteen seats and the Reformists twenty-two, leaving to the Official, now Unified, Party 125. The Reformists already have representation in the Cabinet, and hence will support it; but adhering to a long-established practice, the Unified Party and the Communists will

continue to be unrepresented. It is obvious that the present Government has nothing to fear from the Socialists as such, as all but fifteen of them—the Communists—have solemnly subscribed to Parliamentary procedure, and normally the Giolitti coalition can count on the support of the other parties who are represented in the Cabinet, the total support being 386 with an opposition of 149.

Armed bands, which are declared to consist mostly of former legionaries of d'Annunzio have terrorized Fiume with clandestine assassinations ever since the victory of the autonomous party in the April elections. A number of prominent autonomists have been murdered, the bands operating chiefly at night, and many families have left the city because of the terrorism. Professor Riccardo Zanella, leader of the victorious autonomists, is being kept out of Fiume. He lives in Buccari, on the Jugo-Slav side of the bay, where he has formed his Government and is ready to enter Fiume at the opportune moment.

A general strike was declared in Civitavecchia shortly after a pitched battle between Fascisti and longshoremen immediately following the general election. Military forces occupied the city when the strike was called. At Chiusi, Tuscany, a post-election clash occurred between Communists and Fascisti, in which five persons were killed and many wounded. On May 21st, Signor Platania, leader of the Fascisti at Rimini, was shot and killed at night by an assassin, who succeeded in escaping.

The Russian Bolshevik trade mission which came to Italy to negotiate a commercial treaty has given up its intention of dropping its work and returning to Russia. Count Sforza, Italian Foreign Minister, convinced M. Varowsky, head of the mission, that his announced reason for going home was unjustified, the reason being that the diplomatic privileges of the mission had been violated by the Italian customs authorities. Count Sforza promised that if M. Varowsky would stay and finish up the treaty, he would arrange for two months of immunity for the mission. The treaty, however, must be finished and signed before the end of July, failing which the immunity is to cease automatically.

Five million lire of forged Italian treasury bonds were unearthed in Milan late in May and seized by Government police. How widespread the counterfeiting is has not been learned. The pseudo bonds were all dated 1925. The suspicions of the authorities had been aroused by the sale of bond coupons in the open market. The transactions were traced to well known accountants of Milan, and the counterfeit bonds, from which the coupons had been clipped, were discovered and sequestered.

June 13, 1920.

With Our Readers.

PEACE is the word heard most frequently on the lips of the world. Wars are sustained that peace may come: strife, sacrifice, pain are endured that they may issue in peace. And while the word is being shouted abroad and blatantly championed, the hearts of many, if not of most, have given up hope with regard to peace. They have despaired of knowing the way that leads to it. They have accepted life, because they are compelled to—a thing to be endured, with its good and ill: its pleasure and its pain. "Let us not think too seriously of its purpose lest we be worried and even baffled. Let us close our eyes to what may be and accept what is: squeeze therefrom as much pleasure and enjoyment as we can, without being unnecessarily cruel to others." But faith in oneself, faith in the institutions that have been traditionally the fortresses of man's peace, has been lost to the multitude.

Writers in the popular journals and magazines, when they treat the question seriously, offer but insubstantial speculation to a people who even yet would welcome bread were it presented. Movements are "created," varied in inspiration and motive, to promote "peace." They call for a "union," but furnish no hope whereby the "union" may live. They discuss the commercial: the industrial: the racial: but none of this yields even an approach to peace. They are evidences of what man inevitably yearns for: they are no guarantees that he will achieve. His repeated willingness to try and his repeated experiences of failure have made him the more skeptical: the more hopeless.

* * * *

A PARTIAL peace is not peace at all. There may be no war among the nations, yet the hearts of the millions may not know peace. Racial aspirations may apparently be satisfied, yet if the people know not justice and salvation they will not know peace. There is inevitably a social warfare—both a possible and actual contention—between group and group: and between man and man. There is inevitably an individual warfare—a struggle within between the body and the soul, an effort of the spirit to break through, to conquer, to see the light, to know that the soul, which measures and explains our life, will attain.

All action springs from the individual, and to the individual returns. World peace depends upon the contribution of every

nation that affects the world's destiny. Social peace is made up of the contribution of each and every individual that constitutes the social body: and the contribution of the individual can be no greater than the peace which he recognizes within himself. If his whole view of peace, or its practical attainment, be limited to industry and trade: agreeable commercial relations—the nation's view, so far as he counts, will rise no higher. If his hope of peace embraces as essential the moral and the spiritual, so far will he affect both the peace, the hope and the aspirations of his fellows, of his country, of the world. If a man believes that he will have no peace, and that his fellows will have no peace, unless he live personally in the light of God's definite truth: unless he seek justice and love charity and refuse to better himself materially at the slightest cost to his brothers, then his spirit will encourage, elevate the spirit of his fellows and will be a light, showing the true road to peace.

* * * *

FOR every man knows that there can be no peace unless he himself is at peace. And a man cannot be at peace unless he is at peace with God. Industrial arrangements: international agreements: intellectual speculation: imaginative theories are not the fundamental, substantial rock upon which man may securely rest his feet and permit his soul to look up with assurance into heaven. Every act by which he personally perverts the order of his soul with God shakes the universe. It may be hidden: unknown: may seemingly affect no one; but its reverberations are heard through earth, through all humanity, through hell and through heaven. Man is not infinite, but each and every man, by virtue of the power of his free will, has an infinite force, an infinite power. The security of the world demands that each shall keep that power in touch with its Source, else it will play chaos with the individual and with the universe.

It is the individual's irresponsibility, the thoughtless, reckless use of his powers, that has made remote today the possibility of peace. The individual soul does not know peace because he is unwilling to recognize the law of life, his immediate, personal responsibility to a personal God and His divine law. And because millions of individuals do not know it, the nation does not know it. The aims of the latter, consequently, not only grow less spiritual, but are shaped more and more by material, commercial trade interests. These become primary instead of secondary: order is perverted and, consequently, there is no peace.

And the jealousies: mistrust: rivalry: conquest that predominant commercialism demands, make not for order and

peace, but for unrest. Yes: all these things are necessary. Without them there could be no comity of nations. But they are not the one thing necessary. In themselves they are not all satisfying. The spirit of man will ever assert its superiority over his body: or more truly put, his body also will bear testimony to its union with the soul and testify to dissatisfaction and unrest, unless its eternal partner have peace also.

* * * *

THIS truth is universal and individual. It is universal, because it is individual. It is the starting point for every one of us. And that is why, from time immemorial until this day, the soul longs for a Saviour Who will give it peace within, personal reconciliation with God, and show the way of truth: of duty: of love. That is why the world welcomed, and will again welcome, Christ, the Prince of Peace. But a few believed in Him at first: the few by their individual fidelity, their comprehensive concept of peace converted the world. Only by a return, through the individual, to a positive acceptance of the definite teaching and law of Christ: of the individual's fidelity to it, come and go what may, is there a likelihood that the nation and the world will know peace. Christ is the only source whence shall spring that fountain of life in the soul of the individual or of the nation.

"He will speak peace unto His people" (Psalm lxxxiv. 9).

"The Prince of Peace" (Isaiah ix. 6).

"There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord" (Isaiah xlv. 22).

"To direct our feet into the way of peace" (Luke i. 79).

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you" (St. John xiv. 27).

"Therefore let us follow after the things that are of peace; and keep the things that are of edification one towards another" (Romans xiv. 19).

"For He (Christ) is our peace" (Ephesians ii. 14).

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God" (St. Matthew v. 9).

AS a protest and a reaction against the materialism and the skepticism that not long since were so widely honored, the insistence in the popular addresses at this Commencement season on spiritual values was most welcome. One deplores, of course, the lack of definiteness: the eloquent devotion to the insubstantial. The word itself is lauded, but the Word Incarnate is unknown. And there is no one to give Him to the nations save the Church,

who has both protected Him and given Him freely since He died for all on the Cross.

* * * *

MR. COOLIDGE, the Vice-President, in his address at Amherst College, has reviewed the unrest and dissatisfaction of the world: "The world must look for something more than prosperity in the present situation. The individual must look for something more than wages and profits for his compensation. Unless this satisfaction can be found by proceeding in the way of right and truth and justice, the search for it will fail. The material things of life cannot stand alone. Unless they are sustained by the spiritual things of life, they are not sustained at all. The work of the world will not be done unless it is done from a motive of righteousness."

"There must also be in your lives," stated President John Grier Hibben of Princeton University, "some constant star in the heavens above, some divine light upon human affairs, upon which you can steadfastly fix your gaze and lay your course."

"Only by the rehabilitation of the mind of man and increase of the areas of intelligence and goodness of man to an extent that shall eliminate the chance of evil infection, can the opportunities of life be insured," was the pronouncement made by Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College at the Commencement exercises of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University, in his Baccalaureate sermon, stated that one of the evils of the day was the loss of faith and liberty and self-control. "This same loss of faith leads often to the creation of new social machinery and the substitution of mechanism. It works busily and noisily, as if the Kingdom of Heaven were not like a grain of mustard seed, but like an adding machine."



THAT national vigilance on the part of the Catholic body is necessary for national welfare, is once more made evident by the history of the recent school controversy in Belgium. This review is taken from an article, entitled "The School War in Belgium," by C. d'Orgeu, in the June issue of *L'Actualité Catholique*. His startling conclusion is: "Not only are the present anti-Catholic and Masonic measures of the present Minister of Instruction, M. Destrée, illegal, but the system now in force in Belgium is illegal, and this illegality is due more to the negligence of Catholics than to the boldness of their enemies."

* * * *

THE school system of Belgium is quite simple. Primary education is compulsory for a period of eight years. The programme of studies is laid down by the State as defined by Article XVII. of the organic law on Primary Education. But the law permits that this education be given by different types of schools. Schools in Belgium are free. There are different kinds of primary schools: municipal schools: adopted free schools: adoptable free schools and unadopted free schools. A free school is one which, by fulfilling certain legal requirements as to quarters and teachers, is adopted by the municipality and receives certain material advantages. Adopted schools are those which, although fulfilling the legal requirements, are not adopted by the municipality but, nevertheless, are subject to limited government control in return for subsidies paid from government funds. Non-adoptable schools are entirely free and receive no subsidy of any kind.

* * * *

IT is to be noted that the municipalities have no direct authority over the schools which may be adopted by them. They cannot modify the legal programme by restriction. They do not have even the right of supervision which belongs to the State alone. Article XVII. of the law on Primary Education confines itself to an enumeration of the branches which must compose the minimum programme. Everything contained therein is, therefore, necessary and compulsory. With regard to the administration, the law gives full liberty to the municipalities, which are extremely jealous of their prerogatives and their autonomy, and to the directors of the free schools. It is permissible to add special branches when such a course is considered advisable by the municipalities or the directors.

* * * *

IN the country districts of Belgium the municipal school is, as a rule, Catholic. In the large centres, where there is a dense laboring population and where Socialism has successfully spread its anti-religious propaganda, the municipal schools are anti-clerical. In such schools there is no trace of religious instruction. Now the remarkable point is that not only anti-clerics, but that Catholics themselves stated to the author of this article that religious instruction in the schools was not compulsory. One experienced man, interviewed by the author, stated that in cities like Antwerp no religious instruction had been given in the schools for over fifty years, and that it had even happened that the clergy had refused to give religious instruction in these schools when invited to do so after the vote on the school laws in 1879. This

last statement is, the author states, a fact absolutely exact, confirmed by leading Catholic churchmen.

The reason why this invitation to give religious instruction in the municipal schools was refused was that the clergy might throw their support to the free schools. "The question might be raised," says the author, "as to the opportunism or even the legitimacy of an abstention fraught with such consequences."

* * * *

RELIGIOUS instruction in the municipal schools of Belgium is compulsory in spite of what even a militant Catholic Belgian stated to the author. The question of the teaching of religion and ethics comes first on the list in Article XVII. of the subjects required by law in the programme of Primary Education. This same Article XVII. demands that the first or last half hour of the morning or afternoon session every day be devoted to instruction on religion and ethics. Instruction on these subjects is, therefore, compulsory in all municipal and all adopted schools. This same Article XVII. states by whom such instruction is to be given. It is to be given by the ministers of the religious faith which is that of the majority of the pupils, and may be given either directly by the minister himself or by a teacher appointed by such a religious official. But the officials of the religious bodies are always responsible for these courses. Only on the written request of the parent of the child, is such child to be excused from religious instruction. And the law provides guarantees against those who might exert undue pressure on the head of the family in one direction or the other.

This instruction is made compulsory by repeated articles in the text of the law. It is optional only for the adoptable and non-adoptable schools. The law makes it so compulsory that it is a subject of inspection by the delegates of the heads of different religious denominations. The latter are required to send each year a formal report to the Minister of Arts and Sciences, describing the manner in which religious and moral instruction has been given in the schools. As regards the Catholic Church, there is a head ecclesiastical inspector in each province whose title is head diocesan inspector, and in each principal inspection district there is an ecclesiastical inspector with the title of diocesan inspector. The appointment of these inspectors by the Bishop of the diocese is reported by the Bishop to the Minister of Arts and Sciences, who must acknowledge the same. Both classes of inspectors receive a yearly salary from the State.

* * * *

THE query of the author seems, therefore, very pertinent as to why these inspectors have permitted the existence of municipal and adopted schools that do not give religious instruction. "The majority of the Belgian Catholics are good and practical Catholics," says the writer, "but they are, nevertheless, absolutely ignorant of the rights and duties implied by their position as Catholics."

The further misfortune has been that anti-Catholics have taken advantage of this neglect on the part of Catholics when the latter had numbers, law, and power on their side. M. Destrée, in charge of public instruction in Belgium, a notorious Freemason, has not been satisfied with the progress made in the schools through the underhand methods of anti-clericalism. He has issued circulars which call for instruction in civic ethics. The hidden object is, of course, to combat Christian ethics. This is cloaked under a claim of training future Belgian citizens in their patriotic duty. The forces of anti-clericalism and M. Destrée know perfectly well that such a procedure is illegal. They should enforce the law: they cannot modify it without a new law, a vote by the Parliament, the expression of the will and power of the people, but, like all tyrants, they put themselves above the law. They will not admit they are violating the law; they claim that they are simply interpreting it.

Already in some municipal and adopted schools this secular, so-called moral instruction is being given. Even some of the Catholic cantonal inspectors have been so deceived that they have accepted assistants, appointed by M. Destrée, to help them in their task of supervising this ethical instruction. Direct intensive Catholic action is needed. "No one," says the author, "throws into his face [M. Destrée] the brutal fact that what he is doing and what he wants to do is illegal, and that his dictatorship will be met with a refusal to obey."

* * * *

MD'ORGEU is not very hopeful in his outlook for successful Catholic action, but he does observe "a real reaction among the women and the young people who appear to have decided upon a bitter struggle. I believe it will be a good thing. On this point the sacred union, which lulls us to sleep, will cease. The Belgian nation is Catholic, submissive to the hands of its leaders. The raw material is good, but leadership is required to restore it to a consciousness of its dignity and its duties. Otherwise grave dangers await Belgian Catholics at a critical point in the country's history."

THE full text of the pronouncement of the Hierarchy of Ireland, meeting at Maynooth, will no doubt be known to our readers before this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD reaches them. We regret that, since that full text has not reached the United States, we cannot publish it here. However, the cabled passages tell us that the Hierarchy declared that the reign of terror and injustice in Ireland on the part of the English Government continues to be the scandal of the civilized world. "Until repression ceases and Ireland's right to choose her own form of government is recognized, there is no prospect of this country's peace or reconciliation, which the Pope so ardently desires."

The Irish Hierarchy further declare that the outrages and horrors previously denounced by them are now intensified. They lament the fact that even darker outrageous measures are threatened, because the Irish people "rightly spurn the sham settlement devised by the British Government."

The recent farce of the establishment of the Ulster Parliament "when the campaign of Catholic extermination is in full blast" was unequivocally condemned: and gratitude is expressed for the funds that have been sent "from America's inexhaustible benevolence."

A COMPETITIVE contest might be opened by some of our Catholic reading circles, on the subject of references in the secular papers to Catholic hagiography. For example, to what saint does the following quotation, taken from the *New York Times*, refer: "On this subject his feelings are deep, and while he will never wear a martyr's crown, he will go to the official block, if necessary, whistling merrily."

THE following words refer to the letter of Mr. Cyrus Adler, published in the May issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

1. A reviewer of a small pamphlet or books in general, cannot tarry in refuting or discussing their whole contents. He only points out faithfully the main statements, or theories of the writer. In the shortest possible way, I have given an account of the small volume of Dr. Godrycz's work, entitled *Political and Financial Independence of the Holy See*. There, the Jewish question is skimmed over only to suggest that there is a certain kind of similarity between the planned Jewish autonomous state of Palestine and the scheme of the independence of the Holy See, traced out by the writer. The reviewed pamphlet is absolutely free of any anti-Semitic dross. It is not the mood of true Catholic writers to awake ill feelings against the Jewish

race, and the writer of these lines remembers that he was expelled from Russia in 1908 for having strongly condemned the Russian anti-Semitic policy and Russian pogroms in his Italian pamphlet, *L'ebraismo in Russia*.

2. To my knowledge all the statements of Dr. Godrycz are true in this sense, that they have been drawn from authentic sources. The constitution of the future *Keren Hayesod*, or Jewish National Home in Palestine, may be found in all Jewish papers. Not all the claims of the Zionists were accepted by the Conference of Peace, but, nevertheless, the semi-independent state of Palestine was created at the conference of San Remo, and political privileges were granted, and Dr. Godrycz is free to expound his point of view as regards their value and opportunity.

4. My critic declares that the problems connected with the Jewish National Home, and especially the right of a double citizenship, are out of the realms of possibility. Dr. Godrycz does not talk about possibilities, but about the privileges granted to the Jewish National Home. The privilege of double citizenship was granted in a certain religious sense by the conference at San Remo, though after a few months it was partly abolished. I do not understand why Mr. Adler denies the existence of a religious citizenship that binds all the Jews scattered in the world. Did not he read the last appeal of the executive committee of Zionism, an appeal that, according to the noble tradition of *Maasser*, claims a special tax for the new state of Palestine from the Jews? Among other things, he said: "We have not in our hands an executive power of a well established state. We address ourselves to the Jewish *citizens*, and our appeal is free of coercion. In this solemn moment, no Jew worthy of his name and his race is free from the fulfillment of his duty and responsibility." Is not such claim of taxes based on a religious universal citizenship? Needless to say, that the right of claiming the payment of religious taxes forms a true religious citizenship.

4. The Vatican is the asylum of the centralized power of the Catholic Church. If some Jews, as Mr. Adler acknowledges, desire to have a centralized Jewish religious power in Palestine, why protest against the epithet, "Jewish Vatican," adopted by Dr. Godrycz? If Mr. Adler does not like the name, he must, at least, consent that a different name would not change the substance of the thing.

5. As regards the statement of Dr. Godrycz referring to the great influence of Jewish capitalism in the financial control of the world, the problem is beyond my province. I leave to Mr. Adler the responsibility for his denial.

I repeat, from a Catholic point of view, that anti-Semitism is a great crime. It would be unfair, however, to brand as falsehoods or anti-Semitic uproars, the free discussion on the religious and political rights desired by the Jews for Palestine, and to a great extent granted by the Conference of Peace at San Remo.

AURELIO PALMIERI, D.D., O.S.A.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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Catholic Problems in Western Canada. By G. T. Daly, C.S.S.R. \$2.50. *The Salvaging of Civilization.* By H. G. Wells. \$2.00. *Essays on Modern Dramatists.* By W. L. Phelps.
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- THE STRATFORD Co., Boston:
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- JEWISH PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Philadelphia:
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- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
The Owl Sacred Pack of the Fox Indians. By T. Michelson.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
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- ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY, Springfield:
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- MISSIONARY SONS OF THE I. H. OF MARY, San Antonio:
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- HUMPHREY MILFORD, London:
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- PAUL GEUTHNER, Paris:
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- PIERRE TÂQUI, Paris:
Enfant, que feras-tu plus tard? Par Abbé R. Cocart. 1 fr. *Manifestations diaboliques contemporaines.* Par Comte E. de Rouge.

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THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE NEGRO.

BY T. B. MORONEY, S.S.J.



LATELY the talk about Americanization has been loud and long. Every racial group within our borders has been suggested at some time or other as a fit subject for Americanization—every group, that is, with the exception of the Negro, which probably needs to be Americanized more than any other. There are possibilities more deadly than those which our fancy creates out of the allegiance to other lands that immigrants are generally supposed to carry with their baggage. The problem of adjusting the immigrant is not nearly so difficult as our highly paid social workers would have us believe. It is frequently solved by the simple experiment of finding this country a better place to live in. Environmental influences undoubtedly help to make more “citizens” than our courts suspect.

But the case of the Negro is quite different. There is little hope, as things go at present, of his ever being assimilated by the natural processes of association. Nominally a citizen, he is alien mentally and volitionally to our institutions. He has been isolated by steady and methodical policy. He has been given to understand that he is not wanted, that the only reason he is tolerated is that there is no known way of getting rid of him. Of course, we are not so crude as to write or speak our

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sentiments in such plain language, but the Negro understands us thoroughly.

There is every ground for thinking that some people will make the initial mistake of confusing the implications here set down with a plea for social equality. In that event, the simple answer is that no white man who knows the Negro would, from a mere standpoint of expediency, plead social equality because colored people would be the first to suspect him as a Greek bringing gifts. Most Negroes, if we can accept their professions, do not wish, or at least expect, social equality. The race has had its agitators, able enough, but lacking prudence, who hamper rather than assist Negro advancement. But in a community of Negroes where conditions are normal and opportunities favorable, an agitator would hardly have a decent hearing. As an actual fact there are neighborhoods where members of the colored race have settled down to the contented level of an autonomously sufficient life. Julian Street tells of one such in Atlanta. And there are others in the South.

In the matter of the Negro we have not exercised ordinary common social sense. We have never seriously considered the black race as being more than quantitatively present in our society. We have overlooked utterly the qualitative relation which the Negro must bear to our social whole. Even the South with its informing economic history has failed to learn that no group, especially one of the size of the Negro group, can function as part of a social body without affecting it for good or evil. We like to think of the formation of a society as due solely to the action of volition. The notion flatters us and, like all flattery, it deadens our appreciation of truth. We might as well face truth in the realization that the colored man is able to determine, in part at least, what this nation ultimately becomes. Whether the dose is to be bitter or sweet is left largely to our own prescribing. The Negro can be used to advantage or he can be the means of degrading us. Unless the present ruinous course of indifference on the part of one class, and viciousness on the part of another class is checked, we will be degraded.

Racial clashes, pathetic as they are, have their uses. They reveal us to ourselves in a way that less violent incidents never could. They make us discontented with the flimsy pall of paper-made respectability that frequently obscures our view

of things in the real. They render us sensitive to the "screeching humor" in many of our vaunted achievements. They show us that we have still many things to learn, and that in itself is a lesson with which no honest American could very well dispense.

For one thing, we are not nearly so close to that "ethical type" of association which sociologists assure us is the last stage of social development, the full fruit of progressive rational association. True, many politicians, authors, preachers, and journalists pretend to think otherwise, and they soothe us with pleasingly eloquent drafts of our own worthiness. But then, there are facts, facts like that riot in Washington or that riot in Chicago or that orgy in Omaha, that rattle like the bones of ghosts in those inner recesses of our being that men identify with conscience. Apparently our national character is still marked by a good deal of that mob psychology of which M. Le Bon has written so interestingly. And the Negro has become a very effective means of keeping it there. When we have the hardihood to probe even deeper, we find that racial adjustment is not the only problem in American life that is being settled on the basis of blind, tempestuous feeling.

The crimes with which Negroes are charged are no doubt horrible in the extreme. They appear even worse in view of the general character of shiftlessness and irresponsibility that attaches to the Negro, for we get the impression that what one Negro does, would be repeated by millions of the race, were the opportunity given. The colored race becomes, therefore, in our minds a perpetual menace. But assuredly race riots and lynchings constitute no effective remedy. Most reputable Southern editors have emphasized this, and Southerners ought to be the best judges. It is no argument to say that we do not want the Negroes in our civilization. Historically, it might have been better for both races had the slave ships never stopped at our shores. But it is idle to talk "ifs." The colored race is here to the extent of twelve millions. And it is here to stay, if the economic necessities of the South have anything to do with the issue. Whether the Negro becomes a valuable element in our commonwealth or what Sir Charles Waldstein would term a "social cripple," depends mainly on the white section of the population. There is a whole lot of piffle about the freedom that the colored man received. Those who

are now lynching him, made a violent change in his condition in forcing him to assume a position of responsibility in a developed society, for which he had no previous training and towards the proper assumption of which he has been given very little aid since. They rub their eyes in sanctimonious horror at the spectacle of a people abusing the blessings of liberty, when the real miracle would be if that people did not so abuse them.

The Negro is not free. Every activity of his life shows that he is not. He is not free intellectually, because he has not had the opportunities of developing along lines that assure mental freedoms. He is not free politically, even in places where he has the vote, or he would not be voting the Republican ticket with such unthinking accuracy. He is not free economically, or forty per cent. of Negro families would not still be living in one-room cabins that are either "the actual slave home or its lineal descendant." And he is not absolutely free morally, because in slave days habits were forced on him that now hamper his will and take their toll in conduct. When shall we in America realize that liberty is not an absolute good, but a good only under conditions and restrictions?

It is certain that the Negro will have to work out his own destiny. Like every other people, the colored race will have what of culture and civilization it earns. In the case of the Negro the task will be more difficult, owing to the fact that he is already in an advanced civilization that clearly has little sympathy with his efforts. He has to win not only a physical and mental victory, but a moral victory as well. He has yet to convince many of his white neighbors that he is even worth giving a chance. But for this beginning he should at least be shown fairness. Particular incidents and persons should not be made the material of universal judgments and condemnations. *A priori* prejudices should give way before the Negro's admitted triumphs.

But to obtain the full benefits of self-help the Negro obviously requires assistance along educational lines. The increasing participation of the colored people in their own education is hopeful and democratic, but it must be remembered that the effective education of the Negro people still requires the liberal financial aid of white people and the active influence of white teachers. Public school facilities in many

States are inadequate. This defect has been supplied in some instances by the foundation of schools under philanthropic and religious inspiration. The vast proportion of all efforts in behalf of Negro education is hampered by a lack of funds, that in many cases prevents even the erection of suitable buildings and the possession of sufficient school equipment.

But great as is the physical side of the problem of Negro education, the question of training and instruction is even more important. Certainly traditional means and methods are not feasible. In fact, nothing like a standard policy should be adopted for all communities throughout the South. It is not likely, on account of psychological and economic differences, that the same course of study and the same methods of study as are in vogue among the whites can be applied successfully to the colored. Instruction for colored pupils should regard primarily their environment with its needs and opportunities. Thus, in a section where Negro mortality is high, instruction in hygiene and home sanitation is far more sensible than a course of Latin. The first function of a school in such a locality is evidently to help its pupils live. Or again, in a community where Negroes are generally behind in industrial efficiency, preparatory courses should clearly suggest manual training, rather than cultural or professional callings. In a word, if we insist on keeping the old alignment of studies, special adaptations will have to be made in order to secure better trained men and women who will be able to do more efficiently the work they are called upon to perform in any community. Culture for culture's sake is all right in its place, but its place is somewhere after the satisfaction of fundamental human and social needs.

The whole problem of colored schools at present is contained in the effort to make the pupil live in working harmony with the community, with material and spiritual profit to both. Enterprising teachers constitute, naturally, the chief element in the problem. But no one type of education, as for example industrial or literary, will achieve all the required results. So far as a practical beginning for development is sought, though, agricultural and mechanical training have many things to recommend them. The former of these, while more important to the colored people just now, is the least popular of all courses, partly because of old associations and partly be-

cause of inefficient schools. There is a strong desire on the part of Negroes for literary education, and many of their leaders have shown themselves indifferent both to industrial and agricultural instruction. Even the so-called land-grant schools, created by the State for the very purpose of giving the Negro race an economic foundation, have felt the effects of this influence. But Negroes are missing much that will benefit their condition, and that will prepare for the acquisition and enjoyment of higher things when they heedlessly set aside opportunities of economic independence. Whites may affect a certain friendly tolerance for the old type of shiftless, subservient Negro who sang his way through life, but they are bound to respect the colored man with enough initiative and industry to own his own little patch of land, his own little store, or to acquire some useful trade. And in proportion as the latter class increases, just in that degree will much of the bitterness of racial relations disappear. By way of illustration it may be pointed out that there is a certain community of Negroes in the South, the majority of whom own their own farms which they cultivate at a profit. They have well-kept houses, and they are beginning to appreciate some of the refinements of life. They are respected by neighboring communities of whites, and their credit is absolutely good at the bank in the nearby town. Perhaps a further item of interest to Catholics will be the fact that nearly all the members of this community are Catholics, with church, school, rectory, and sisters' house, for which they gave the ground and which they themselves built.

Industrial and agricultural training need not, and should not, be established in such a way as to set aside the demands of the colored people for general education. Obviously, as the material condition of the race improves some of its members will seek a new outlet for activity in culture or the professions. Provision will have to be made for these legitimate aspirations. So far as necessary it should be done now. But by far the greater portion of effort, for some time, will be better employed in perfecting the grade schools and in insisting on agricultural and mechanical training, which will give earlier and more substantial results.

This whole topic of Negro betterment is one that ought to appeal with peculiar flavor to Catholics, especially in view

of the recent emphatic affirmations, coming from many high, in ecclesiastical and academic quarters, as to the genuine interest of the Church in social problems. It is doubtful if we had ever offered to us a more rigorous test of the social power of the Church than is now afforded in the condition of the Negro. There are many forms of social service which, though useful and generally effective, are nevertheless in line with our tastes. The interest in them is æsthetic as well as religious. The condition of the colored race proposes a situation in which there is opportunity for the exercise of the finest type of Christian charity.

Catholics have, of course, done something to help the Negro in his search for spiritual and temporal security. The men and women who have devoted their lives so generously to the black race have been mainly concerned with the religious side of the problem, but it is inevitable that a few things of real social value should have been accomplished. These results have been more in the nature of by-products from religious activity. Very little directly and positively fitting the Negro for life in the secular world could be done. Lack of finances has been perhaps the chief reason. Other possible causes have been the necessity of learning by slow experience the racial peculiarities and possibilities of the Negro and the absence of authoritative guidance from Catholic psychologists, sociologists, and economists who have generally been prevented by the pressure of their other work from including the Negro within the scope of their investigations. Certainly missionaries are not slow to appreciate the light that comes to them from scientific luminaries, as is evidenced by the greed with which a few of them have seized upon the coöperative idea in its application to Negroes.

St. Joseph's Society, with headquarters at Baltimore, is the most important, in point of time and extent of activity, of the organizations working for the colored race. This Society is now struggling with a programme of education intended to help the Catholic Negroes under its charge to become better and more useful citizens. It has started work on its parochial school system. In addition, it dreams of a few centrally located and thoroughly equipped industrial and agricultural schools and, more faintly, of a first-class institution for literary and professional training. At present it possesses as a nucleus

an industrial school at Clayton, Delaware. The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament conduct an excellent training school for girls at Rock Castle, Virginia. And the late Colonel Morrell and Mrs. Morrell are responsible for a fine industrial and agricultural school for boys, also at Rock Castle. These three schools were favorably reported in a bulletin of the United States Bureau of Education for 1916. In all of these schools education is provided with a pronounced view to the needs of the pupils and the community. There are, of course, a number of smaller industrial and academic schools doing good work in spite of insufficient facilities. The educational work of the colored parochial schools was described in the bulletin already referred to as "effective." A good deal of the credit for this belongs to Monsignor Burke and the Catholic Negro Mission Board of New York.

It is not to be expected, of course, that the Negro can achieve his real position in society without the help of true religion. Much of Negro leadership would be more enlightening and satisfying if it could lift its vision above the ideals of material aggrandizement. Man does not live by bread alone, and a race cannot progress in any sensible meaning of the term when the religious aspirations of its members are distorted, or even choked. Sound religious instruction must play an important part in any vital education of the colored man. The Negro needs religion for the development of the full sense of responsibility, for the correction of some defective outlooks on life, and for the comfort and courage it brings to the individual in his struggles. He needs a religion that makes heaven and earth meet somewhere on the common level of life's duties and responsibilities, and not simply on the emotional altitudes of the camp-meeting's "fine frenzy." And he needs religious guides with deep sympathy and deeper Christ-like faith and love, who, with surprising sagacity and prudence, will endeavor to help him in this world, the while they save his soul for another.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

BY MAY BATEMAN.



TIME, as a factor in the scale of social or artistic reputations, has upset many balances. The judgment of almost any given epoch is affected by current events. The "heavy burden of the age" presses upon the individual critic. National taste, fluid as individual taste, runs now in this direction, and now that. A man with an unusual message is listened to with suspicion. Anyone who sees further than his neighbor will be thought a knave or fool by nine-tenths of humanity, even if the remaining tenth hail him as prophet.

Mere caprice, too, apparently, takes a hand in the game; flinging its contribution at random into the scales, to weigh them down on this side or the other. Or why should John Clare's *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*, published in 1820, run into four editions in twelve months, while John Keats' *Lamia, Isabella and Other Poems*, brought out in the same year by the same publisher, barely achieved a sale of five hundred copies in the first twenty years? Clare was an enthralling natural singer, who made the music of the countryside sound clear in even crowded London rooms, but his art was not comparable with Keats' art, as the whole world knew later.

Take another more subtle example of the vagaries of contemporary judgment. How was it that Victorian critics with wit enough to recognize George Eliot's *Adam Bede* as literature, should, almost unanimously, have ignored, or else condemned, George Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*? They were published in the same year, 1859.¹ They had qualities in common; both were sincere and human. Neither author glossed over tragic incidents which revealed character, nor minimized the weight of human responsibility. The writing, in either case, was firm and sure. One was an instant success; the other, at the time, a complete failure. *Richard Feverel* took twenty years to pass into a second edition. Clergymen

¹ A. Compton-Ricketts.

of the Established Church in England banned it, and so did Mudie's Circulating Library.

Today, Meredith's name is quoted in every book of English literature. Allusion is constantly being made to him in the current literary reviews. What he said of life and character, what he foresaw of change and movement in the social world, what he knew of the growing breach between Ireland and England—through temperamental rather than religious difficulties, until the flame of the latter was deliberately fanned for purposes of political ambition—applies today in many instances, and might well be quoted on public platforms.

Eight months before his death, in 1909, a French admirer, a man of high literary attainments, came to visit him at his little chalet at Box Hill, Surrey. Humanly speaking, Meredith had begun to come into his own. He had justified the faith the few always had in him. He had received an ovation on his seventieth birthday from his fellow-writers; had been made President of the Incorporated Society of Authors after Lord Tennyson's death, and been awarded the Order of Merit in 1905. The talk turned on success and unsuccess and what an author owed to "publicity."

"Critics make my flesh creep," said Meredith. "I never could pay court to them. . . . Dickens and Thackeray caressed them—as a rider caresses his mount before putting him at a stone wall. As for Tennyson, he was a past master in the art of inspiring panegyrics. . . .

"My name is known, but I am not really read. . . . Strangers look upon me as the great unknown. . . . My poems were brought out at my own expense. . . . Nobody bought either my prose or verse. . . . Nowadays, book-collectors buy up the first editions, which sell at twenty or twenty-five guineas! Absurd . . . Once, they (the public) tried to stifle me. . . . I was exceedingly poor; I had to work like a nigger for my daily bread. Later on, a little legacy enabled me to live my life out in my own way; very simply, as you can see for yourself in this cottage. If, in spite of general indifference, I still go on writing it is because a few periodicals, notably *Scribner's Magazine* of America, pay me liberally for my work. . . .

"Sitting here by the fireside, through my closed eyelids, I can see whole chapters of new novels shape themselves. . . .

Write them? . . . But why? . . . Poems are all that I can produce now. I am too old. My fellowmen don't encourage me enough."

"Under his apparent indifference," wrote Monsieur Photiades, after this meeting, "one could see that Meredith suffered deeply through being misunderstood by his contemporaries."

A man's interests and tastes are, as a rule, tinted or tainted by his surroundings in childhood. Behind us, the background of our later life, there stretch innumerable lonely tracks of memory, dating to the earliest times of conscious understanding; starry and wonderful, or unimaginably fearful and dark, about which no one really knows but ourselves and God. Meredith's childhood, motherless, must have been full of those amazing entrances on the unknown; each of us may recall some early unforgettable moment when veils were rent, and we ran full upon some scene of new emotion. But George Meredith let little fall, in life, about his early environment and its effect on his development.

"Accustomed to solitude from childhood, he looked upon it as a friend," he told Monsieur Photiades, in that last talk which sent the young Frenchman away all on fire to make his fellow-countrymen "read, and know this great genius." "I am never alone, I have my thoughts." Legitimately proud of his Celtic origin—he had both Irish and Welsh blood in him—he admitted that his "little drop of Saxon blood," might sometimes act as a corrective. His mother, a beautiful and charming woman of good family, died when he was only five years old. His parents' marriage had been vehemently opposed by his mother's family, as Mr. Augustus Armstrong Meredith was not his wife's social equal. He made a second marriage shortly after her death, and then went abroad, to South Africa. George Meredith, left under the care of his aunts, Mrs. Burby and Lady Ellis, first attended a day school at Portsmouth, and then was sent to Neuweid, near Coblenz, to be educated by the Moravian Brothers. Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Jews lived alongside in this little town. From early youth, Meredith was trained to hear men of different views, some of them learned men, discuss life and affairs in general.

² C. Photiades.

German mentality seemed to him appallingly "weighty." But he found his knowledge of the language was a useful asset in after years when acting as war correspondent to the *Morning Post* in 1866 during the war between Italy and Austria. Meredith owed much to his ingrained love of foreign travel. He always avoided a lamentable mistake common to many writers and tourists who think that insularity is patriotism, and that we help Great Britain's reputation "by being very English on the Continent."³ He was never afraid of showing up our failings as well as our virtues. "The English defect is really not want of feeling so much as want of foresight. They will not look ahead. A famine ceasing, a rebellion crushed, they jog on as before, with their Dobbin trot and blinker confidence in 'Saxon' energy."⁴

Anything less suited to Meredith's temperament than the career of law, to which he first applied himself on returning to England after the Neuweid experience, could hardly be imagined. All the Celt in him was in revolt at the restraint and drudgery and monotonous routine of law's early stages. His love of nature, of open country, of getting so close to the earth that you could sense her precious mystery, stirred passionately in him even then. He broke free at the first chance. Far better poverty and freedom than to keep a Pegasus stalled and tethered. Youth called, and vision, his rich imagination, saw new fields. Stories, everywhere! He must write.

His first poem was published in *Chamber's Journal*, Edinburgh, when he was twenty-one, but the stars still moved in their appointed course.

Poor as he was, and with his way to make, Meredith had to undertake what regular and free-lance journalism he could get. He wrote frequently for, and for a time edited, the *Ipswich Gazette*. He contributed articles to different London papers, as well as representing the *Morning Post* in 1866 in the Austro-Italian hostilities. Throughout his whole career he never altered his views, nor lowered his standard, to please anyone, no matter how influential he might be. He became reader and literary adviser to the well-known house of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and so "discovered" Thomas Hardy, whose first manuscript came in Meredith's way. While John Morley

³ *Diana of the Crossways*.

⁴ *Ibid.*

was absent on a tour in America, Meredith acted temporarily as editor of the *Fortnightly Review*.

The confidence that he had in himself and his work, his faith that writing was his vocation, upheld him through a prolonged period of more than common difficulties and at times willful misrepresentation. So late as 1887, an article appeared in which he was talked of as if he were a charlatan, or mad. But in spite of coldness, neglect, gross abuse, or, ultimately, enthusiasm, he steadily produced, at intervals varying as a rule from two to four years, the novels and poems which have made him famous. *Poems* appeared in 1851; *The Shaving of Shagpat*, 1855; *Farina*, 1857; *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, 1859, and *Evan Harrington*, 1861, literally passed over the heads of the British public. George Eliot called *Shagpat* "a work of genius . . . an apple-tree amongst the trees of the wood," but *Shagpat* did not sell. The *Times* devoted three critical columns to *Richard Feverel*, but not until 1879, when *Beauchamp's Career* was a success, was the second edition needed. *Modern Love*, published in 1861, and scathed by the *Spectator*, writes Mr. Compton-Ricketts, brought Swinburne upon the field as a fierce champion of George Meredith's artistic ideals. "His work is always as noble in design as it is often faultless in result," he wrote. *Emilia in England*, 1864, was translated into French under the title of *Sandra Belloni*, by which it was afterwards generally known. *Rhoda Fleming* came out in 1865; *Vittoria*, 1867; *Harry Richmond*, 1871; *Beauchamp's Career*, 1875; *The Egoist*, 1879; *Tragic Comedians*, 1880; *Poems of Tragic Life* (a collection), 1887; *A Reading of Earth*, 1888; *One of Our Conquerors*, 1890; *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* appeared serially in the *Pall Mall Magazine* in 1894, and *An Amazing Marriage*, Meredith's last novel, in 1896.

"If you touch on my early work, slide very tenderly over the first poems, sins of youth which drive me to despair," Meredith smilingly directed Monsieur Photiades. He dreaded what Charles Maurras terms "the fatal resurrection" of the tentative efforts which almost every artist makes before he ultimately finds unity. He need not have feared. For, however halting his medium, necessarily less assured in youth than when he came into the plenitude of his powers, however contrary to our own, his views of religious dogma, Meredith

possessed the deep desire faithfully and clearly to express what he saw as Reality, by means as fine as he could compass. It was the standard of the writers of the Victorian era—Symbolists, Romanticists and Realists alike, a standard which we fall far short of, as a whole, in modern poetry or fiction.

What then stood for Reality to Meredith? Which star did he follow? What inspired him to be what so many modern writers call him, "a tonic influence in life and letters?"

George Meredith was not a "believer" as we use the term. He has said hard things of "sect" and "dogma." A personal friend of his told one of his biographers that he "inclined no more to the Protestant than to the Catholic faith." He has used both as a target for his sharpest arrows. But he had many noble principles and preached them consistently, even when, apparently, there were none to hear. His inborn faith in spiritual influence and Divinity, his Celtic faculty of recognizing just which material obstacles most cramp and stultify the soul's growth; and denouncing them fiercely, lends a virile quality to his work, which may well serve spiritual uses. He "always devoted his genius, with its infinite resources, to the dissemination of *the same ideas*, metaphysical and moral reflections which constituted the very core of his being."⁵

An avid reader, he was ahead of his contemporaries in his knowledge of the importance of pre-natal environment and early post-natal influence. He looks upon the child's care, the surroundings of the child, as infinitely sacred.⁶ In many of his novels, you would be left, humanly, with a sense of overwhelming loss, if it were not for the hope that in the new-born or the coming child, the dead father's or mother's traditions would be renewed.

Meredith's work is always confident and bracing. He never wastes time in nebulous conjectures or idle theories that lead nowhere. Actions have consequences; we must see to it then that our actions be clean. Purge self of egotism, the arch-enemy. Sooner or later, the result of our own most precious secret sin faces us; others, if not ourselves, must pay for the consequences of our weakness or want of control. "Like inexorable fates, the laws that rule us compel obedience and respect."

⁵ C. Photiades.

⁶ I agree with Monsieur Photiades that a celebrated interview with Meredith, in which his views of marriage were given, must not be taken seriously.

His hatred of sham and falsity; his mockery of existing fetishes and institutions which were almost solemnly revered, partially accounted for the distaste with which the general public viewed his work. His unnecessary digressions, and delays in opening his story, in certain instances, deterred them. And he ran counter to the changing popular taste. In the mid-Victorian epoch, a wave of sentimentalism and weakness threatened to make headway. A few strong spirits waged war against it; Carlyle, in prose; Browning, in poetry; Meredith, in his novels and verse. Thackeray, and the Brontës had not hesitated to deal with the dynamic interior forces which convulse human nature, but they did not go so far as Meredith went in showing what mixed motives may ravage the natures of men and women of noble instincts and ideals.

Meredith's characters were made up of conflicting elements. They never showed as mere specimens to be labeled in groups with their several tags. They had big moments and very little ones; they lived and grew, and were human and haunting. The heroes were not invariably heroic, and the villains of the piece had their redeeming qualities. In the midst of his "tangle of glittering cobwebs," even Richmond Roy⁷ shows up at times wearing a cloak that might well be of true golden texture.

At all times, unafraid, Meredith saw men and women valiantly fighting, not merely circumstances and environment, though these formed part of the struggle, but inherited ideas, habits, traditions—all forces which may well break up conventional serenity. He pursued them to their last stand in the secret chamber, where one by one we ultimately take refuge, face to face with our secret sin. From that struggle, too many of us emerge vanquished and whole, instead of conquerors, though maimed.

So with Lord Fleetwood,⁸ worsted by his own pride in the very hour when self-abasement might have made his lost wife his again, for "a complete exposure of past meanness is the deed of present courage certain of its reward within as well as without, for then we show our fellows that the slough is cast." One who had learned to feel that "there's not an act of a man's life lies dead behind him, but it is blessing or cursing him every step he takes," and that "our deeds are the hard-hitters.

⁷ *The Adventures of Harry Richmond.*

⁸ *The Amazing Marriage.*

We learn, when they begin to flagellate, stroke on stroke," was worthy of Corinthia in her most generous moment.

If, at times, Meredith does seem unnecessarily to keep his readers' attention on the leash, his gift of dramatic narrative in the great emotional moments never falters. His scenes and descriptions are set out simply, austere; without an unnecessary word or one false movement; the quintessence of art.

There are wounds that cut sharp as the enchanter's sword, and we don't know we are in halves until some rough, old intimate claps us upon the back.*

Take the brief account of Diana (Tony) when having betrayed the honor of the man she loved, in the inexplicable aberration which comes at times upon a woman who has loved too well, and strained her mental faculties too far to keep pace with even the financial demands life lived at such a pitch makes on her, she realizes Dacier has left her for ever. Her friend comes to her:

Emma stepped in. The chill, thick air of the unlighted London room was cavernous. . . . A living woman had been lying here for more than two days and nights, fasting. . . . She found the bed, by touch, silently, and distinguished a dark heap on the bed; she heard no breathing. She sat and listened; then she stretched her hand and met Tony's. It lay open. It was the hand of a drowned woman.

So like to the home of death it seemed, that in a few minutes the watcher had lost count of time. . . . Tony's love of a man, as she might have known, would be wrought of the elements of our being; when other women named Happiness, she said Life: in division, Death.

The darkness gave sight after a while, like a curtain lifting a veil: the dead light of the underworld. . . . "Hateful love of men," Emma thought, and was moved to feel at the wrist for her darling's pulse. . . . The answer was at her hand, a thread-like return of her clasp.

Meredith's chosen guide, the Spirit of Comedy, as he knows it, bears in at least one of its many aspects, a close resemblance to the Catholic view of conscience. The Spirit of Comedy, like conscience, will have no halos adjusted by the

* *Diana of the Crossways*.

world or self. Meredith describes the mind of a certain eligible "*parti*" in society's eyes, as "a London house conventionally furnished and decorated by the upholsterer, and . . . empty of inhabitants, even to the ghost. Both human and spiritual were wanting."¹⁰

Sir Austin Feverel¹¹ has "experimented on humanity in the shape of the son he loves as his life." Once "the experiment appears to have failed," he "can only see all humanity's failings fall on the shoulders of his son." "Do not shut your heart," Lady Blandish urges.

He assured her that he hoped not to do so, and the moment she was gone, he set about shutting it as tightly as he could. The devil said to him: "Only be quiet: do nothing. . . . Your object now is to keep a brave face to the world, so that all may know you superior to this human nature that has deceived you. For it is the shameless deception, not the marriage that has wounded you."

"Ay," answered the baronet, "the shameless deception, not the marriage, wicked and ruinous as it must be; a destroyer of my tenderest hopes! . . . Not the marriage: the shameless deception!" and he crumpled up his son's letter to him and tossed it into the fire. How [Meredith asks] are we to distinguish the dark chief of the Manichæans when he talks his own thoughts to us?

See Mrs. Doria, Sir Austin's impeccable sister, in the view of the Spirit of Comedy:

"I sincerely trust that Austin will be able to bear it," she said. Doubtless she did trust he would be able to bear his sorrows to come, but one who has uttered prophecy can hardly help hoping to see it fulfilled: she had prophesied much grief to Sir Austin.

It is impossible, when dealing with Meredith's work as a writer, to discuss him as poet or as novelist alone. He himself said: "My thought is bound up with my prose and poetry, just as my body is with my mind and soul." Verse, novel, essay or short story has each its allotted space, and is a definite tracing in the main design; as definite a design, in its own way, as any novel with a purpose, even, affords; Kingsley,

¹⁰*Diana of the Crossways.*

¹¹*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.*

when he laid bare the people's standpoint in his Chartist novel; Dickens, when he revealed the iniquities of debtors' prisons; Mrs. Gaskell, when she wrote of strikes and their consequences; or Charles Reade, when he painted the asylum system as it then existed, in black unrelieved. By virtue of his unity, Meredith's work is art, and lives.

With the main object of truth in view, George Meredith stripped human nature of its pose and fal-lals, and showed it stark in the glare of day, to be made game of, or condemned. Who does not know the story of the friend, who rushed, stammering and stuttering, into Meredith's room when he had finished reading *The Egoist*, which had just been published? "It's awful. It's appalling. Your Willoughby is a portrait of me!" "Calm yourself," Meredith answered, quietly. "Willoughby is a portrait of us all. . . ."

O self, self, self, are we continually masking in a domino that reveals your hideous old face when we could be most positive we had escaped you? "Eternally," the devastating answer knelled. . . .¹²

All these are examples of Meredith's insight into individual character. But his psychology was no less true when he applied it to national traits. When he first wrote, the tremors of the social revolution, which has since caused so complete a reversal of the conditions which then obtained, were beginning, here and there, to be felt. A complete barrier existed between classes in Great Britain. A few masterminds amongst the very poor were beginning dimly to see that united they were power, and might, with time, make the claim of all to a living wage heard. In the rural districts people thrived or rotted more or less in accordance with the wills of individual landlords; faring well, if the squire and his lady, and the agent all were humane, faring grossly ill, if they were not.

In London and the large manufacturing towns, matters were far worse. Men, women and children herded there often like brute beasts, in intolerable conditions. The mild Reform Bill of 1832 was the thin end of the wedge, so far as the people's ultimate emancipation was concerned. It was in that year only that the new legal humanitarianism graciously provided

¹² *Diana of the Crossways*.

that "sheep-stealing and forgery should be no longer visited with the death penalty," but not until nine years later that capital punishment was reserved for murder only.

The Democratic Ideal was beginning to make itself feared in the political area, and Meredith voiced it in literature, from time to time, with a clarion prophetic note.

The people are the power to come. Oppressed, unprotected, abandoned; left to the ebb and flow of the tides of the market, now taken on to work, now cast off to starve, committed to the shifting laws of demand and supply, slaves of Capital . . . they are the power, worth the seduction by another Power not mighty in England now: and likely in time to set up yet another Power not existing in England now.¹³

"You unimpressible English [Meredith makes Dr. Julius Von Karsteg fling in the teeth of Harry Richmond],¹⁴ who won't believe in the existence of aims that don't drop on the ground before your eyes and squat and stare at you, you assert that man's labor is completed when the poor are kept from crying out. . . . The exact stamp of the English mind is to accept whatever is bequeathed to it, without inquiry whether there is any change in the matter."

Again, in *Beauchamp's Career*:

"The rich won't see. They see simply nothing out of their own circle; and they won't take a thought of the overpowering contrast between their luxury, and the way of living, that's half starving, of the poor. They understand it when fever comes up from back alleys and cottages, and then they join their efforts to sweep the poor out of the district. The poor are to get to their work anyhow, after a long morning's walk over the prescribed space; for we must have poor, you know. The wife of a parson I canvassed yesterday, said to me: 'Who is to work for us if you do away with the poor, Captain Beauchamp?' "

Grim tragedy beneath the irony here, as in a hundred other instances in Meredith's work. But—"Thought is hard," he said, and unlike many of us who write, he never set a word down without a thought behind it.

¹³ *Beauchamp's Career*.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*

With the cheapening of book production, and the growth of the lending library system, popular taste became more and more in favor of "novels that came right at the end," just as, still later, in the Edwardian era, actor-managers waged war upon all plays which did not "have a happy ending," because "the public wouldn't stand it." Here again, Meredith held true to his ideal; virtue, in life, was not always, or even often, suitably rewarded. Hence, from a material view, the unmitigated tragedy of most of his novels.

What, humanly, can be more "wasted" than Lucy's sacrifice, and Richards'?¹⁵ than Beauchamp's steady devotion to what he saw as duty?¹⁶ In Nevill Beauchamp's case, and Lucy Feverel's, it led them to death. Lonely deaths, and comfortless. Sentimental accounts of deathbed scenes, the reader of the day might even pass. But there is nothing sentimental in Meredith's account of Lucy's agony at the last, "*even in the approaches of delirium she was trying to prevent herself from crying out,*" for her husband's sake; nor in the bald account of Nevill Beauchamp's end, drowned saving a sordid straw of humanity, just as Frank Guiseley, in Monsignor Benson's *None Other Gods*, died for what seemed a "useless specimen" of humanity.

This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp!

It was not uttered, but it was visible in the blank stare at one another of the two men who loved Beauchamp, after they had examined the insignificant bit of mudbank life remaining in this world in place of him.

So much for the material view. But what of the spiritual? Meredith answers the question himself, in another book, and so epitomizes the spirit of his whole teaching:

"There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by."

Restrained, wise, moral, watchful must that man be who is deserving of his heritage, in Meredith's philosophy; the matchless gift of life with its incomparable opportunities. He sees Earth as the great Mother of Man; Nature is "all-powerful, like the image of Fate in Greek drama," as M. Photiades writes. Meredith loves the sights and smells of Earth with

¹⁵ *Richard Feverel*.

¹⁶ *Beauchamp's Career*.

"a consuming passion." Returning the body to earth, in death, is to leave to the world the gift of our example, a legacy of "what we stood for;" which is immortal, and which bears with it its own reward.

The Torch Race of ancient days, with a new significance. The runner in life's race passes his torch on to another runner, when he himself is so far spent as to drop out. And if the little torch has been well lit, and truly, it will keep aglow.

No favoritism in the earth's privileges. Her sons and daughters may share alike the generous fruits, the beauties of leaf and flower, the song of the lark, always so dear to Meredith. "Of all poets, Meredith is linked with the earth as no other poet is. . . . But he does not try to replace God by nature, to humiliate Christianity by lauding Paganism. . . . If he sends us back to the earth" to learn, "it is not because he adores it as a fetish or lends it a mystic personality; his intention is to remind us from 'whence we came,' to break up our selfishness . . . to sink it in a deep hollow."¹⁷

Writers on English literature often lay legitimate stress on Meredith's incomparable gifts as a story-teller, as an "unrivalled painter of contemporary English manners," or as a "satiric observer" of unusual penetration, or even as a prophet. All this is true, but his abiding merit is his virile, unswerving faith in the gospel of "hope, . . . courage . . . and resignation."

Dr. Shrapnel, the Socialist and Free Thinker,¹⁸ voices many of George Meredith's own limitations in his letter to his disciple. Certain things he says in it are false and terrible, but some are true. Take the truth first:

"He who has the fountain of prayer in him will not complain of hazards. . . . Prayer is the soul's exercise and source of strength. . . . Cast forth the soul in prayer. . . . That crust of habit which is the soul's tomb, and custom, the soul's tyrant; and Pride, our volcano-peak that sinks us in a crater . . . you are free of them, you live in the day and in the future, by this exercise and discipline of the soul's faith."

But again: "*Prayer for an object is the cajolery of an idol; the resource of superstition.*"

¹⁷ C. Photiades.

¹⁸ *Beauchamp's Career*.

A greater than George Meredith (speaking as he does here in the person of Dr. Shrapnel) said: "*Ask, and you shall receive. . . .*"

George Meredith died on the eighteenth of May, 1909. He was cremated at Woking, and the ashes were interred at Dorking Cemetery next day.

Only by studying a man's craftsmanship very closely, can we even hope to present his clear portrait, the man as he was "in the old religious sense 'before God;' the man in his relation to Reality." That, and only that, is the expression of himself—more totally his self-expression than the child of his body even. The foundations a man builds his work upon, the "inner light" he follows in his art, the means he takes to "strengthen" or "weaken the state of the world," are the only marks worth having of a scribe's identity, because they alone show his soul.

Now and again "the light of glory" did "shine on the eyes of" Meredith's "mind." In so far as he saw it, clearly, he let it illuminate his work. Of how many contemporary non-Christian writers can we say as much?

PASTEL.

(*Evening.*)

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

PALE rose and gold,
One taper star atween;
Day's story thus is told—
The burial of a queen.

REUNION AND FUSION OF THE SOUTHERN SLAVS.

BY ELISABETH CHRISTITCH.



ELDOM has there been such a complete national resurrection as that of the Southern Slavs. Having freed themselves alike from Turkish and Christian masters, they now stand together, bent on forming a united independent State to safeguard and develop their racial and cultural characteristics. The riches of their soil, the vigor of their physique, their great natural intelligence insure a rapid onward march to the Yugo-Slava ("Yug"—South); but to expect at this period complete harmony of action and identity of thought between those who meet after centuries of separation, would be to ignore the history of the world and the psychology of the human heart.

One must not forget that the new State is not a homogeneous entity. It is rather a family composed of three brothers who have passed through different trials and experiences that modify their mental outlook. Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes have each distinctive qualities which should complete the others, and the creed antagonism fostered by the "*Divide et Impera*" policy of Austria has no longer a reason for existence. It stands to reason that what suits Macedonia, but lately wrested by Serbia from the Turks, cannot apply to Styria in Slovenia, long accustomed to Western culture. Therefore, the chief preoccupation of the representative leaders is to decide between a strongly centralized form of government, which would soon weld all sections of the State together, or a federalistic form with the local autonomy that should guarantee to each section its traditional customs. It is generally said that the Serbs lean to centralization, while the Croats and Slovenes prefer federalism; but there are notable exceptions on both sides. In order to understand the different points of view we cannot do better than listen to the exponents themselves.

The Serbian official journal, *Samouprava*, had the following leader in its Christmas issue:

"The Birthday of the God-Man, our Saviour, has a special

significance for us this year. We can sing with full hearts: 'Glory to God in the Highest!' And we remember that He Who died for love did so not only for His friends, but for His foes. Serbia, the Orthodox portion of our triple kingdom, celebrates its Christmas feast on this occasion with special joy, for it is no longer isolated from its kin of Croatia and Slovenia. This memorable date should be truly for us the most important in all history. It is undeniable that the heavenly ideal preached by the God-Man nineteen centuries ago has slowly, but surely, progressed, however far it seems yet from realization. As the centuries go by mankind sees and feels ever more clearly the great import of Gospel Truth. In the hour of triumph the Serbian nation has special reason to fix its mind on the lessons taught by the Saviour. Through all its struggles and ordeals it never lost sight of the final aims, which were peace and love. It fought against tyranny, plunder, oppression, and as it compassed the defeat of these evils, it feels it is not absolutely an unworthy follower of Him Who denounced them.

"May the Serbians not be allowed to recall that they indeed bore the lion's share of the sacrifices entailed by a long struggle? There are certain differences just now between the sections of our people—between brother and brother. Some of the Croats and Slovenes, owing to long severance from us, and subjection to an alien régime which persistently vilified us, imagine that danger threatens them from Serbia. They distrust us, they credit us with domineering instincts. On this Feast of Christmas let us better put aside whatever tends to disturb the spirit of fraternity. Let our Croat and Slovene brethren kindle rather in their hearts the trust and affection we are ready to reciprocate. Let us all strive to follow the message of today. Let us seek the reign of peace by cultivating good will."

Stoyan Protic, a leading Serbian statesman, the lifelong friend and political adherent of the famous Premier (who created modern Serbia), Nikola Pashitsh, himself also a distinguished legislator, said recently in his blunt fashion: "We must take account of people's feelings even when we do not share them. Some people are oxen-headed—if you will pardon me the expression—and their masters, like Martin Luther, condone slavery and teach that you must keep heavy burdens on them or they will become impudent. This method

does not commend itself to any of us Southern Slavs, and who tries it will fare badly."

A serious cause of dissession was the administration of the oath to elected members of the Constituent Assembly before the latter had decreed the form of government for the new State. The Minister of Justice, Dr. Marko Trifkovitch, replied as follows to the objectors: "Some political groups appear to act as if our State begins to exist only now. But we cannot agree to that. The oath is intended to convey the continuity between Serbia, which made such huge sacrifices for the deliverance and union of our race, and the enlarged State that now succeeds in its place. We cannot pass over the Agreement of Corfu, signed by us all when the Serbians were in exile, but confident of the future. It was a contract built on the Kingdom of Serbia. An amazing assumption is that our State is only now to be born, when it is internationally already recognized! (The orator tactfully avoids insisting on the fact that this recognition by the Allies is due to Serbia alone.)

"Again, there is an attempt to hamper the work of this Assembly by demanding that a majority should mean at least two-thirds of its members. But this is favorizing the minorities, and surely it is in the interests of all that the Constitution be voted as soon as possible, to be amended and improved later on, for nothing on this earth is perfect. We are told that we should make concessions. I think I may say without boasting that we have indeed made concessions. When our first combined Government was formed, our Croat brothers kept all their officials, the Ban (Viceroy) at the head just as heretofore; our Slovene brothers, likewise, regulated things as they wished. The Serbian Cabinet at once gave place to a Yugoslav Cabinet. Because they particularly wished it, the Croats had two Catholics, one a clergyman, appointed to the Ministries of Public Worship and Education. We are warned that we must be tolerant! As if we could be otherwise! When our peasants rose to fight for freedom, the first word in their device was, 'For our Christian Orthodox Faith!' and in the second place came, 'For Golden Freedom!' The Minister who has led our Foreign Affairs for the last two years is also a Catholic, Dr. Trumbic. What can one have more? The Government has been also accused of imposing a protocol on the Assembly. But it has now submitted this protocol to the vote, and it has

been accepted. Without further recrimination, let us now get to work."

To get the views of the Opposition, one must follow the pronouncements of the leaders of the Croats and Slovenes as voiced by the Southern-Slav Club, which includes eminent thinkers, as well as proven patriots. At the outset it is unfortunately hampered by divisions among those it represents. According to its organ, the *Narodna Politika*, the demagogue, Radic, who persuaded his fellow-peasants that they could compound a little Republican State of their very own, without regard to those around them, is responsible for the weak position of the Croato-Slovene Party in the Constituent Assembly. Radic's policy of abstention, if persevered in, will further leave the best elements in Croatia and Slovenia powerless to counteract the influence of godless factors, here as elsewhere profiting by every occasion to push their doctrines. Radic, however short-sighted in politics, is not an irreligious man. If he were he could not possess, as he does, the confidence of such splendid Catholics as the Croat peasants. Should reason prevail over personal ambition and hinder the futile pursuit of a phantasm, the adherence of Radic and his followers to the wise policy of the reverend leaders of the National Club: Ritig, Baric, and Korosec (Chief of the Slovene "People's Party"), will bring about a more favorable attitude of the Constituent Assembly in Belgrade toward Croato-Slovene demands. The Croats and Slovenes do not wish to obstruct, but to check the impending course of legislation. Too speedy crystallization, they find, may not be worth the sacrifices it must entail. The talented orator, Dr. Simrak, spoke as follows on behalf of the Southern-Slav Club:

"We are not separatists, but we are opposed to Serbian hegemony. Centralization is no more desired by Serbian cultivators and workers than by ours, but by a few capitalists and imperialists, the same—on our side of the rivers—who served the policy of Austrian and Magyar. There is nothing that divides the mass of our people. We Croats and Slovenes must protest against the insinuation that we are inferior in our sense of the value of freedom. In a thousand-year struggle we preserved our nationality. In the time of Napoleon we attempted to found a Southern Slav State under the name of Illyria. Our great Bishop, Strossmayer, first proclaimed the unity of the

Southern Slavs. In the struggle to resist the Magyarization of the Ban, Khuen, we were not helped by the Serbs living in our midst. In our last terrible struggle, the men who stand for centralization today were opportunists and willing servants of the Austro-Hungarian régime. . . . We ask for a measure of autonomy that will take into account not only political and economical, but historical factors. . . . With regard to religious liberty we do not understand it in such action as that of a Serbian Bishop now endeavoring in the Republic of the Central Slavs, Czecho-Slovakia, to win over the Uniat Catholics to Orthodoxy. It would be a sad mistake if anything of the kind were attempted here at home."

Dr. Lazar Markovic, in reply, said that no proof could be brought of the assertion that the plan for centralization favored one branch of the nation more than another. As in every democratic, parliamentary land, questions would be decided by a majority, and it was open to all sections of opinion to combine and work to obtain a majority. Only purely local matters could be well regulated by provincial councils. In all that seriously affected the State, the control of a central organization was necessary.

It will easily be inferred that the opinions of Croats and Serbs are different when it is question of what are the most serious interests of the State. Take, for example, religious instruction in the schools. Serbia's nationalism has first place in education, or rather her religion is so inextricably woven with her national sense that it cannot stand apart. The teaching of Christian doctrine is obligatory only in the primary schools, and this ruling would be intolerable to the Croats. It will be said that they are assured of fair play in the legislative assembly, but we have seen how, owing to the culpable passivity of the Radic Party absorbed in its visionary ideals, the Croats are numerically too weak to impress their principles on a centralized form of government. Future developments may alter their position, and their natural allies should surely be the clergy of the Orthodox Church, equally exposed to the attacks of aggressive secularists. But the Orthodox Church is so identified with the State that she cannot freely defend her sacred inheritance.

She could reap untold good from united action with the Croats, whose clergy exert a real influence on the intellectual

culture of their countrymen. While Gnostics and Communists are battering at every outpost of the citadel of Christ, it is a pity that concerted action is not undertaken by both Christian bodies. The Orthodox Church has hitherto withstood any attempt to introduce civil marriage, and it has lately shown firmness in dealing with matters of internal discipline, but anti-religious forces are rife in all parts of Yugo-Slavia, even in Slovenia, the stronghold of Catholicism, so that centralization, in itself a kind of absolutism, appears a real danger to the Catholics.

For example, an eminently fair-minded Serbian Minister of Education recently decreed the Sokol Gymnastic Society as standard for all schools. Now this Society, introduced from Czecho-Slovakia, is anti-Catholic, and another Society, the "Orlovi," confessional, as well as athletic, has been started in Croatia. As soon as the Minister, Dr. Paul Marinkovic, was made aware of the circumstances, he canceled the first decree. But will such rectifications be obtainable under a centralized government? Catholic claims may get a fair hearing, but would certainly not be the first consideration. Prejudice has to be met as well as ignorance. It was a renegade Croat who doubted the genuineness of the "Clericals'" oath to the Constitution because of the mental reservation taught by the "notorious Alfonsus Liguori."

The Croats point out that France itself is returning to a policy of decentralization, having realized that local autonomy is the best means of administering a democratic State. With regard to the project of a two-house system of legislation, the Croats are in unison with the best leaders of Serbian thought, whose most distinguished exponent is the successful diplomat and perspicacious statesman, Dr. Milenko Vesnic, signatory of Serbia's generous Concordat. Another prominent politician, Dr. Voya Marinkovic, reminds the Croats that from a miserable scrap of autonomy wrung from Ali Pasha, Turkish Vizier, in the last century, not only a free Serbia, but the present stately kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes were evolved; therefore, as long as the unity of the State remains uppermost in the minds of all, no limit need be set to the requirements of true liberty.

It is but fair to state that within Serbia itself, at the present moment, the most perfect tolerance is shown to the Croats

who, owing to the natural commingling of the race so long held apart by Austria-Hungary, are dispersed all over the country either on various business avocations, serving in the army, or otherwise. A Serbian officer writes: "It is illuminating, if not gratifying, to find our Croat recruits so astonished at the treatment they receive. I fear they had been told by the priests of their villages that, as Catholics, they were going to have a hard time. When will the harm be wiped out that Austria has done to Church and nation? . . . We have now three clergymen, all military in this station, a Catholic, a Mohammedan and an Orthodox. The Catholic is a Slovene, a good and nice man, popular, and content with everything. We had to fix up chapels for him in three different towns where he has discovered Catholic residents. He asked if the few Catholic civilians and women here may assist at Mass in the barracks? The Orthodox priest objected, and requested us not to permit this, for the barracks would become a centre of propaganda for Catholicism, but I, nevertheless, gave him every latitude in this respect, and my General approved. I hope this is tolerance? . . . The Mohammedan is great fun. He did not want a chapel or anything of that sort, only an empty room and a few mats; so his desires were easily satisfied. There are but a dozen Moslems in the entire division. (Really, the number of our people who fell away from Christianity during all those centuries of oppression is very small.) The poor man's chief concern, as he explained to me, is that most of his flock ate in common with the Christians, eating pork and other unclean stuff. He asked me to intervene and forbid it. I told him they could cook apart if they wished—some of them do—and we would provide special food, but if they preferred roast pig we could not, and would not, prevent them. His '*bête-noir*' is our military apothecary who, whenever he has the chance, tells the Moslems he, too, was once a believer in the Prophet, but is now convinced he was a fool. He got himself baptized, and advises them to do the same. In general, there is no trace here of religious feud, nor do I believe throughout the country."

It is, nevertheless, true that the Croats and Slovenes are, at the very outset, handicapped by untoward circumstances—legacy of the past. In their new capital, Belgrade, they are without a suitable place of worship. The tiny chapel, which

even formerly did not suffice, cannot now hold one-fifth of the congregation. A brave effort is being made to collect in the depleted provinces lately exploited by Austria, sufficient funds for a worthy Catholic edifice, and the Holy Father has been a generous contributor. But Croatia and Slovenia suffering from the penury which afflicts Austria (in a lesser degree) and Serbia, even if she were concerned in the erection of Catholic Churches—hardly to be expected—is overwhelmed by multitudinous needs. A Society has been formed, under the patronage of Monsignor Bauer, Archbishop of Croatia, to gather funds also in foreign lands, wherever possible, for this most worthy object of insuring Catholic worship in dignified surroundings within the capital of what is now the foremost Catholic State in Southeast Europe.

THE MOUNTAIN.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

WE are bound in with vague fold upon fold
Of mists that wrap our world. We have no skies.
You can not measure here, as the bird flies,
There is no outlet where the fog has rolled
Its grayness over us, till, as day grows old,
Stirrings of wind wake hope, before light dies,
Of the low gray lifting; then, enraptured eyes,
A mountain peak stands forth in the late sun's gold.
Beyond the mists that rob life of its vision—
Shadows men reckon as reality—
Where sense goes groping along troubled ways,
There are those fields that dreamers named Elysian,
Eternity, saints charted like a sea,
And God, when time is done, the Ancient of Days.

MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK.

BY CHARLES C. CONATY.



JUST before our division left camp to go overseas, I dropped in one day to see my good friend, Mr. R——, the proprietor of a shoe store in a city of the “Sunny South.” I delighted in calling his attention to the fact that the sun gave plenty of light, but no heat. This day he gave me a little note-book, bound in black leather and bearing on its cover the trade-mark of a shoe firm, a bent arm with a sword grasped in the hand. The device proved very appropriate. The book itself was small, not over three inches long and two wide, and contained about fifty pages. I accepted it with thanks, and put it in an upper pocket of my tunic.

During the months which followed, I used it as a note-book, jotting down names of men and places which I wished to record. In it I also kept a record of the soldiers whom I buried. It is not in any sense a diary. These little stories which follow are the incidents brought to my mind by the various entries in this little note-book. They may be of interest as showing the relations of a “doughboy-priest” to his boys, whom he loved, and always will love. The memory of those lads will ever be sweet. For I learned from them to love God and my fellowman as I never could have otherwise.

ROSE PETALS.

All the way over the hill I was revolving in my mind the possibility of finding some sort of transportation. This “journeyman-priest” way of tramping from one town to another was becoming tiresome. Moreover, it took too much time. All my efforts to get a horse or any kind of motor transport had been unsuccessful. Here, on the crest of the hill, a sort of plateau, was an English aviation field—the home of a bombing squadron. That is, it had been their home till German pursuit planes had located it and German bombing planes made it unsafe. So the squadron had flown away to another home,

and with it had gone my only hope. For the Commandant, a genial Canadian, had placed his auto at my disposal only the day before the squadron moved. I had met him after saying Mass one morning for the Catholics among his men and the American detachment of ground men serving with him.

As I lunched that noon with the Curé (his name is on the page before me) of the village where I was scheduled to hear confessions that afternoon and evening, this problem of transportation was uppermost in my mind. This priest had been but recently released from service, after four years spent in hospital work. We managed to make each other understand and became good friends during the few visits I made him. He had two hobbies—photography and salads. At the first he was very much of an amateur (judging by the print he sent me), but at making salads he was indeed a master, an artist. When I explained to him my difficulties regarding transport, he suggested that I call on the Mayor of the village who, perhaps, might be able to lend me his bicycle. So, after lunch, we called upon his honor, the Mayor. At his house, directly across from the church, we were told he was in the brewery in the rear.

"But you didn't tell me," I said to the Curé as we walked through the buildings looking for our man, "that the Mayor is the brewer!"

"What difference does that make?" he asked me.

The combination struck me as so funny that it took a few moments to explain in my halting French why the fact of the brewer being Mayor should cause any surprise.

"In America," I told him, "we camouflage a little more."

We found the Mayor at last, and, with much deference to his dignity (not very apparent now that he was engaged in making the brew which made the Mayor go), I inquired if his honor knew where I might hire a bicycle, or if by any chance he knew of anyone who might be able to lend me one for a few days. After much maneuvering, he suddenly thought of his own, which was soon placed at my disposal, and with many thanks we left him to the making of his beer. From what I heard about that beer, he was a better Mayor than he was a brewer. That bicycle was a veritable white elephant. It had to be carried up every hill and then required pushing down. In the end we moved so suddenly that I had no time to return

it. I left orders for it to be returned to his honor, but even if he did not get it he made enough out of us, directly or indirectly, to repay him.

Back again in the Curé's house, our cigarettes lighted (he liked the English cigarettes), it was his turn to ask a favor. He prefaced the asking with such a profusion of apologies that I thought he was going to ask for a million dollars, or something at least as impossible for me to grant. But when he explained what he wanted I breathed easy again.

On the following Sunday the feast of Corpus Christi was to be celebrated. This celebration would take the form (as in all Catholic countries) of an out-door procession, in which the Blessed Sacrament would be carried through the village and Benediction given at certain shrines. Did I think that the Colonel would allow the American band to take part in the procession? And would I dare to ask him for so great a favor? Knowing the Colonel, I assured my good friend that I dared ask him, and felt pretty sure that the request would be granted. The bandmen, I knew, would be delighted. When the participation of the band was assured, the Curé asked me if I would not take part in the procession, carrying the monstrance with the Blessed Sacrament. This I consented to do, arranging, in addition, for a guard of honor, to be made up of my own boys.

On Sunday afternoon, that little village witnessed a scene such as it had never seen before and, in all likelihood, will never see again. The word had been spread about that the American soldiers would take part in the procession, and many came in from the surrounding countryside to see this unusual celebration. It was hard for them to overcome their belief that there were no Catholics in America.

The little church was filled with those who were to march, and outside was gathered a crowd waiting for the band to play. The church bells started to ring as the procession left the church, led by the Curé. Behind him marched his people, old ladies who could scarcely totter along, old men (the young were all at war), then the little children, followed by the choir. Then came our band, doing its best with its limited repertoire of religious music (as I recall it, "Onward Christian Soldiers" and the "Adeste Fidelis" were the only pieces they played all afternoon), and, lastly, the Blessed Sacrament carried by an American priest, under a canopy borne by American soldiers,

alongside of which marched a guard of honor of American soldiers with their rifles.

That day will live long in that little village. The procession wended its way through the streets of the town to the first shrine, a little stone chapel in a field. Here Benediction was given and the procession started on to the second shrine, then to the third, and at last back to the church.

But there is one man to whom that celebration was far from a success. And I can picture him, as his neighbors talk about that day, shaking his head and disagreeing with them, advancing many arguments to prove that it would have been better had the Americans not been invited to take part. A band indeed? And what business had a band in such a procession? Was not the choir able to furnish music, religious music and hymns, as it had done these many years? And I can understand his viewpoint, for he was the choir. As usual, he started to sing as the procession left the church, but the band soon drowned him out, and he gave up his attempt in despair. From that time till the end of the march he did not get a show. Every time he started a hymn, the band leader waved his baton and the noise of the band soon drowned out his voice. I dare say his cronies chided him for many a day over his defeat on that occasion. But what would you? Could one man, and he far from the days of youth, compete with such an opposition? For him it was, indeed, a sad day.

There is yet another incident of that procession which still further enhances its memory. At the first shrine, when the "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo" had been sung, and the Blessed Sacrament incensed, I turned to give Benediction. As I raised the monstrance to make the sign of the cross over the heads of the crowd which knelt reverently before me, a perfect shower of rose petals fell on the monstrance and struck me in the face. The shock gave me a scare till I saw that there were two little girls standing in front of me, and that it was they who had thrown the flowers.

With us the little ones strew flowers before the priest who carries the Blessed Sacrament in a procession. This was a new custom in my experience. But I have thought of it often, and to me there is something inexpressibly sweet in the ceremony. It seems as if these little ones, whom He loved above all, recognizing Him because of their innocence and purity

where others less clean fail to see Him, would throw their flowers, not under the feet of the priest who carries Him, but directly at Him. A shower of love from pure hearts—red rose petals from innocent hands.

A HERO.

“Have a cup of coffee, Father.”

“Where did that come from?” I asked in surprise at seeing a couple of large thermos cans filled with coffee, some bread and other eatables, in the dugout which I had just entered. Here the medical corps had established its first aid station, and during a lull in their work had received this hot coffee from the rear, knowing that it would do the wounded more good than anything else.

As I sat there on the ground munching a piece of bread and sipping some coffee, I told the boys what little news there was. Especially of the rumor which had come to headquarters that there were several wounded down in a cemetery near the river, who had lain there three or four days.

“Just as soon as it gets dark I’m going down and find out about it,” I told them, “anyone want to come?”

They all wanted to come, but finally I picked the Sergeant to accompany me; the others would have enough work right there in the dressing station. So as dusk was coming on we got a runner to guide us down through the woods to the P. C. (post of command) of the advance company. He (the runner) led the way, then came the Sergeant well supplied with first-aid packets and dressings; and I stumbled along in the rear.

“Say, Father,” the Sergeant yelled back over his shoulder, “I’d like to go to confession.”

I laughed. “All right. Let the runner get a little ahead and you can tell me your story as we go along.” And as we stumbled along the narrow path he made his confession to me over his shoulder, with frequent interruptions to duck under branches of trees, or to jump over those felled by the shells. How varied and how strange were the places and manners in which I administered the sacraments during those months of warfare!

We stopped where the woods ended, a wheat field before us.

"What's the matter?" I asked our guide.

"It isn't quite dark enough yet," he replied. "They've got this field covered so it isn't a healthy place at all."

"How have you been getting across it?" I asked. I knew that he had carried many messages from his Captain to the Major in the past two days.

He laughed as he told me how he had crawled across that field. But he still had a wholesome fear of it. Nothing I encountered in the War excelled the wonderful work done by those boys who acted as runners. It was on them principally that communication between parts of the line, as well as between the line and headquarters in the rear, depended. It was grueling work and dangerous—a runner knew his chance of escaping death or wounds was very slight. So he waited till he deemed it dark enough to cross without the necessity of crawling. We followed a track made through the standing wheat by our men as they crawled across that field when they had relieved the men on the line two days before. It was pitted with shell holes now, and here and there a form could be distinguished in the wheat. The Reaper had been at work.

At the edge of the field, the road, plowed up now by shells, was blocked by the fallen trunks of once proud poplars. Following this road a few hundred yards, we again cut across country, and reached, finally, though it took our guide a few minutes to locate it in the intense darkness, the entrance to the dugout which was the P. C. of the advance company. It was directly under an immense shell hole, but fortunately our engineers had built it deep and well, and it had not suffered.

Stumbling down the narrow stairs, we found ourselves in a large dugout. On the bunks along the wall lay some wounded, waiting for their turn to be carried back, cheerful and brave in spite of pain and hunger. Here the Captain, a brave man if ever there was one, told me the story. There had remained with him, after he had effected the relief of the line, a boy from the regiment which had been relieved. This little fellow had acted as a guide, and had been of wonderful help, not only to the Captain, but to all our men. For he alone knew the location of a spring, which was the only source of water supply. He seemed to bear a charmed life, going through barrage after barrage unscathed, guiding our boys to the spring, procuring water for the wounded.

Besides all this, he had found some wounded men from his own regiment, and had brought them into little shelters dug among the tombs in the cemetery outside the town. For three days now he had been caring for them, undaunted by the terrific fire of the enemy. Thus far it had been impossible to carry them back, but tonight we would make the attempt.

Leaving the dugout about nine o'clock, we gathered a few of the boys who were in dugouts nearby, and started for the cemetery. We were ten or eleven all told, led by this little lad from a Maine farm who had proved himself a hero. The darkness was intense, and the occasional burst of a shell or the light from a flare but accentuated it. Our progress was slow, encumbered as we were with stretchers and rifles, walking single file, each trying to hold on to the man in front.

It was misting heavily so the wet earth clung to our shoes, still further impeding our progress. But at length we reached the main road along which the cemetery lay, and worked our way along the ruins of the wall till we came to the gateway. Here we crouched behind the wall while our guide prowled about to get his bearings. How he ever found his way among the ruins of that cemetery is more than I can tell. Heavy shelling had broken down trees, toppled over headstones, broken into tombs, scattering the bones and dust of many long dead. Not even they were allowed to sleep in peace. But somehow or other, he led us through that profaned resting place of the departed, locating one after another the little dugouts in which lay the wounded.

After getting water for ourselves, as well as for the wounded, we began the task of getting the wounded out of their holes. It was a heart-rending task; weakened by loss of blood and lack of food and care, they cried piteously as we began to move them. And then to carry them, one by one, out to the road was a fearful ordeal. Trees blocked our path; we stumbled into shell-holes and fell over headstones, and each impact meant agony to the wounded man we carried.

Nor were we spared the horror of shell fire. Often during our night's work we had to seek shelter for the wounded and ourselves from the rain of shells which poured in on that once sacred spot. Some there were who had not lived to be carried back; these we buried, by caving in the roof of their dugouts, after we had taken one identification disk from the

cord around their necks. They were beyond the reach of shell and bullet.

It took us several hours to accomplish this part of our task, but finally we had all the wounded who still lived out to the edge of the cemetery, near the road. By this time we were fairly exhausted, but our work had to be finished, so, two men carrying each stretcher with its heavy burden, we started back to the Captain's dugout. The condition of the wounded would have made us go slowly even though we had the strength to go faster. And our own condition forced us to stop every few yards. Carrying a wounded man on a stretcher is, under the most favorable conditions, a severe task, but to carry them as we were forced to do in our condition of physical exhaustion, across muddy fields and up a slippery hill, was almost superhuman.

We had five wounded men, and I played the part of an extra carrier, relieving first one man and then another, for there were times during that trip back when a boy would tell me he could not go another foot. But somehow or other, after seemingly endless ages we reached the P. C. from which we had started several hours before. The first flush of dawn was in the eastern sky—it would be impossible to get them back as far as the dressing-station before daylight came. So we got them into the Captain's dugout, where the Sergeant got to work to dress their wounds, crawling now with vermin and maggots, as best he could, while I started on my way back in order to get help so that they might be carried back that night.

I have often wondered if those boys are alive. If they are, they owe it all to that little hero. The D. S. C., which he received, cannot begin to pay for his valor. The last time I saw him he was on his way to rejoin his regiment, worrying lest he be court-martialed for being absent! Of such stuff are heroes made. The good Captain was killed in the Argonne.

SAM.

After a rather trying spell in the front line we had been relieved and were in what is technically known as a "reserve position," some five or six miles behind the actual front line. We were still "in range," and were, therefore, "dug in" on the reverse slope of a hill. Now the reverse side of a hill is the

side facing the opposite way from the enemy, and was always selected since it offered a natural protection from shellfire. To add to our safety we had dug ourselves little holes and over them were all sort of coverings, from ordinary boards to corrugated iron. Nothing which might add to our safety was overlooked. But from the valley the hillside presented a strange, and, in truth, a disreputable appearance. It might well have been named "tin-can hill." But in the doctrine of "safety first," beauty must be a very remote consideration. And our regret was not the lack of beauty, but the lack of a greater degree of safety. For even here we suffered casualties from both shellfire and air-bombs. If our ancestors were really cave-dwellers and cliff-dwellers then well did we imitate them. We wished only that our caves had been deeper and our cliffs steeper.

Near the brow of the hill Battalion Headquarters occupied a large natural cave of rock. The Germans had used it before us and had left their beds and a few kneeling-benches, carried from the church in the village nearby. Tucked in a crevice in the rock I found a bundle of vestments, taken most probably from the same church. Nor can I think of this particular spot without recalling the "cooties," all branded with the double-eagle. One boy declared that he had found one which had been decorated with the Iron Cross. Be that as it may, I can testify to the activity of that tribe. They showed a wisdom in attack which proved them veterans. But for many, the attack was their last.

Each night the boys went forward to dig trenches in a new "line of resistance," which was being constructed in case of a counter attack by the enemy. The daytime was given over to rest. But the heat of August made sleep almost impossible. It was a problem to know just what to do. We had no place to go; we had nothing to read; my supply of writing paper was so low that I had to ration it, one sheet at a time. There was a lamentable shortage of dice and cards, and, try as I might, I could not relieve it. I would have done most anything to be able to give those boys something to occupy their time and help them forget, or, at least, keep them from thinking of the horror of all we had been through. I may be lax in this respect, though I cannot see why it is wrong to risk a nickel and right to risk one's life. Nor could I ever hope to

convince men (myself included) that they can take chances with their lives but never with their money.

"Scusi, Padre."

I looked up from the rock on which I was sitting outside the cave to see Sam standing before me, smiling, his open mouth showing his gleaming white teeth. Their whiteness was more noticeable than ever, for his naturally dark complexion had not been brightened by several washless weeks.

"Sit right down here, Sam," I said, throwing away my cigarette. "You're just the boy I want to talk to." And he was. For during our last fight a tale had gone the rounds how Sam had deliberately shot a German who had surrendered himself. Sam was a well-known character, and, when the story was told of how he had said, "Camarade not, I shoota you fora luck," it naturally caused much laughter. But the oftener I heard the story, the madder I became that one of my boys, and a Catholic, too, should have done such a thing. For it was nothing but murder, and I didn't want any of that; killing is bad enough. So I had kept an eye out for Sam to get an explanation of the affair.

"Sam," I asked him, "what about that German you shot after he had surrendered to you? I have heard the story so often that I'm tired of it. Now you know, or you ought to know, better than to do a thing like that. To think that one of my men would do such a dirty, cowardly trick. Why it was—"

"Now, Padre," he broke in on me, "you jussa leesen t'me. Heresa what happen. We make a charge downa by da river. Pretty soon machinagaun she start an' we hava stop. Da Capitano say to me, 'Sam, we gootta gat da sunagun.' 'All-righta, Cap,' I say, 'we getta heem.' So the Capitan' he starta roun' datta way an' I go theesa' way." Here Sam showed me how he and the Captain planned to get behind the machine gun by crawling through the woods in a sort of circle.

"Allaright, Padre," he continued, "I starta crawl. Pretta soon I see da sunagun, right neer a tree. So aft'a while I takea shot and hitta heem. He fall down. Then he's a stan' up on his knees and looka 'roun'. When he see me he yell, 'Camrad.' Allaright. Then one han' she start to go down fora gun. Now whata I gonna do, Padre? I no shoota heem, he shoota me. So I tell heem, 'Camarade not,' and I shoota heem for luck."

"So that's the way it happened is it? You're telling me the truth, are you? This is no joke, you know, Sam," I answered.

"Nowa, Padre, whatta you teenk? Jussa dees mornin' I receive da Buon Christo in Holy Commun' and you theenk I tella you lie? Why, Padre, to killa man lika you say woulda be murd'. And I no killa man lika dat."

"All right then, Sam, that's what was on my mind. To shoot a man after he had surrendered would be just plain murder. And I won't stand for anything like that around this crowd. You were right. You had to shoot him to protect yourself, since he was evidently trying to get his gun to take a shot at you. Now what did you want to see me about?"

His smile, which had faded during the above conversation, came back again as he reached into his pocket and handed me the money which he found there.

"Hersa twenta franc, Padre. Keepa heem for me."

I laughed loud and long. "So? So Sam's feet are beginning to get cold. The hero of Tripoli, Pittsburgh and the Marne is weakening at last."

Again the smile departed from that face which God had made for smiling, as he assured me with all his Italian eloquence that his feet were not even chilly.

So it came about that Sam's name was entered in my little book with the sum of twenty francs to his credit. As a receipt I gave him a name card with "I. O. U. 20 Francs" written on it.

Sam had started away, but came to an abrupt halt when I yelled at him.

"Wha's da mat' now, Padre?"

"What's the matter? What's the matter with your arm?"

"My armsa allaright."

"Well, why don't you salute then? You're a fine soldier." At which he came to attention, saluted, turned on his heel, and would have gone away to tell the crowd what a "crab" I was except that he heard me laughing and, turning around, saw me doubled up with mirth. Then he realized that I was only kidding him in making him salute. We were spared the bother of saluting when in action. And then we chaplains, after someone had persuaded the War Department to make us remove all insignia of rank and put the Cross on the shoulder strap instead of on the collar, never were bothered with

salutes. The only ones who could tell a chaplain then were the aviators. The soldiers, many of them, thought we were some sort of strayed civilians in uniform.

A few yards away a Sergeant, who was trying to straighten out his company roster, stopped working to inform me that there was nothing yellow about Sam, nor, for that matter, were any of the Italians yellow. "Believe me, Father, they're some fighters, those Wops."

"Yellow?" I replied. "Of course he's not yellow. I was only having a little fun with him. We haven't a yellow man in the outfit. Yellow men never get to the front. I have to have a laugh pretty frequently to keep myself from brooding over the awfulness of this whole thing. And I have to make you fellows laugh, too. We're all going on our nerve, and a laugh relieves the tension. Sergeant, a man doesn't generally do anything wrong if he keeps laughing." And with that to think about the Sergeant resumed his work.

During the next hour, Sam came back four times, giving me twenty francs each time. And each time I insisted that his feet were getting cold, and each time he excitedly denied it. He came finally with the straw that broke the bank, for this twenty franc bill made a total of one hundred that he had given me in the space of about an hour. So I handed him a hundred francs, and told him to go back and give the fellows a chance to win their money back.

His eyes wide with surprise, he demanded to know "whoa tella me" about the game.

"Sam, I've been in this man's army long enough to know that you're not picking twenty franc bills off the trees. You're a fine fellow, you are. You win a hundred francs, and then won't give them a chance at it. And the nerve of you, making me your banker."

"Padre, you keepa heem. Eef, I take it now I lose it. You keepa heem, and some day when we get back in soma town I buya feeda for da crowd."

So I kept it until Sam wrote to me from a hospital, where he had been sent after being gassed. Then I sent him his hundred francs. Did the crowd get the feed? Well, not the crowd that lost the money, but I know Sam too well to believe that he didn't treat the crowd in the ward with him.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WHY GOD BECAME MAN.

BY LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J., M.A.

III.

THE WORLD SEEKING GOD.



SEEING that the Fall took place within the lifetime of our first parents, who could, therefore, have remained in a state of integrity and of supernatural grace for but a brief space, the surprising thing is not that there is so little evidence of a fall, but so much. As an intelligent being, man stands in a class apart, far above any other vertebrate animal, yet in his behavior may be so perverse as to become a pathological monstrosity. As the psycho-analyst is constantly reminding us, in the course of evolution something has been lost, and that something man is ever endeavoring to make up for, or, if possible, to regain. If, then, at the outset man was free from the perturbing influence of passion and concupiscence, and if, as there is every reason to suppose, his brain-capacity was as great as, if not greater than, ours, he should have been able both to know and to worship the true God, even as the theologian affirms. Adam certainly had the same data that we have for inferring an intelligent Creator as the ultimate and sustaining Cause of the universe in which he found himself. He would also, since he was man, have been moved, like us, by the instinct of curiosity to seek such a Cause, and by the instinct of submissiveness to worship it. If God chose to reveal Himself, he would have been capable of receiving that revelation.

The teaching of the Church is that man began right, but almost immediately fell away—in the lifetime of our first parents—and rapidly deteriorated. This is not the common view amongst modern anthropologists. They either assume with Professor Fraser that religion began as a crude form of magic; or with Professor Marett that it has evolved from a universal belief in a *praeter-natural* energy pervading all activity; or

with Professor McDougall that man at first ignored the beneficent processes of nature, but was struck with awe by fearful objects, such as disease and death, pestilence and famine, storm and flood, etc., which he first animated with intelligence and will, like his own, then worshipped as demons or gods.

Which of these views the anthropologist adopts depends mainly upon the assumptions with which he starts. Of evidence either one way or the other there is very little. Paleolithic records do not go back beyond the Aurignacian period, and are both scanty and ambiguous. Primitive peoples, now existing, have existed for thousands of years, and so are not genuinely primitive. Attempts to reconstruct primitive man and his religious beliefs and practices on the data of modern psychology can give us at best but tentative hypotheses. We have no adequate data for testing any theory, still less for repudiating what the evidence of Scripture suggests, and the teaching of the Church confirms. On the contrary, what data we do possess can be explained equally well on the hypothesis of a primitive monotheism as on any other, and probably much better.

The distinction between beneficent and harmful, regular and irregular processes, upon which Professor McDougall's theory is based, could only have arisen after much experience. At the outset our first parents could have known nothing of disease and death, pestilence and famine, and but little of other "terrifying" objects. It is far more probable that they would have been struck at first by the wonderfully harmonious character of their surroundings, and the curious adaptability of most things to human needs. Whence, seeking an explanation, and deriving from themselves the notion of intelligence and will, they would have "projected" it not into the part, but into the whole, as the sole rational ground of this harmony and as the sole object worthy of adoration. Their first emotion of wonder and awe would have been aroused by harmony, not discord; and their second emotion would have been gratitude rather than fearfulness. Whatever they became later, intelligence, prompted by instinct, would at the outset have made them monotheists.

This is borne out by the belief of the ancient Chinese, which was almost certainly monotheistic, its object being a Power "to whom evil of any kind was displeasing, and from

whom punishment might be expected for any form of wrongdoing.”¹ The Mana-theory of Professor Marett would thus represent a first stage in the deterioration of this belief. For practical purposes it is the manifestation that matters; not what God is, but what He does. Hence a tendency to concentrate on active phenomena—storms, rivers, the sun, living things, man, especially men endowed with special insight or power; and to regard these as indicative of a Divine Power, the nature of which did not matter so much as the way in which it became manifest.

The stage which Professor McDougall describes follows almost inevitably. Retain a belief in supernatural agencies; concentrate on their more striking manifestations, diverse and often in appearance contradictory, forget their unifying principle, and at once you have many “gods,” sun-gods and storm-gods, water nymphs, and fairies. Worship God in separate places, ignore the fact that in each cave-sanctuary it is the same God that is worshipped, ascribe to each a character and a “history” to suit the tribe of which he is the protector, and there will not only be many gods, but different gods. Focus attention on the symbol to the exclusion of what is symbolized, emphasize the alleged effect of ritual observance rather than its religious significance, and worship becomes magic.

Such processes of degeneration have characterized religion throughout its long history, and are by no means absent today. Impelled by curiosity, man seeks to explain phenomena, but through laziness or carelessness often explains them wrongly. Convinced that there is a supernatural, but too indolent to study its laws, he still devises human means of getting into touch with it, seeks to learn its nature from erratic and superstitious observances, and thinks to control its influence by the use of occult symbolism or the wearing of mascots. So, too, eager to realize a purpose, does man first justify that purpose, then attribute it to God; with the result that the God of his enemy becomes to him an alien Deity, while belief in his own Deity grows stronger or wanes, according as he succeeds or fails with the purpose in hand. There was manifest a distinct polytheistic tendency during the Great War, though the result of it was an intensified skepticism, due

¹ *Transactions of Third International Congress on the History of Religions, Oxford, vol. 1., p. 106.*

to the fact that polytheism in our age is discredited and defunct.

If, then, in our enlightened age, monotheistic belief may be perturbed by the existence of human conflict, what wonder is it that the warring tribes of old believed, as a rule, in many gods? If, even with us, the impulse of submissiveness is so strong, that, should man forget God, he must needs worship a substitute, what wonder is it that our primitive ancestors should have forgotten God and substituted for Him the activities of nature, which they could not account for, but with which they had practically to deal? If in the days of science man may still be superstitious, and his worship become formal and mechanical, what wonder is it that in days when there was no science, but only hard grind, religion should have degenerated into magic, ineffective in reality, yet symbolic at least of belief in an ultra-human power, and of an earnest desire for its aid?

It is said of a Hindu workman of today that, being asked why he worshipped many gods, seeing that he believed also in one Supreme Being, he answered: the great God is good; He will do me no harm; it's the little fellows I need to look after. Once man had fallen, the war that broke out within his nature was projected into the heavens above; the great God was forgotten, and in His place appeared smaller gods, each animating some object of practical importance, and each to be propitiated separately according to his function. The scattering of the tribes also led to diversification of the Deity. Tradition became different, and differences were accentuated by war. Instead of recognizing in himself the imperfect, yet perfectible, image of God, man made gods in his own image, and attributed to them his own morality that thereby his selfishness, personal or tribal, might be justified.

Intelligence at this stage is occupied with other and more practical things than theology. Man seeks the creature, and uses his Creator as but a means to an end. Yet so soon as peace arrives and leisure for thought ensues, man seeks Truth again, and, in consequence, religious belief begins slowly to emerge from the crudities of animistic polytheism.

When tribes or cities fused, their gods fused, either into one multiform, many-named Being, or else into a Pantheon. Between deities apparently disparate and in tradition often

hostile, reason devises interconnections. Thus do we get groups of gods, and occasionally a triad, as the Theban triad, Amon-Mut-Khon. Possibly in this way also arose the Puranic Triad, Brahma-Siva-Vishnu. It is lack of thought, due to perpetual strife with nature and man, that leads to Animism and Polytheism. When peace gives time for reflection, there arises, at least amongst those who think, a saner outlook on the universe and a saner view of the Deity. Even where the result is not pure monotheism, there is at least recognized one supreme being, such as Jupiter or Zeus or Amon Ra or Marduk or Auramazda, from whom the other gods have sprung. Multiplicity evolving from unity is conceptually at least a possibility, but multiplicity without unity is impossible, once man begins genuinely to think.

With the advent of a purer religion there arises also a purer morality. Reflecting on God as the origin and unifying principle of all nature, man forms not merely a theory of the universe, but also an idea of its purpose and of his own part as the chief factor under Providence in the realization of that purpose. For the Egyptian, God becomes the embodiment of justice and truth: only by practising these virtues can men hope to attain happiness in the world that is to come. In the Mazdeism of the Persian inscriptions Auramazda is depicted as the one supreme being, who created all things and in whose name kings rule. There is only one path, that of virtue, which consists in doing God's will: all else is chaos. Truth is the root of all good; lying the source of all evil.

Truth and goodness are also identified in the religion of the Avesta, and are opposed to error and evil. But the latter are now personified. The God of Knowledge contends with the spirit of Ignorance and Error, and the vehicle of the warfare is man. If he would prosper, in addition to ceremonial observances, he must lead a simple life, seeking above all things purity, honesty, and truthfulness. Thus only can he share in the victory of Mazda, who lived before creation in infinite Time, which, when the process of strife is over, shall come back again.

Nowhere does the importance of a right knowledge come to be recognized more clearly than it does in the religion of India. In the Vedic period there is as usual a multiplicity of gods, most of them personifications of natural phenomena.

These the poet-thinkers eventually identify: "The Being of whom the priests speak in many ways and under many names, is in reality one Being." Varuna is omniscient, knows even the inner thoughts of men, and both punishes them for sin, and, when repentant, releases them from its consequences. The ordered regularity of physical events manifests the Deity, and a like regularity must characterize both ritual and morality. Man is dependent on God, yet by worship may increase the efficacy of Divine Power, and by knowledge may share in it.

In the Upanishads the idea of obtaining happiness in the abode of Yama by sacrificing correctly to the gods, is replaced by the idea of absorption in a world-spirit to be obtained by correct knowledge and mental discipline. Atman, which in the Rig-veda meant breath, comes to mean first, the soul of man, then, the soul of the world, Brahma, which meant prayer, comes to mean holiness, then the principle of holiness. Atman and Brahma thus come to be but different aspects, of the one world-spirit. From it man appears to be differentiated, but with it in reality is identical. The world of phenomena is naught but an illusion, which deceives him and allures him perpetually from his end. Let him treat it as naught, and by asceticism overcome its allurements, and he will become merged in dreamless sleep with the Infinite from which now he seems other.

The chief defect in this philosophy is that, while it insists that salvation can come only through knowledge, it fails to provide any genuine knowledge of the principle of Being with which man is to identify himself, and so to attain peace. Everywhere in the Upanishads, says Professor Macdonnell,² there is a "restless striving to grasp the true nature of the pantheistic self, now through one metaphor, now through another." Yet ever does this knowledge elude man's restless mind. "Explain to us the Brahma, which is manifest and not hidden, the Atman which dwells in everything," demands the sage in Brihadaranyaka, But in vain.

The result was a violent reaction. Of the nine philosophic systems which began to arise about the sixth century B. C., nine were originally atheistic.

In the Sankhya system and its derivatives, Buddhism, Jain-

² *Sanskrit Literature*, p. 221.

ism, and the materialistic philosophy of Charvaka, the fundamental doctrine of Vedantic philosophy is retained. Salvation still consists in the knowledge that life is an illusion, its sufferings due to the desire of worldly things, arising from a false estimate of their value. Asceticism, involving the annihilation of desire and issuing in unconsciousness, is still the end that is sought. But Atman and Brahma are ignored; and are ignored precisely because they are unknowable, and, therefore, valueless for experience. The instinct of curiosity, thwarted of its end, revolts against the object which claims to be able to satisfy it, yet ever fails to do so. Man will save himself. And yet he cannot. For the instinct of submissiveness also craves for satisfaction, and cannot find it without God. Of the nine forms of Atheism, four returned to Theism before long, and Buddhism on this fundamental issue has become divided against itself.

The failure of mere philosophy to satisfy man's demand to know God, is evinced also in the religious history of the Chinese. Neither the Pantheism of the Brahmin nor the Dualism of the Avesta in the end prove satisfactory as a solution of the problem of the universe. Laotzu, the dreamer, may possibly have been influenced by both, but, as a reformer, seeking to restore peace in an evil and decadent age, he lays emphasis almost exclusively on the practical. "The Way of heaven is to benefit, and not injure; the Way of the sage to do, and not strive." Knowledge is incommunicable, and law shackles life. Happiness comes from spontaneity, humility, charity. Leave nature alone. This is the true Way, the Way which eternally is. For Confucius, his contemporary, the theoretical has less interest still. His Way is wholly practical. Charity must be practised, morality taught, but without assigning reasons.

Yet Taoism has evolved a philosophy in which the Way becomes identical with absolute Truth, and to Confucianism in practice has been added the religious observances and the theistic doctrines of Mahayana Buddhism.

In the East the transition from the crudities of Polytheism to the concept of one divine and absolute Being is halting and slow. The philosopher neither abolishes the worship of many gods, nor does he wholly get rid of the idea that they are many. Rather he blends them in one evolving whole, which is never clearly distinguished from, and is not infrequently identified

with, the universe. In the West, on the other hand, philosophy breaks wholly with the polytheistic beliefs of the populace. Without discarding traditional observances, it seeks to substitute for the multitudinous and anthropomorphic deities which were worshipped, the concept of one Supreme Being, imperfectly manifest in the universe, but in nature wholly transcending it.

As with Laotzu and Confucius, so with Socrates, the reform at first is moral in character. Convention is inadequate, and often irrational. Therefore, says Socrates, we must analyze and make precise our moral concepts, especially the concept of the Good. There he leaves the matter, content that God is the Good, and that with beneficent providence He watches over man's life and listens to his prayers. But Plato takes up the idea of an absolute moral standard, and transforms it into the absolute Existent, eternal and immutable, from which by a dialectic process all other good flows, and which it imperfectly expresses. The phenomenal world is a faint copy of the intelligible world; but with it is mingled a formless, chaotic principle of non-being which destroys the immutability of the ideas which are expressed in it, and so transmutes reality into appearance, being into becoming.

Plato has approached very near to the Vedantic and Buddhistic doctrine that the material world is a mere illusion. Salvation, too, still flows from true knowledge. But with Plato the process of salvation consists not in mere ascetical practices whereby we escape from illusion, but in the positive seeking after truth, whereby error may be transformed. Plato's Deity is a real God, Who exercises a dynamic influence at least in the realm of pure thought. This is a distinct gain. None the less, Plato's Deity is far removed from the concrete, living, personal God which religion demands, and in vain does he declare them identical. Neither is it clear how the second principle, that of non-being, originates, or, how by means of it, the eternal is transformed into the temporal, and the realm of pure thought reduced to a mere passing show. Plato, as a philosopher, moves almost exclusively in the region of the abstract, though conscious that philosophy cannot rest there, but must somehow get back to the actual, if it is to exert any influence on life.

Aristotle sought to remedy the defects of Plato's system

by substituting for the idea of non-being that of potentiality, which is genuine capacity for being, involving in itself a tendency or desire of the degree of perfection and reality, which is connatural to it. The world of phenomena has become alive again. It is a process, a growth, rich in law and order, and ever seeking a definite end—the realization of the idea that is implicit within it. But if process be always process towards some end, the end is logically prior to the process by which it is attained; and, since the process is real, the end which accounts for it, must also be real; and the ultimate end, the first mover, real in the highest possible sense, as containing all possible perfection already actualized within it. This is God, the plenitude of Being and Life. And, since the highest form of life is thought, God also is Thought. And since thought is always of something, God also thinks of something, namely Thought, which is Himself. God is Thought of Thought.

The richness of Aristotle's concept of God cannot be gainsaid. He is everything that is thinkable, everything that is good. There is also between the universe and God a manifold relation. God is its first mover, the exemplar which all things manifest, the end which all things seek, each in its degree. He is also the object in the contemplation of which man will find his truest happiness. But what guarantee is there that man will attain this happiness? God is immutable, eternal, all perfect, wrapt up in the contemplation of Himself. Why should He move formless matter and breathe into it life, and why, having done so, should He care what happens to it, or whether what is formed of it attains its end or not?

The Stoics solve this difficulty in Eastern fashion by identifying God and the Universe, but at the cost of human freedom. God is the soul of the universe, the reason which works in it according to fixed laws, which admit no deviation. The behavior of inanimate things, the force that holds them together, the nature of plants, the instinct of animals, the reason of man, these things are God. God is the λόγος σπερματικός of nature; σπερματικός because, though broken in fragments, it is one in germ, and to unity will ultimately return; λόγος because the whole process takes place in accordance with a rational and irrevocable law. Nothing can happen contrary to Providence, because nature and Providence are one. Hence a sublime optimism, a supreme confidence, an utter indiffer-

ence to external vicissitudes. To become as God, one has but to recognize that all which happens, happens inevitably and in accordance with God's will. This way lies happiness. Evil is an illusion, which disappears in the harmony of the whole.

The Stoic philosophy, if it be true, affords adequate ground for imperturbable patience and complete resignation in every situation that may arise. But the philosophy itself rests mainly on an analogy. The universe, like man's body, is alleged to have a soul. It is further assumed that this soul is omnipotent within the body, and that its behavior is rational, though not free. Question the assumptions, and the system breaks down. Why *should* there be a process, and why, if there be one, should its laws be inexorable? And if they be inevitable, why should we for ever strive after the highest? Why not, with the Epicurean, simply acquiesce, looking merely for tranquillity of soul? And, again, if God be simply Fate, written with a capital F, why bother about Him or pray to Him, since His decrees are immutable?

The result of this conflict amongst the philosophers of the West was the growth of a skeptical indifference and a live-and-let-live policy, prompted by despair, in the schools. As in Egypt, India, China, so in Italy and Greece, the attempt to probe the mysteries of God's nature eventually breaks down, and is followed by a reaction in which the existence of God is doubted or denied. Everywhere does the thinker realize the vital importance of the knowledge which he seeks, yet nowhere does he succeed in attaining it with that certainty which alone can give to knowledge endurance or practical effect.

Meanwhile, the masses are almost wholly unaffected by the speculations of philosopher and sage. What they want is a God Who is near to them, a ritual which appeals to their senses, a religion which can give practical results. The maxims of Laotzu, Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, Seneca, they can easily grasp, for they are practical in purport. But the theories which underlie them are too complex and too abstract to appeal to the majority of mankind. It was doubtless comforting to know that the Brahmin had a philosophy of the Absolute and the Buddhist a ground for his asceticism; but for the ordinary man the main thing was that the temples still remained and that he could still offer incense or burn candles before the statue of his favorite god. The morality

of the people might be modified by the preaching of this or that prophet, but Brahminism and Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism alike left the religion of the people untouched.

The philosophy of the West was equally inefficacious. It was something that Plato and Aristotle should have demonstrated the existence of God, but the God whose existence they had demonstrated, was too remote to appeal to the people at large; while the Stoic God, Fate, was too impersonal and rigid to become the object of any lively devotion. In spite of the satire of philosophers, the common people continued to worship the man-like gods of their forefathers with the same old superstitious rites. Such gods they could understand, for between them and mankind there was no incommensurable distance, but a striking similarity. They would worship the philosopher, but they would not worship the object of his philosophy. Thus the Athenians in 307 sang of Demetrius of Phalera: The other gods are very far; but thou, thou art quite near; we see thee, not as a god of wood, or a god of stone, but as a genuine god. And, in like manner, the Latins later on were to deify their emperor. In vain did the Stoic exegesis explain the multitudinous gods which were worshipped, as so many manifestations of the one Divine Spirit. For the populace it was the manifestations that mattered, not the Spirit that was said to be expressed in them. The plain man loves a concrete God, a God Who, if not present in his midst, shall at least have an intelligible history, a God Who shall stir him emotionally and shall awaken the enthusiasm of the crowd.

Yet the philosopher, in spite of his failures, had not labored wholly in vain. He had stated his problems, and he had done something more. He had hit upon various strands, which together would give him the solution. He was right when he claimed that morality should flow from truth, that conduct should ever be guided by knowledge. He was right in treating God as absolute Truth, to know Whom is to have happiness and power. He was right in regarding absorption in carnal and worldly pursuits as the chief hindrance to the attainment of the goal towards which the soul is ever groping. He rightly insisted that God must be one, and yet that He cannot be a bare and structureless unity. Almost in Aristotle and the Stoics, and later on at Alexandria, he attained to the

concept of the *Logos*. He was right, too, in insisting upon immanence; which is necessary if God is to operate in the world as Providence, or is to be present in man's consciousness as the source of his strength and inspiration. And, again, in postulating transcendence; which also is necessary, if man is to enter into personal relationship with God, or God is to mean anything more to him than the remorseless and mechanical energy of a perpetually changing world of phenomena. Even his very failures were of service, for they convinced him that, unaided, man is impotent to attain the fullness of that knowledge which he seeks. What the philosopher needed was someone who should bring the many strands together, and unite them in a whole, whose harmonious richness should itself be testimony to its truth; yet not the whole testimony, for experience also is needed, that knowledge may be linked with the certainty which experience alone can give it.

In the underworld of popular religion there were also many strands of truth. There was no people of the earth that was not convinced of the existence of a power greater and more noble than itself, a power which controlled all things, and blessed them or cursed them to man's use; no people that did not believe in and invoke divine Providence, be it under a vast variety of forms; no people that had not at least a suspicion that in origin these forms, however disparate, must somehow be one. Underlying all religions is a primitive monotheism, towards which all religions tend to return. When the philosopher denied God, the people merely shrugged their shoulders and continued to worship Him; when he affirmed that God was one, they listened and almost believed. In this way much progress was made even amongst polytheistic nations. The people, too, though they ignored the theories of the philosophers, were willing enough to write up their maxims on the walls of the temples, thus giving a Divine sanction to precepts which tended to raise the tone of morality.

Without adequate means of discerning God's will, the world was none the less convinced that it is by God's will that human life should be regulated. Hence a widespread belief in divine messengers, prophets, oracles, and even incarnations. God's will must be consulted not only with respect to the worship He desired, or with respect to matters of conscience, but also with respect to the dealings of nation with nation.

And if the judgments attributed to the gods were but human judgments projected, it was for the most part his saner and better judgments that man thus projected, as at the oracle at Delphi.

There was also a deep conviction that crime and uncleanness is offensive to God, and merits divine punishment. Numerous were the rites of purification, numerous the sacrificial rites, by which man confessed his sinfulness and his belief that God alone could remove it. Nothing unclean can enter God's presence; therefore, after defilement man must cleanse himself, especially if his function be the offering of sacrifice. In the sin of individuals the group participates; therefore must a scapegoat be found, who shall bear the sins of the community, and in whose atonement the community may share by symbolic eating or drinking or other form of contact with the victim which is offered, and which God sanctifies.

Numerous legends of man's descent from the gods testify to his conviction that he, in a special sense, is God's creature. Legends, no less numerous, of incarnations and of intercourse between gods and men testify at once to man's belief that God loves and cares for him, and to his earnest desire to know God and to get into touch with God. The same earnest desire is attested by his sacramental washings and meals and by the ecstatic self-abandonment which characterized his orgiastic ceremonies. Conscious of his origin and destiny, man is aware that he often falls from the path by which alone he can attain it. He also expresses in all manner of ways his desire to return, yet is conscious that he cannot do so without God's aid: that, if he is to know God, God must reveal Himself; that, if he is to possess God, God must first possess him.

In the days before Christ came, man was ever thwarting God, even as he does now, yet of a surety had he faith in God, faith in Divine Providence, faith in the efficacy of God's redeeming grace. Drawn to the things of the earth, he none the less realized that it was the things of heaven that mattered, and was ever appealing to heaven to save him from the sins that dragged him down. Immersed in occupations which sought an immediate and practical end, he was none the less conscious of a higher end, which, though he was loath to think on it and strove to attain it by short cuts, was yet slowly permeating his consciousness, as he pondered the sayings which

those had handed down, who thought on the deeper realities. The difficulty was that the latter mistrusted themselves. One sage had no sooner devised a philosophy than another would pull it to pieces. The prophet who sought to raise the multitude from its gross superstitions, himself became a prey to skeptical doubt. He was ever seeking truth, yet truth ever eluded him, and the nearer he got to it, the further he seemed to get away from reality. How should the world be saved from error and sin? This at least he knew, and the world knew. Salvation could come only through God, Whom the whole world was seeking. But how should man come to know God, how discern the truth beneath the symbols, how unite truth with reality, knowledge with certainty? The world had advanced far since the day when Adam fell, had made progress both in religion and morality. But the solution of the final problem, which alone could save man from himself, ever escaped him.

The first act of the great drama was over. Both individually and corporately, in the matter both of goodness and of truth, man had learned his own impotence. It was time that the second act should begin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF A CONVERT.

BY AUGUSTIN PEREGRINE.



It would be idle and dreary to deny what is a matter of universal experience, namely, that life is full of disillusionment. We awake some gray morning to find that our cherished dreams are dreams. We learn at length and painfully that the Pot of Gold is at the end of the Rainbow, and, sad to say, there is neither an elevated train nor a subway express which will get us there.

It may be said that disillusionment is the process by which we put substance in the place of shadow, and shadow in the place of substance. Disillusionment is always sad. It strips the bloom from confidence, it weakens hope, and often it is the harbinger of discontent, if not despair. If this is true of disillusionment in worldly concerns, what shall we say of the soul which finds itself disillusioned in spiritual things? It is pitiable at best and serio-comic at worst, depending on the temperament of the one who is undergoing disillusionment.

But it is of a special and unique disillusionment that I would speak—the disillusionment which can come to a convert in the Catholic Church. It may be the saddest of all. He prepares to see his high hopes lying low in the dust of what he took to be his greatest desire. There is a peculiar quality about this kind of disillusionment. It is important to understand something of it.

When his disillusionment comes, the convert has one comfort. He can never say that he was not warned by well-wishing friends against becoming a Catholic. They tried hard to obviate his disillusionment by keeping him safely out of the Catholic Church.

Vague objections which began with: "Oh! but you can not be serious," became more specific. Authorities were quoted freely. Accusations grew more pointed and personal. For generalities, individual reasons were substituted. Friends began to express the fear that the poor convert was losing weight in various ways. All this was not without its mediate

effect on the mind and nervous system of the convert. To the objections of his family and intimates were added those of other friends. These friends told him that the Catholic Church was like a house in that it had a front door and a back door. Converts, they said, were taken in at the front door. They saw nothing of the other door, the one at the rear, until, disillusioned, they used it for an exit, or in not infrequent cases for a fire-escape. His friends told the convert that there were parties within the Catholic Church who fought with bitterness. Outwardly, they said, all was serene; inwardly, strife and dissension was rampant. Was not the convert asked to read an article in the *Ecclesiastical Review* which discussed frankly, that is as frankly as might be in a Catholic discussion, the question of pastors who had been known to be tyrants and assistants, who had been suspected of being unlovely and unlovable?

Then, too, there were churches with badly done statues, blatant in audible decorations; there were altars cheap and tawdry with relatively white paint and much gilt. This capital accusation ran something like this: There is an indefinable quality which we know as good taste. This sapience is the crown and flower of a well trained and properly ordered mind. The impression conveyed was that this quality and Catholicism were mutually exclusive. The words "ugliness" and "sordidness" were used with such a measure of conviction, and so frequently, as to suggest that with both qualities the convert was not unacquainted; in fact, the impression was created that between him and them a sort of intimacy had grown up. Another said that he had it on good authority that there were some pleasant people in the Catholic Church, however, he rather felt that . . . But here the bewildered convert who had asked his friend to discuss Catholicism from the point of its effect on the soul, lost the thread of his informant's speech!

As soon as his friends had exhausted the catalogue of inanimate reasons against the convert's becoming a convert, they turned with some vigor to the personal deterrents. They told him that while he would be welcome at first, matters would be entirely different after he had become one of the family of Rome. He was told that Catholics, in their zeal to compass sea and land in order to make one proselyte, used

this sort of welcome as long as the convert was "outside;" once "within," he would find it vanish as the ingratiating smile fades from the faces of one who beguiles another to his destruction. He was told that there are priests who are not intellectual—and, after all, if a person is not intellectual consciously, what hope has he? He was warned that the Catholic Church pays a deal of attention to the poor—a sign, he it said, that she is over Apostolic in her methods. Apostolic means antiquated. Minds are more advanced in this glorious twentieth century in which we have had the unparalleled fortune to be born. The poor are well enough as "cases." They give us a target for our benevolence, and our benevolence returns to us in the coin of freedom from dissatisfaction with ourselves. Furthermore, the convert was assured (on the ground of positive ignorance) that he would find no congenial souls in the Catholic Church. Now and then he would doubtless meet those who were well-meaning, but they would hardly be successfully cultivated.

There was one charge which was brought against the Church so often that it became a sort of refrain. It took on the nature of a critical chorus which was added with entire impartiality to any adverse criticism. It was this: "But you know the Catholic Church is thoroughly mediæval." Now if you want to discredit anything in the mind of a modern who exults in his modernity, call it "mediæval." This unanswerable criticism was calculated to disarm completely the intention of the convert to journey into the Church, which was by this time no less than a jungle in the minds of his friends.

By others who did not warn him, the convert was considered simply and completely mad. "Poor Blank! Have you heard? Yes, a Catholic. Sad; but I have thought for some time that there was something just a shade—well, unusual, shall we say? about him."

Fortified by these warnings, the hapless convert set his face to his task again, and renewed his determination at all risks to be one of those who are enclosed in the Fisherman's Net. His hope was high when once he had made this decision—a step, it may be said, which left him breathless. Having determined to begin again his work of thinking through the problem which faced him, he began his days of uncertainty.

Before he decided finally to venture forth into the un-

known, his mental processes, if we may call them such, were strangely reminiscent of the see-sawing days of his youth. At one moment he would be sure that he had come to the point where he knew that he wished to be received; when the moment came, he would be conscious of a feeling directly opposite and equally strong. At one time his way seemed transparently clear; at another, nothing was not obscure. He was at a loss to account for this complete change. A Catholic friend suggested the devil, but the convert was not sure that he considered this explanation tactful, though he saw that, on the Catholic hypothesis, it might be supposed to account for the facts. What troubled him was that he could not be sure of what he would "feel," supposing that he did receive the grace and courage to be received. Would he be disappointed? Oddly enough, it did not occur to him, at this time, that the Church might or could be disappointed in him.

Days passed. At times he seemed to be seeing spiritual things through the wrong end of a telescope. There were other days when all but spiritual considerations faded; they alone remained in proper perspective. At no time during this period could the most vigorous imagination have defined his state of mind as tranquil or composed. He began and continued to feel rather like the person who is told by the doctor that the operation is imperative, and that if he survives, he will be vastly better off; but he has a bad heart.

Looking back on what he considered precious in the past, and with no little trepidation, the adventurer husbanded his strength, and while his resolution held firm he was received into the Catholic Church. His last pre-Catholic memory was hearing the priest say: "*Quid petis ab Ecclesia?*" and the convert answered with a fervor which even the priest could not suspect: "*Fidem!*"

Long afterwards, the convert was listening to another, who like himself had been a wild olive branch, and the other said, a few days after his reception: "But I feel that I am still dreaming; I feel so simplified." He was not dreaming, unless reality is dreaming; and truly he had been simplified. Although the convert would be hard pressed to clothe his initial experience in words, any such attempt would be begun by stating that there is a primary sense of relief and relaxation; relief because he knows that he has issued from the labyrinth

of his confusion, and relaxation which can be described best by saying that his whole being has been simplified, made straight, cleared, and enlightened by the love of God.

But we are considering disillusionment.

Figure to yourself a soul. Life had not spared it. For a long time it had been groping, blind and troubled, with none to see its blindness, and without anyone who was able to offer a solution for its trouble.

Gradually one conviction began to emerge from the confusion of its mind: There are two possibilities—either there is such a thing as certitude in matters of the soul, and that certitude is *the truth that Catholicism is Truth*; or there is no certitude at all. Either all that the Catholic Church claims is true, or else it is impossible to know truth. We may only long for it; we may say, “would that it were so,” we may guess at it as we please in our pursuit of a Will-o-the-Wisp which sometimes goes under the pen-name of Private Judgment or Humanit-Arianism. In his search for truth man craves mysteries, which are God’s poetry; but the understandable mysteries, the logical mysteries, if I may so say, of the Catholic faith are too obvious for a mind dimmed by over-much introspection. Failing the revealed and communicated secrets of Catholicism, the mind which is not yet ready to be taught by them constructs mysteries of its own.

The search for truth outside the Catholic Church is a series of individual attempts, on the part of honest souls, to invent or produce mysteries which shall answer at least partially to the mysteries which Christ gave to the Church as the food of the soul. Man-made mysteries which are more elaborate than God’s mysteries—those divine figures of speech which communicate directly to the soul the truth which leads to union with God—have no special merit except that frequently they lead one who is haunted by the sense of their inadequateness, to make the act of submission which precedes enlightenment at the hands of the Holy Spirit. While one is under the domination of these self-made substitutes for the mysteries of Catholicism, one likes to call them variously, “thought,” or “my philosophy of life,” or “as I see it.” They are all akin to that mental form of shadow-fighting which imagines that the expression of one’s self can be made before one has a self to express. Later, one sees that until Christ lives in us, we have

no self to express. As soon as He does live in us, we are no longer in danger of mistaking selfish expression for the growth of personality.

This was a by-path down which the convert strayed until he saw that he was following an *ignis fatuus*. In time the fact that the path led nowhere became evident, and he retraced his steps.

Having examined the evidence for the truth of Catholicism as best he could, the convert paused. He thought that he was thinking. As a matter of fact, he was merely shifting his likes and dislikes, seeking to find certitude in satisfaction with himself. That certitude never arrived.

Only one course remained. At length the convert determined to stake all on the supreme adventure of faith. The difficulty began to make itself felt at this time. There were years of association to disregard and habit-grooves to overcome. Unsuspected prejudice like a masked assailant rose up and attacked him. What if friends were right after all? What if experiences in the past had been what they seemed at the time to be? What if Rome were a pose—impressive as a spectacle, but as deadly hollow as all poses when one “saw behind the scenes?” What if the soul were escaping from the Scylla of uncertainty to the Charybdis of baseless over-definition? What if it all did not matter at all?

Deciding, however, that if it was a chance, it was a royal chance, the convert, somewhat disheveled, went on. He was led by the Shepherd Who smiled at the soul's misgivings, not in derision, but with the sympathy which is not divorced from humor, because it is perfect.

Remembering poignantly all his hopes, the convert set foot on the unknown land of the Catholic Church. At last the soul was actually in the land of its dreams. Its presence there made the disillusionment which came all the more vivid. Having left its former associates and associations, alone in that indescribable separateness which only the convert feels, it could look around and in its almost perfect detachment take account of its state. Here it was finally in the Church. It met flesh-and-blood priests and people. It met them often and intimately. Not long after this, it penetrated the fastnesses of a Religious House. There it saw priests living and working

in an atmosphere which left no doubt as to the source of their inspiration. It may as well be admitted first as last that at this time the convert was allowed (I whisper it) to see the "inner workings of the Catholic Church"—a shibboleth with which to conjure! Make of it what you will.

The result of these events was that the convert realized, with something of a shock, that his disillusionment was at hand.

Illusion vanished. All that the soul had hoped for so earnestly—all that, and immeasurably more—was true! Instead of finding a perishable welcome, the convert discovered among priests and people the sort of astonishing understanding which left him speechlessly grateful. In the place of un-intellectual priests, he found a community of men keenly interested in everything of the mind which could interpret the soul.

And his soul found the poor of Christ. Perhaps they were the best of all.

The men among whom the convert's lot was cast all bore a sort of family resemblance. One day the convert put this look into words which their actions suggested: "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you love one another." The convert lives in a world which is so disillusioned that each morning he rises with the feeling that he imagines possesses those who learn that they have inherited a fortune—only the value of his fortune is eternal.

Interiorly, "something has happened" to the convert. He is possessed of a liberty of which he did not dream as a non-Catholic. The explanation is simple. Submission of one's own will is enfranchisement in the kingdom of God. The soul makes conquests by retreating from its selfishness. Control of one's self is the result of abandoning one's self to Christ, the Divine Person Who is the whole Truth. By giving up the right to regulate its actions, the soul acquires the power to regulate them. A conversion is a translation into flesh and blood of Christ's words that he who would find his life must lose it. Perhaps only those who have left the utter deadness which immediately precedes one's coming into the Church, can appreciate adequately the cost of a conversion. One does not mind giving up things, or even people, but that feeling that he has lost himself—that he can no longer be conscious of spir-

itual awareness—which comes just before the glorious light of faith floods the soul, that is hard. The absolute freedom which follows is the first fruits of conversion. Freedom seems to be the herald of a happiness which is like an atmosphere. Standing on the outskirts of the multitude, the convert sees Our Lord at a distance, and, with inexpressible wonder, knows that Our Lord has seen him hastening towards Him.

No convert can ever explain the overwhelming sense of unworthiness which accompanies—or rather is a part of his happiness. Freedom and Happiness. Than these there is no greater gift, except Charity, which should be their crown. Freedom, the convert has learned, is the child of discipline. Happiness is the fellowship of the Cross. Charity is Christ in us, the hope of glory.

Long ago, as men reckon time, a great convert said: "*Qui enim in Domino vocatus est servus, libertus est Domini.*" The joy of the convert is his consciousness that he is free because he is Christ's slave. He longs to have others similarly disillusioned, and the desire nearest his heart is that more may come to know, by the favor of God, that Freedom, Happiness, and Charity can be theirs only when they have tasted the sweetness of Christ's slavery, and felt the lightness of His burden, and the comfort of His yoke. The door of the Church stands open in invitation. Always she is inviting men in the name of her Lord to enter and dwell in the security of the House which is founded on a Rock, against which no power can prevail, because the Master of the House is filling it with His Presence.

H. G. WELLS ON THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.



VERY man is in a sense a poet, Carlyle tells us somewhere, when he reads a poem with genuine comprehension. In like manner, without any pretensions to the title of historian, an interested student of times gone by, may surely form an opinion as to what factors are necessary for the building up of one who is to instruct his fellows in the difficult and elusive subject of history. In the first place, it is quite clear, since bricks or the like must be forthcoming for the building of houses, that the would-be historian must be possessed of all the available facts regarding the period of which he is proposing to treat. In the second place, he must have purged himself of all bias. He must not imitate Dr. Johnson who, in his Parliamentary reports, did not "allow the Whig dogs to have the best of it." If the "Whig dogs" had the best of it, much as it may go against his grain, he must faithfully report the fact. He must not only paint Cromwell, wart and all, but—how much harder a task—he must scrupulously refrain, though never so ardent a lover of the Commonwealth, from painting Charles I. with a wart which was wanting in real life. Lastly, he must be born with a sense of historical perspective or, if not born with it, he must strive by prayer and fasting to come by it, if, indeed, it is a thing which can be come by when not inborn.

It is just the absence of this perspective, of the ability to place themselves in the environment in which the persons with whom they are dealing carried on their existence, which causes writers to make such a muddle of their accounts of bygone events. Take the ever-recurring case of Galileo—not one of which we have any reason to feel proud. Yet Huxley, certainly with no bias for Rome, thought that on the whole "the Pope and the Cardinals had rather the best of it." There is only one possible explanation for this conclusion on his part, namely, that he had really succeeded in getting into the atmosphere of the period. When one does that; when one appre-

ciates the irritating kind of person that Galileo himself was; when one grasps the general attitude of everybody Catholic and Protestant towards matters of the kind in question; in a word, when one tries, in imagination, to forget the twentieth and live in the seventeenth century; then, even if we cannot forgive, we can certainly understand, and most surely should excuse all the events in that unfortunate struggle. Indeed, we shall emerge from our study with the conviction that, *pace* the undying and apparently unkillable falsehoods of so many Protestant manuals, Galileo, from the point of view of that day, really received uncommonly mild treatment.

These, perhaps, rather jejune reflections on history and historians have been called forth by consideration of an *obiter dictum* by Mr. H. G. Wells, who has lately, as all the world knows, become the author of an ambitious and much boomed *Outline of History*. I confess that I will not go to Mr. Wells for information on history. When I want candies, I go to a confectioner, but for meat, I apply to a butcher. I know no man who can supply more delightful candies than Mr. Wells, when he wishes to do so. *Kipps* and *The Wheels of Chance* are a constant joy, and I should be afraid to say how many times I have read both of them. And I hope to re-read them time and again. It is true that dullness—if one may venture on the word—hangs round many of the later and unduly didactic books. *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* must always remain a really valuable historical document, showing how the War reacted on a fairly typical middle class family. But it is hardly a story; certainly not a romance. Frith's *Derby Day* and his *Railway Station* will always be interesting like Hogarth's pictures. Yet no one will claim for them a place in the first rank of works of art. Mr. Wells can tell a story: that all will admit. There seems great doubt as to whether he can write a history.

A review of his book in *Art and Archæology*, surely as neutral a *terrain* as can be found in North America or, indeed, anywhere else, complains, I observe, amongst other things, that "the chief defects of the book are the faulty perspective and proportions, and the preposterous valuations. Nearly three hundred pages are wasted on geologic æons and conjectural prehistoric human history, for which a brief chapter would have sufficed. More space is given to Philip and Alex-

ander of Macedon than to the civilization and literature of Greece from Salamis to Chæroneia. The literature and law of Rome and their influence are altogether ignored. The Renaissance is lost to sight and the entire political history of modern Europe from 1400 to 1800 muddled and skimmed, in two confused and confusing chapters on the 'Renaissance of Western Civilization' and 'Princes, Parliaments and Powers.' The two chief topics of nineteenth century history for Mr. Wells seem to be the scholarship of Karl Marx and the bad education of Gladstone." Mr. Belloc, in the *London Mercury*, a leading literary journal, made some equally severe criticisms on Mr. Wells' book, to which the latter replied in a rather angry letter. With the tone of this and with the accusation of unfairness—hardly, I thought, sustained—I have nothing to do, but there was one sentence in it which, on account of its relation to a subject which has much interested me and of which I have made some study, arrested my attention, and it is to that, as a kind of index of the writer's mentality, that I want to devote some small comment. Here is the sentence:

Christianity, he tells us, was "one of the numerous blood and salvation religions that infested the decaying Empire." There he leaves it: there, we must assume, is his compendious judgment of Christianity as an historical fact. Let us analyze the statement and see how far the different parts are capable of being sustained. "The *numerous* blood and salvation religions"—were they so numerous? I suppose that those cults which used the Taurobolium are the "blood and salvation religions" to which he alludes. It is not always easy to arrive at a clear knowledge of these ancient cults and their ceremonies, but of this particular one we have a full account in the works of the poet, Prudentius. In the story, "Red Magic,"¹ Father Martindale, S.J., gives an account of the ceremony from the point of view of a boy spectator. The bulls, which are to be the victims in the affair, are brought forth decorated with garlands and ornaments "painfully, as in a nightmare, he watched the destined four [*i. e.*, the human participants] pass through the little door and stand beneath the perforated roof (on which were standing the bulls which were to be sacrificed): watched the priests raise simultaneously their tri-

¹ In the volume, called *In God's Nursery*, a book which deserves a wide circulation. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

angular knives, and slice them through the great veins in the bulls' throats. The blood spouted furiously out, drenching the floor, pouring violently through the holes on to the votaries beneath. Through apertures in the side of the platform the frantic crowd could see the three men and the woman soaking themselves in the crimson stream, flinging themselves on back and side and face, kneading the blood into ears and eyes, hair and beard, mouthing and swallowing it. At last, when the carcasses lay bloodless and still, the four came out, 'regenerated for eternity,' 'hideous to behold.'"

Almost a paraphrase of Prudentius, it is a horrible picture, but we must look on it if we are to understand what is implied by Mr. Wells' statement that Christianity was but one of the numerous "blood and salvation religions" of the day. As far as scholars have been able to ascertain, this disgusting ceremony came into the Roman Empire with the worship of the Magna Mater or Cybele from Phrygia. It is far too complicated a subject to be unraveled or even displayed in an article such as this but, in a sense, the worship may be said to have been, in its origin, that of the great, beneficent earth from which all things spring and that the ceremony in question, with many another accretion, was grafted on to it, though not absolutely confined to it, for the first recorded Taurobolium took place during the reign of Hadrian at Puteoli and was in honor of Venus Cælestis, possibly by Roman syncretic methods associated with Cybele. At any rate in A. D. 134 we hear of it for the first time in connection with the Romans. The last recorded instance seems to have been in the fourth century, and the scene was a minor temple of the goddess (the great temple being on the Palatine Hill), which stood close to where St. Peter's now is. And, by the way, let us note that the Taur-obolium must have been of rare occurrence, no doubt for one reason, because it was an exceedingly expensive ceremony. But that it was rare seems to follow from the fact that at Naples and Rome, as we have stated, it was thought worth while to set up a memorial, stating that at such a time a Taur-obolium was held in that particular place. Such memorials would be absurd in the case of ceremonies which were of constant occurrence. Further it seems probable, though not certain, that the Taurobolium became engrafted on to the worship of Mithras, as to which it may not be amiss to devote some

little consideration, if only because so much mischievous use has been made of this topic by imperfectly informed writers.

No doubt we have to thank Renan very largely for this, for it was his suggestion that it was a race between Christianity and Mithraism, in which the former did win, but the latter might have done so. Putting it a little crudely, that is about what his statement amounted to, and it seems a good deal to build up on a substructure of carvings supplemented by a few allusions in controversial documents, for it must be remembered that every Mithraic document has utterly perished in the (from our point of view most unfortunate) destruction of all pagan records of a perishable character by the early Church. We must not be misled by the number of Mithraic caves or grottoes, that is the temples of the sect which were always underground. Whether we are right in looking upon these places as what we should today call "lodges" or not, it is quite certain that they were all small and that none would accommodate more than one hundred worshippers. Hence when we read of five (I think six have now been discovered) Mithraic temples at Ostia, it means at the outside some five or six hundred adherents in that important place. No doubt these temples were everywhere throughout the Empire, from the northern line of the Sahara to the *Limes Imperii*, where Hadrian drew his wall from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Carlisle. They have been discovered in these and many other places, and the very fact that they were subterranean, no doubt accounts for the large number which have been preserved, where the fanes of other sects have been demolished and lost to us.

Mithraism was essentially a soldier's religion, and the soldiery of Rome, which went everywhere, took this and other of their beliefs to all parts of the Empire. It was not merely a soldier's religion, but a purely masculine religion which excluded female adherents, a very potent reason why it never could have been a successful rival to Christianity, even if we envisage the conflict from a purely historical point of view and apart from all higher considerations. Mithraism was a highly picturesque religion. It had its various grades, its secrets, its initiation ceremonies, its ceremonial dresses. Men have always loved "dressing up," and the possession, real or supposed, of "secrets" unknown to the crowd, and all secret societies live more or less on these tendencies. No doubt,

there is some resemblance, perhaps purely apparent, between the methods of Mithraism and those of Freemasonry (at least, as understood by those outside the fold). Mr. Kipling in his *Puck of Pook's Hill*, has made his Roman officer an adherent of this religion and attributed to it secret signs and passwords which, of course, it may have had. Far be it from us to deny this amount of freedom of interpretation to a novelist when he is writing a novel. Let us not forget, while we are on this topic, that the late Monsignor Benson made Mithraism the *motif* of one of the most penetrating stories in that admirable book, *The Mirror of Shalott*.

This religion was quite distinct from that of Cybele; it was of Iranic origin, whilst the other was Phrygian. If, as is quite likely, the Taurobolium was introduced into Mithraism, which, let us carefully bear in mind, was not, like Christianity, an exclusive religion, then Mithraism may be counted as another of the "blood and salvation" religions. But we are told that they were "numerous." Where are the rest? Candidly, I see no justification for the word "numerous." The legend of Attis was part of the Cybele myth in its later days at any rate, and the self-mutilations of pagan priests and worshippers mostly seem to have been associated with these or very closely connected beliefs. No—I do not see where the numbers are to be found. Nor do I think that the words "infested the decaying Empire" can be justified. No doubt, the desire is to describe Christianity with what might be called its fellow puerilities like Mithraism, as the bacilli of decay which flourish on dead or dying bodies. But is this historically accurate? No doubt, it is a profound truth that we all "die daily;" that our period of decay commences with the day on which we were born or, more accurately perhaps, with that on which we were conceived. Yet one would hardly talk of a youth of twenty or a man of forty as being naturally and necessarily in a state of decay though, no doubt, twenty or forty years nearer to the grave than at the day of his birth.

Rome fell, so the text-books put it, in 476, and whatever significance we may attach to that term—perhaps a less extended meaning than we might have done before reading Mr. Belloc's *Europe and the Faith*—we can hardly quarrel with the statement that the Empire was then in a state of decay. But between that date and the date when Christianity, I will

not say had been introduced, but had acquired some definite position in Rome, many years elapsed, more than have passed since white men first made a home in North America. And what happened during those years? In B. C. 29 Octavius, returning to Rome in triumph, closed the doors of the Temple of Janus, and closed they remained until A. D. 242, when the great epoch of the Pax Romana, perhaps the most wonderful era that the world has ever seen, came to an end. During that time, as never since, travelers could and did pursue their ways in peace and security over excellent roads made and maintained by the government and in all parts of the known world. With long continued peace came the corresponding prosperity, yet this is just the time when Christianity passed through childhood into early youth, when incidentally the other religions just mentioned were in existence in Rome. Was the Empire really a decaying institution during all this period? If so, we must seek a new definition of the word decay. I can find no real justification for the statement.

Still less can I find any possible justification for the truly astonishing lack of historical perspective exhibited in the remaining member of the short paragraph with which I have been dealing. Christianity is contemptuously dismissed as just one of those absurd and out-of-date religions which pululated in the empire at the time of its decay—just that, and nothing more! If that thesis is to be sustained, we must ask for an explanation of a fact which is carefully ignored in the paragraph and almost equally neglected in the book about which all this pother arose. Why did this particular absurdity go on whilst the others came to an end? None but the willfully blind can fail to see that this is a matter which must be cleared up before we can even begin to discuss the thesis in question. Cybele and Attis are gone; gone is the Magna Mater Deorum, gone too Mithras with Astarte, Isis, the whole heterogeneous pantheon of later Rome. These have strayed so far from memory that it is only by the utmost patience and research that scholars can wring their secrets from slabs and from the furious comments of their Christian adversaries. Where is Christianity today? If it was just one of these numerous absurdities, why and how has it taken the place it holds today, and has held for centuries? How is it that this particular absurdity has, *pace* Mr. Wells, secured the veneration

and belief of an overwhelming preponderance of the best intellects of all ages? Those who desire to disparage revelation are confronted at the very outset of their task with two facts, anthropological or historical, or whatever one may like to call them, which must be explained, namely the existence of the Jews and the spread and existence of the Catholic Church. Believers in revelation have a satisfying answer to these questions: no other explanation has been put forward which will, for a moment, hold water.

The fact of the matter is that one almost loses patience when one tries to read the works of those who fondly imagine that they are dealing scientifically with the matter of Comparative Religion. I remember a celebrated remark of a jealous rival as to another scholar's edition of Kant. "Mr. — does not understand German; he does not understand English, and he does not understand Kant!" Many of these writers understand neither science nor religion nor what is entailed in a just comparison. Fluellen is their prototype. Alexander and Harry of Monmouth must, by some means or another, be made to correspond "if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my brains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both." Buddhists have rosaries, and so do Catholics: see how the latter have copied the former. An explanation which explains, is not necessarily the true explanation and, with the abacus under our eyes, it surely is not difficult to reach that modest pitch of imagination which will enable us to think it possible that counting by beads may have originated in more than one mind and in more than one place.

Fluellenism is everywhere in modern folk-lore (which as a young, but very valuable, science lends itself to the incursions of the ardent and little instructed amateur), even in works thought by many to be magistral, such as the *Golden Bough*. But it out-Fluellens Fluellen to suggest that Christian Baptism, so simple, cleanly, inexpensive, everyday, has any connection of origin, either directly or by common source, with the complicated, filthy, costly, infrequent Taurobolium.

Before leaving this matter it should be freely admitted that there are cases where the Church has deliberately taken hold of some Pagan ceremony or idea and, so to speak, exorcized and reconciled it in order to make use of it, just as the Edict of Theodosius commanded that pagan temples, after being purified, should be used for Christian worship. There is a true and a false way of looking at this, and no one has put the former better than Mr. Mallock (in his *Is Life Worth Living?*) I feel sure, though I cannot recover the reference. In discussing this very question, he pictures the Church as a majestic being seated on a rock in the midst of a tempestuous sea, on whose boiling waves are tossed a multitude of pieces of wreckage. Hundreds of these pass by apparently unnoted, certainly untouched, but every now and then, as if in response to the thought: "Here is something of which I can make use!" some fragment is recovered and incorporated for ever into that edifice which has for its foundation a rock. It is the choice and the use made of it which count, not the mere fragment; nor very much, save to the curious antiquary, its actual source.

"Just one of a number!" One might say that Shakespeare was just one of a number of poets who adorned that great period of literary activity which we call the Elizabethan Age. One might say it, and it would be unimpeachably true. But it would be mighty poor criticism.

A NEW LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY ALBERT R. BANDINI.



IN the midst of a vast literature whose tendencies are frankly and often grossly materialistic, there are in Italy today many notable writers upholding spiritual principles and Catholic thought. It seems a good omen that the greatest literary event of the present time, a book that has deeply stirred the Italian nation, should be a *Life of Christ*. When it began to be rumored that Giovanni Papini, that singular and irrepressible Florentine genius, was working on a *Life of Christ*, public interest was aroused to a high pitch, and when it was further stated that the *Life* was to be written in the Orthodox sense, surprise stunned the literary fraternity—thus called because literary people do *so* love each other—and there was no lack of anticipatory scorn and enthusiasm.

For Orthodoxy and Papini were not born twins—he is by nature a rebel against all conventionalities and traditions, and perfectly happy when he can show that a hero is but a stuffed puppet. His books are similar to punitive expeditions: whether he chooses to invade the philosophical, the artistic or the literary field, he comes back after having run through with his pen a number of popular idols. Typical Papinian books are *The Twilight of the Philosophers*, in which he disdainfully picks to pieces all modern philosophers from Kant down, and *Stroncature*, a strong idiomatic Florentine title word which may be inefficiently translated as “hacking away,” and indicates the demolition of many a literary fame. Papini’s career covers a period of twenty-five years of literary activity—he started very early, as he is now barely forty—and his path is strewn with the ruins of accepted reputations over which is scattered the salt of his contempt.

As a critic, Papini is a most dangerous fellow, with a tremendous fund of erudition, a crushing power of logic, and all the resources of that most destructive weapon: ridicule. He does not deal with his victims with soft-spoken irony: he places them on the pillory, and loudly laughs at them. His

style is extremely personal: it is strictly Papinian, and it will probably remain unimitated, not because it is inimitable, but because it is too daring. In a writer of less intellectual vigor than Papini, his popular Tuscan tongue, generously sprinkled with frank Florentine idioms, would become merely vulgar and nasty. There is nothing bromidic about it, because Papini is not accustomed to mince words: he calls a spade a spade simply because there is no harsher word for it. Papini is a plebeian, and does not care who knows it; he is proud of it, inordinately proud of being a plebeian before whom aristocrats, professors and "leaders" of every kind must acknowledge inferiority. He has pushed himself to the front in spite of all handicaps by sheer strength of will and intelligence, and he is ready to defend his place against all comers. As a comparison with his solitary and disdainful personality and with his powerful style of massing words, hand-wrought out of raw language ore, I cannot think but of Carlisle in English literature; yet even Carlisle is an aristocrat and Papini a plebeian.

It was, then, natural to wonder how such a writer might put sufficient gentleness and dignity in his treatment of the figure of Jesus—while, of course, it was even a matter of greater wonder how Papini, who had always loudly proclaimed his atheism, scoffed at the Church and nearly blasphemed Christ, could now show himself in a totally opposite rôle.

Evidently, he has "returned to Christ;" he says in the preface to his book: "How the writer has succeeded in finding Christ again, by himself, walking over many roads, all finally ending at the foot of the Gospel Mountain, would be a tale too long and also hard to tell. But his example—that of a man who always felt, even as a boy, a repulsion toward all accepted creeds, toward all churches and all forms of spiritual vassalage, and passed then, with delusions so much the deeper as his enthusiasms had been perfervid, through the newest and most varied experiences he could find—the example of this man, I say, who has realized in himself the ambitions of an age almost without parallel unstable and restless—the example of such a dreamer and madcap who, after running wildly around, comes back close to Christ, has perhaps a meaning not only private and personal."

That Papini is sincere in the sentiments he now expresses and in his regret of former offences, may be taken for certain.

He is nothing, if not sincere: his sincerity has always been almost akin to effrontery: a defiant, aggressive, vociferous sincerity to which an admixture of sham is unthinkable. After all, that he should be stricken on the road to Damascus is less astonishing than in the case of other notable modern converts, because Papini has long invoked the truth-lightning that was to fell him; his eagerness to destroy all the flimsy fabrics which men have called Temples of Truth was never unaccompanied by an anxious search after a solid *ubi consistam*.

In a book published less than ten years ago—an autobiography, or rather a cynical confession—a book entitled *The Man Who Is Through* and written to show that he was *not* through by any means, this passage is found: "I beg neither for bread, nor glory, nor compassion. I ask not embraces from women, or money from bankers, or praises from the 'intellectuals:' those things either I go without, or earn or steal for myself. But I beg and ask for, humbly on my knees, with all the force and passion of my soul, a crumb of certitude, one only, one tiny, but solid, grain of faith, one atom of truth." And again: "A skeptic? Not I—unfortunately. Not even a skeptic. A skeptic is lucky: he has one belief left—the belief that it is impossible to be sure of anything. He may be tranquil and, if he cares to be, dogmatic. Not I. I do not even believe that research is vain: I am not certain that certitude is inexistent. Among things possible there is this, too: that truth may exist and that someone may be in possession of it."

Whether his spasmodic efforts toward truth have been rewarded by the full light of faith may remain questionable if one considers only his book on Christ. A "return to Christ" is not the usual term to describe a conversion to the Catholic Church: the expression may be sufficient, but it may also be equivocal. However, that Papini feels a passionate love for Christ, a devout regard for Christ's Church, decisively identified with the Catholic Church, of that no shadow of doubt may remain in any fair-minded reader. Only now are the intimate facts of his conversion being made known.

Of the book's formal orthodoxy we may also be sure: it seems that it had been submitted unofficially to competent churchmen for a preliminary revision, and anyway even the exacting critics of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the well-known Jesuit

organ, are friendly in their tone and do not find fault except with certain slight verbal inaccuracies such as a layman could hardly be expected to avoid on ground so perilous.

Yet to the orthodox and trained taste Papini's book might not be altogether satisfactory. The mildest form of condemnation on the part of the Church is to say that an author's writings "*sapiunt hæresim*," they smack of heresy, as it were. Not that Papini's book has such a bitter taste, but one feels something peculiar about it, as if some accustomed condiment was missing. I do not mean the "unction" which one might or might not think desirable in this kind of book, because the virility and the genuine fervor of the story more than makes up for that, but certain correlations of the Christ with the general plan of revealed religion are insufficiently stated, even certain personages traditionally occupying a large space within the circle of Jesus' life are given little attention. For instance, St. Joseph is not even mentioned, and the Blessed Virgin only in a couple of instances. Of course, Papini calls his book *The Story of Christ* and is, therefore, entitled to leave out anything that has no direct connection with the story: moreover, he promises in his preface that he will write another book on the Mother of Christ. No reference is made to Jesus' ancestry, and in fact His Messianic character is adverted to only in a passing way. We might also say that Papini insists principally on the human side of Christ, though, of course, he does proclaim His Divinity; he does not ignore the theological value of Christ as the Redeemer, but he emphasizes more His importance as a teacher; he does not brush aside the supernatural element in Christ's life, but he puts forward the natural side. It is, in short, a treatment of Christ without much Christology: if the book, therefore, may be found not wholly satisfactory, that is due to what it omits.

I fear also that in explaining the fundamentals of Christ's doctrine, Papini is not thoroughly adequate. According to him the expected Kingdom rests on these three principles: brotherly love, non-resistance to violence, contempt of riches. How Papini interprets and applies these principles will be dwelt upon later, but in order to be fair to him, we must first examine with what intent he set out to write his book. Papini, a self-taught and self-made man, is also a clear-sighted and utterly sincere self critic. His preface to the book con-

tains the best criticism of it—it is like the overture of old operas, in which the tunes to follow were faithfully summed up.

He starts out, in true Papinian fashion, annihilating all the “Lives” of Christ written up to the present time, and if he is hard on the “devout” authors he is even more contemptuous of the “scientific” ones: the greatest fault with all these authors is that nobody will read them except as a pious exercise or to gather controversial material. First of all then, he wants to write a “readable” book, a book “by a modern man endowed with some respect for and some knowledge of art, such as will command the attention even of those who are hostile to Christianity.” Beyond any doubt, he has succeeded in this primary purpose: the book is not only readable, but it is as “gripping” as any best seller. The title itself, *The Story of Christ*, conveys the idea that it is a narrative without controversial or pedantic excess baggage. Chapter sub-titles are catchy as, for instance, “The Stable,” “The Ox and the Ass,” “Octavianus,” “The Carpenter,” “The First Four,” “Turning Things Upside Down.” Each chapter is rather short—there are one hundred and twenty-nine chapters in six hundred and twenty-eight pages—which makes the story move fast and diversifies its interest.

As Papini adheres strictly to the four Gospels, there can be little novelty in the subject matter, but familiar scenes stand out in a new, vivid light through his dramatic realism and power of reconstructing in high relief a *milieu* that habitual perception had flattened out. His style is one “of violent contrasts and foreshortenings, enlivened with sharp and racy locutions in order that modern souls, accustomed to the spices of error, may be aroused by the whipcracks of truth.” What had become obvious, or was apparently commonplace, in certain events of Christ’s life, acquires a new vividness, a deep meaning in Papini’s book. As his description of the Bethlehem stable: not a picturesque grotto, not a trim background to a neat little crib, but a real stable in all its sordidness. Or of the little Capharnaum synagogue in which Jesus spoke: a powerful sketch of the different types that conceivably gathered there—workingmen, fishermen, farmers, small landowners, traveling merchants in the front ranks, then “toward the end of the room—because this synagogue is nothing but an oblong hall, whitewashed, hardly bigger than a schoolroom

or a kitchen or a wine-shop—squat down like dogs near the door, fearing all the time lest they should be kicked out, the poor folks of the town, the poorest of all, those that live of an occasional job, of some grudging alms and possibly—alas—of some petty larceny: the ragged ones, the flea-bitten ones, the avoided ones, the disinherited.”

With different emotions these people listen to the words of Jesus; the well-to-do, the merchants, the Pharisees sniff and wink at each other, but dare not laugh. They walk out, serious and stiff, cautiously grumbling their disapproval; but the wretches near the door cannot get tired of Jesus, they hang upon His lips and still listen when He has ceased speaking. They follow Him outside and ask Him questions out in the open air where their courage revives. “And Jesus, halting, answered that obscure rabble with words that will never be forgotten.” Even more lurid is the chapter, “The Den of Thieves,” describing the rout of the Temple merchants, their disgusting religious commercialism and their almost comical scampering away.

All is not realism in this many-faceted book: the story is often interrupted by flights of poetry and flashes of eloquence. For this, Papini begs forgiveness in the preface: he realizes the callous temper of his average reader. True eloquence is almost lost today and, in its place, we have empty oratory; lack of strong and vital persuasions makes it incongruous to feel strongly about anything. If Papini declaims at times with the emphasis of the old style preacher, he does so because inspired by the fiery zeal and the fearless sincerity which transforms rhetorical emphasis into real eloquence. This is particularly the case when he inveighs against those classes of people in modern society in whom is reproduced the spirit of the ancient enemies of Christ.

If in its literary form *The Story of Christ* caters to modern tastes, it is for the purpose of better supplying a remedy to modern needs. “Every generation has its own cares, its own thoughts, and its own madneses. The old Gospel must be translated again to help those who are lost. To make Christ live at all times in the life of men, it is necessary to reawaken Him now and then from the dead, not to color Him over with the tints of the day, but to make clear anew, with new words and with references to the present, His eternal truth and His

unchangeable history." We must consider which are the passions that agitate the world of today, not forgetting that Papini has in mind the present European situation, and more specially the troubled social life of Italy. The Great War has thrown up from its deep, bloody furrows a monstrous crop of national hatreds, while the even more terrible spectres of race-hatreds walk over the land. Within national life, there is class hatred and party hatred: from all this springs the spirit of violence: violence in order to assert one's rights, real or fanciful, one's ideals or simply one's supposed superiority. Violence is invoked as a remedy against violence: radicals are up in arms, and even more radical conservatives want to overwhelm them with more arms. At the bottom of it all, there is an inordinate desire for wealth as the means for satisfying the general craving for pleasure.

Papini tears the mask off leaders and masses, showing how their so-called ideals are but a thin disguise of sodden animalism. And it is to oppose the passions of the day that he interprets the Kingdom of God as consisting in the principles we enunciated above: brotherly love, non-resistance, contempt of money.

In the chapter which illustrates the Sermon on the Mount, Papini shows the utter contrast between the teaching of Christ and anything that man had previously heard. "It has been said—but I tell you." What had been said before is totally different from what He tells: the Old Testament inculcated the love of the Law, but the New proclaims the law of Love. The only erudite digression in the whole book comes in at this juncture: Papini shows conclusively how far below Jesus are all the famed teachers of Greece and of the Orient, of whom He is supposed to be an imitator according to that alleged "science" whose concern it is to minimize Christ at all costs. "The ancient world does not know Love—it knows passion for woman, friendship toward a friend, justice to a citizen, hospitality to strangers, possibly some kind of timid and class-restricted benevolence, but not Love for one's enemies, much less the blessing of one's torturers." This is the astonishing novelty of the Gospel.

In expounding the doctrine of non-resistance and in his denunciations of the use of money, the "devil's dung," as he forcibly calls it, I fear that Papini has lost sight not only of

the necessary distinction between Gospel counsels and Gospel precepts, but also of the distinction between Christianity as practicable by the individual, and as it can be applied in organized society. This might lead to a weakening of Christianity into a dreamy Tolstoianism. One must think of the disturbed social relations in Italy to appreciate fairly why Papini has gone possibly a little too far—in the right direction, however—with his preaching of the doctrine of non-resistance; one must remember the daily encounters between “Fascisti” and “Communists” which, for a time, have created in Italy a sort of intermittent and sporadic civil war; the almost universal carrying of deadly weapons, the mob-ferocity which has occasionally broken the shell of civilization, the elation on the part of “good people” when “Red” outbreaks have been smothered in blood. And as regards money, it is only too true that money is no longer today what it was meant to be, a necessary standard of exchange, but has become a highly speculative merchandise: the world is in the grip of Plutocracy, the real kings are the international bankers who absorb wealth merely by manipulating money. And Papini says to this money-mad world: “Bread, already sacred upon the family table, becomes upon the church table the eternal Body of Christ. Money is also the visible sign of a transubstantiation. It is the Devil’s infamous host. Your coined metals are the devil’s corruptible excrements. Whosoever touches those metals lovingly or receives them with joy, is in visible communion with the devil. Whosoever touches money with a thrill, touches, unknowingly, the devil’s dung.”

At least a third of the book deals with the Passion of Christ, and though that story is cut into our mind, though we have heard it rendered in sublime poetry, visualized and immortalized by masters of painting and sculpture, although it would seem as if the mind of man, through the power of all the arts, had drained from it all possible dramatic intensity, Papini’s rendition is yet wonderfully novel and soul-awakening. Besides the Passion of Christ one feels in his words the passion of a great man in a vain titanic struggle to undo a deed that’s done forever, the desolation upon the stone of a sepulchre, the exasperating battle to shake the indifference of those who live as if unaware of their Saviour’s death and triumph. Merely in chiseling out certain small details

overlooked or ineffectually used by others, Papini gives his readers unexpected sensations.

The greatest praise to be given to this book is, I believe, that in closing it a reader will not simply say: What a wonderful writer this Papini is—but he will feel in his soul the spell of Christ's personality, he will feel himself drawn back to Him across the desolate ravines of the world. This is what Papini meant to accomplish: "A book not only edified"—or built up according to the canons of art—"but an edifying book."

The *Story* closes with a prayer to Christ. I shall, in concluding, quote a few lines of it: it is a heart-rending cry of distress, an impassioned yearning for a new manifestation of Christ which, in the excess of his love, the author dares to hope for, even as a visible manifestation:

We pray to Thee, O Christ, we, the renegades, the guilty ones, men born out of their time, we who still remember Thee and struggle to live with Thee, but always too far from Thee: we, we the last ones, without any other hope turning back from the abysses and from the earth's ends, we pray Thee to come once more among the men who murdered Thee, who have not ceased murdering Thee, and give again to us, assassins stalking in the dark, the light of the true life.

Never as today has Thy Message been necessary, and never as today has it been forgotten or despised. The kingdom of satan has reached its full maturity and the salvation of all who go about gropingly cannot be but in Thy Kingdom.

If Thou comest not to awaken the sleepers lying in the smelling mire of our hell, it will mean that in Thy judgment our punishment is still too short and too light for our betrayal. And may Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

But we, the last ones, await Thee: we shall await Thee every day in spite of our unworthiness and in the face of all impossibilities. And all the love we shall be able to press out of our devastated hearts, shall be for Thee, O Crucified, Who wert tortured for love of us and Who now torturest us with all the power of Thy implacable love.

IN LONELY RAVENNA.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.



ALONE and mournful strand, without a sea; a fair and saddened princess, without a realm, in a ceaseless slumber, but alive; a grave, but a garden eternal. This is Ravenna. She had the sea once, but now it sighs and sobs six miles away; she ruled an empire when Italy was younger by fifteen centuries; she shelters twenty thousand souls today, who walk in silence through silent streets; she has buried her ambitions, but her achievements are everywhere, a magnificent memorial to days of grandeur. Ravenna is a beautiful wreckage left by a summer storm, a decaying fragment of glory, but a glory none the less, fair even in the face of death. Her history she gives to him who reads, but her soul's story only to him who comes and pays court and listens to her whispered song.

What a full-fold romance it is! What a thrilling drama must that be which has an Augustus Cæsar and a Theodoric and a Justinian and a Dante in the cast; with saints and sinners passing across the stage; with battles won and battles lost, in the action; with deeds of valor displayed, and noble deaths; and ever in the scenes the matchless triumphs of the arts and crafts of a peaceful day.

Ravenna is the resting-place of that supreme singer of the Middle Ages, Dante, and a fitting place of pilgrimage in this centenary year. His mausoleum stands near the Church of San Francesco, in the vestibule of which the Florentine exile was first buried. Dante's tomb was originally the work of Pietro Lombardi, who built it in 1482 at the instance of Bernardo Bembo, the representative of Venice in the city; but now, through reconstruction, it is more modern than the sentimental heart would wish. The old palace of the Polenta looks down upon the tomb from across the way, a fitting guard for the poet's grave. For it was Guido da Polenta who gave him the welcome of Ravenna, after Florence had forbidden him her shelter and had doomed him to follow the wandering roads.

How willingly would Florence blot that page in her chronicles, none but a Florentine can tell you. But it may not be so; and Ravenna loves to tell her guests how the great Dante came to her, with his daughter, Beatrice, how he wooed the Muses here, and here gave to the world the entire body of his poems. She likes to tell the story of his service to the city, and render an account of his death that came of fever contracted in that service. She has a never-fading dream of fair women who have come to the tomb and have dropped a rose or breathed a prayer, and have gone away all gently; she recalls the men who have passed this way with heads bared and hearts aflame as some well-loved line of the *Divine Comedy* flashed through the memory; Chateaubriand made his visit here, Byron was a pilgrim, Pius IX. lingered in quiet reverie. For in this tomb sleeps one who peered with steady eye into the worlds beyond the day, a prophet-poet who shall not come again.

In her buildings, Ravenna is today very much what she was in Byzantine days. Time has destroyed much, to be sure, but the city remains still a marvelously precious treasury of the work of the first Christian centuries. She stands today, a city of the marsh, the marsh that has kept many a barbarian hand afar, and saved Ravenna to the world as the Byzantine museum supreme.

When you begin to examine the glory of Ravenna, to follow the ways that Dante trod, you most likely will turn, whithersoever you are bent, into the Piazza Maggiore. It is in the centre of the city, covering the palace-circled area that once knew the Forum. Fair-sculptured capitals of the columns of the colonnade will speak to you in accents of hoary antiquity, two granite columns will be Venice's witnesses to you that she once ruled here, and the statue of Clement XII. will remind you that the Papal ruler was loved in Ravenna. But, if you choose your route most wisely, you will turn your steps to the burial chapel of Galla Placidia. This represents, better than anything else in the city, the old Western Empire, which moved its capital from Milan to Ravenna in the days of Honorius.

Galla Placidia is one of the famed women of history. She was the beautiful daughter of Theodosius the Great and his wife, Galla, and was a sister of Honorius. She first came into

prominence from the fact of being one of those taken prisoner by Alaric after the sack of Rome. She married Ataulphus, Alaric's brother, and his successor as King of the Visigoths. He was murdered in 414, and Galla Placidia, after a time, married Constantius, the successful general of her brother. He now became associated with Honorius in the affairs of the Empire. After the death of Constantius, Placidia, owing to a disagreement with Honorius, withdrew with her children to Constantinople. But when her brother died, she came back to represent her son's rights to the throne against John, the usurper. Successful in her efforts, she ruled the Western Empire as regent for the weak Valentinian for a quarter of a century. Possessed of great riches, she devoted them unsparingly to the adornment of Ravenna, and when she died at Rome in 450, her capital city on the Adriatic was a fair memorial of her eventful life.

This chapel which she built is the earliest Byzantine monument of art in the city. A humble brick structure in the form of a Latin cross, the domed mausoleum does not impress the visitor with any show of magnificence. It is within the chapel, now known as the Church of Santi Nazario e Celso, that the glory lies, the red and gold and blue and white of the rare fifth century mosaics that gleam on arch and cornice and dome. Some Eastern prince might have hung those walls with his richest gems, to make this chapel-tomb a jewel-box of his fancy. Beneath the dome in the church rests the tomb of the Empress; not far away lies the tomb of her second husband, Constantius; and a little distance off stands the sarcophagus of their son, Valentinian III. The three are cenotaphs now, empty memorials of those imperial Cæsars. Once upon a time the embalmed body of Galla Placidia, clad in the raiment of an empress, rested within the tomb, in a seated position on a throne of cypress. Through an aperture she could be seen by all, until a fateful day in 1577, when some children inserted a lighted taper and accidentally set the robes afire. In a short time the body of the great Queen, Empress even in death, lay in dust. Her tomb, then, is empty, these three hundred years and more, but the little chapel which encloses it is a sign to men that the daughter of Theodosius the Great once measured out in no petty way a lifetime of achievement in the capital city of Italy.

A step from the mausoleum chapel of the Empress stands the great Church of San Vitale, a magnificent structure of Byzantine architecture, the first great specimen of that type in Italy. An octagonal mass of brick, rugged and strong from base to dome, is the external effect, and it is only in the interior that you can find the real beauty of the masterpiece. The eight marble-cased columns supporting the arches, the richly-carved Byzantine-Corinthian capitals, the grand dome—it is a fair sight for the seeker of fair things. More beautiful than all else is the blaze of color of the mosaic-work upon the walls. This has lasted through the centuries since the time of Justinian, and even today is a joy in the purple and green and blue and gold of the color-splendor.

It will not be a short visit that will give you what this church holds; but even a brief tarrying may help you to understand why Charlemagne chose it as the model of his palatine chapel at Aix-la-Chapelle. When you depart, and are on your way again, you will find much interest in the old tomb of the Exarch Isaac, which stands in a side lane close at hand.

The cathedral at Ravenna has little interest from the viewpoint of antiquity. It was founded by Archbishop Ursus about the year 380, but was almost completely rebuilt in 1734 by Archbishop Guiccioli. The old round campanile still stands, however, and the crypt is also a relic of the old days. The low, octagonal, flat-domed structure of San Giovanni in Fonte, which adjoins the cathedral, is very ancient, being built in 451 by Archbishop Neon. Within the dome are dazzling mosaics, perhaps the finest in Ravenna, and certainly the oldest.

Joy, akin to the delight just experienced, awaits you in the Chapel of the Archbishop's palace close at hand. The chapel was built by St. Peter Chrysologus between the years 439 and 450, and has seen no change worth the mention. The mosaics recall some of those of the Church of San Vitale, and are similar in subject. Full beautiful to the eye is the ivory chair, said to have been the throne of St. Maximian, with reliefs of exquisite carving.

You have yet to behold the memorials of Theodoric, that king who defeated Odoacer and set up the Ostrogothic state in Italy. In his rule of thirty-three years he did much to make the historian pause. In Ravenna Theodoric built several great

churches for the Arian worship, as the king was of the heretic fold. Of the two which remain, the more important is the large basilica of Sant' Appolinare Nuovo, built about the year 500 as a cathedral for the Arian bishops. It originally was called the Church of San Martino in Cœlo Aureo. In 560, after the fall of the Ostrogothic kingdom, the church was consecrated for Catholic worship by Archbishop Agnellus. In the ninth century the relics of Sant' Appolinare were deposited here, and since then the church has been known by its present name.

Not a wonderfully impressive sight is this great church, as you approach it. It once possessed a fine atrium and an apse, but these were removed long ago. The interior makes compensation more than satisfying. The twenty-four marble columns from Constantinople, with their Byzantine capitals, are very beautiful, and the mosaics, with which Archbishop Agnellus decorated the church, are fair and shining. It is interesting to follow those processions above the arches of the nave; on the right, martyrs and confessors advancing from Ravenna and faring toward the throned Christ; on the left, martyrs and confessors coming from Classis and approaching the Madonna and Child; the one group men, the other, women. And you will find interest in the mosaic portrait of the Emperor Justinian, the bishop's throne one thousand years old, and the marble screen, which are to be seen in the chapel wherein rest the relics of Sant' Apollinare.

The other church which Theodoric built stands not far away. It is called the Church of Spirito Santo now, but was once known as the Church of San Teodoro. The columns in the vestibule and in the nave are deserving of the admiration they receive. Opposite the church stands the old Baptistry of the Arians. This octagonal structure was renamed in honor of Santa Maria in Cosmedin after it came under Catholic jurisdiction. The sixth century mosaics of the dome were also executed in the Catholic régime.

There are two other principal monuments of Theodoric in Ravenna, his palace and his tomb. Naught but a remnant of an annex is left of that imperial palace, which shared with the fortress in Verona the days of the Gothic king. But it was exquisitely handsome once, before Charlemagne removed its marbles and mosaics to adorn his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle.

In an olden day fair gardens lay about the palace, and in their orchards the King of the Goths liked to labor. Think of him as you will, as a wise ruler, as a cruel man, as a heretic even, all your thoughts will inevitably lead to that space of flower-strewn grasses without the city, where his mausoleum stands. The tomb is, indeed, a picturesque memorial to the genius of the Barbarian. But it doubtless would have been shattered and ruined, even as the palace has been, but for the characteristic wisdom of the Catholic Church in converting it into the chapel of Santa Maria della Rotonda. The ashes of the king were scattered to the winds when the Gothic empire fell, but the tomb that once enshrined them will last until the next migration of warrior hosts sweeps forward from the East. The mausoleum is a round, two-storied structure, built in the Roman manner, and is surmounted by a great dome, thirty-six feet in diameter, and three feet thick, a single block of Istrian granite. As Theodoric watched this huge monument mold itself to art, perhaps he sometimes wondered if death were as fair a thing as life, to be welcomed after accomplishment at the end of the golden path; he must have often thought of the fallen kings of old, those untamed kindred chieftains lying in forgotten graves beyond the Danube shores; and in mournful reverie his heart must have oftentimes grieved for the wild blood's strain that lingered in his veins, an unlovely heritage from a barbaric race, a passion-rift in a soul of peace.

In Ravenna you will have little desire to visit picture galleries and museums; the city herself is too vast and glorious a museum to brook any lesser rivals. Nevertheless, you will go some day to the Accademia di Belle Arti to see the collection of pictures which represent the Longhi family, the native painters. Canova and Thorvaldsen will attract you with their sculpture work, but you will pay most homage to that creation of Tullio Lombardi, the tomb of Guidarello Guidarelli, the Ravennese warrior. It is one of the most exquisite conceptions of the repose after battle ever committed to the trust of marble. The thought of this sleeping, armor-girt knight will follow you even into the Museo Nazionale, once the beautiful old monastery of the Camaldulensians, where you will go to see Luca Longhi's masterpiece of the "Marriage of Cana" and many a memorial tomb, ancient and modern.

More than one other beautiful edifice will lie in your path as you saunter through the old city. There is the Church of San Giovanni Evangelista, modernized in 1747, but preserving many memorials of Galla Placidia, who built it in 424, as an offering in thanksgiving for having been saved on a voyage from Constantinople to Ravenna; there is the Church of San Giovanni Battista, built in 438 by the same energetic lady for her confessor, St. Barbatian, but rebuilt in 1683, with the exception of the round campanile and several columns; there is the Church of Sant' Agata, which has twenty columns that look back to the fifth century and Honorius; and two miles beyond the Porta Alberoni, the gate built in honor of Clement XII., there are the stern walls of the Church of Santa Maria in Porto Fuori, which recall the eleventh century, when the campanile base was the lighthouse, it is thought, of the port of Ravenna.

You have not seen Ravenna yet; you have not partaken of her welcome truly; for you have still to seek that marvelous edifice, standing lone and desolate three miles out of the Porta Nuova, the Church of Sant' Apollinare in Classe Fuori. No matter where else in the world you will go, no matter how thickly you will crowd your mind with cities' faces and the hills of peace, you will never lose the memory of that old church and the journey to its doors—the dank, dreary marsh-land, the pestilential waters behind the dyke, the wide acres of rice-fields, the low, shivering wastes of wild grass. The sublimity of grieving nature is all that is left of Classis, so full of life in the days of Augustus, so lovely with orchards and gardens fourteen hundred years ago. Perhaps it is in doleful memory of those better days that the fields deck themselves in a mantle of color in the springtime, with purple orchids and pink tamarisk and white lilies. In this beauteous way concealing the morasses beneath the blossoming glow. Over the raised causeway you drive on, with the tears of things so eloquent on either side; no house is here to watch your coming, no fragment arch of Rome, no broken tomb of broken king; destroyed by the hand of the Lombard Luitprand, Classis lies dead.

Still you journey forward, and then, dimly at first, but ever more clearly, you see a tower and a cross and the broad outlines of a church. You come closer in the solemn stillness

of this second Roman Campagna, and in a moment you are before that marvelous edifice, erected fourteen centuries ago, in magnitude and beauty the foremost early Christian basilica in existence, the Church of Sant' Apollinare in Classe.

This vast basilica, with its tall round campanile, was commenced in the year 534 by Julianus Argentarius, when Ursicinus was archbishop of Ravenna; it was consecrated by Archbishop Maximian in 549; it saw restoration in 1779 and again in 1904. The church is sacred to the memory of St. Apollinaris, the first bishop of Ravenna, and the only martyr among all her bishops. It is thought that he suffered martyrdom at this spot where now the great church rests so pensively on the plain.

Once upon a time a broad portico adorned the edifice, but this is gone now. The modern workmanship on the façade does nothing to enhance the beauty of the church or to enrich the visitor with associations of antiquity. To the interior you must go to find a glory and magnificence more than satisfying. It is a rare moment when first you look down the long avenue between the twenty-four Corinthian columns, and survey the aisles reaching spaciouly away toward the farthest recesses of the large basilica. That fair nave which beckons you on, once gleamed in glittering marble and priceless mosaic, but their empire is ended these many centuries, and along the arches are now to be seen the portraits of the one hundred and thirty-one bishops of Ravenna. As you read that inscription midway along the left aisle, you call up a picture of the Emperor Otho III. undergoing in this church his penance of sackcloth and scourging, after his wearied walk from Rome to Monte Gargano; the old iron days of kingly tyranny and kingly obedience flash through your mind, and the equal justice for peasant and prince in the long ago ages of Faith.

The mosaics along the nave are a memory; but the tribune and the rood-arch before it still wear the mosaic jewels of the sixth and seventh centuries. From a glowing mass of pink and light blue clouds, within a star-set circle of blue, gleams an exquisite cross with a half-length figure of Christ. Fair, too, are the representation of St. Apollinaris preaching in the meadow and the conception of the Transfiguration, Italy's first picture, most probably, on this subject.

But the pavements are sinking in the ooze of the fenland;

green moss would like to find a habitation on the cold marble. With footsteps softly echoing amid the columns of the desolate temple, you say a good-bye and go out into the sunlight.

Under the open sky the marshes wander away, far and far, in the direction of the Apennine horizon—and Ravenna's gates lie across the moor. But not yet does the backward pathway lead, for as your eyes fell upon the basilica on your journey hither, they also descried a dense mass of forest rising to the eastward. And most wisely did you guess that you were looking at the famous Pineta, the pine woods of Ravenna, which stand in patriarchal splendor along the Adriatic shores.

In the long ago, when Augustus was lord of the world, his ships lay in the roadstead outside Ravenna's walls, waiting the imperial nod. How full of wonder would Cæsar be to come back today and find all those dense pine trees swaying as majestically as ever did Roman galleys. For it is the old harbor that now is woodland. And always the treetops are velvet green, a loveliness more fair to the Ravenna people on account of the rich treasure of cones which grow in the dusky boughs.

Dante loved to come here in the days when Polenta was his host; here in the sun and shadow he would think the thoughts divine that were to make the *Commedia*; and in the pages of his eternal song he has left his praises of the pine woods. It is truly a place for men to come who seek a bower of contemplation; it is a spot for thoughts of God, and the marvel of His ways; and you wonder if the old trees themselves, whose fathers fought in Crusaders' ships, are thinking, amid the voices of many winds, of the never-old truths of the sky eternal.

You will return to the peaceful city, dreaming her dreams in a silent sympathy. For now you know Ravenna is a thing of beauty quite incomparable. Within her peaceful confines the romance of a world's empire clings to her columns, the romance of a world's poet breathes through her streets, the romance of a world's Church chants its song along cathedral aisles and blends its music with the murmuring of the pines.

THE RELIGIOUS POETRY OF PAUL CLAUDEL.

BY HELEN GUERSON.



WHEN Paul Claudel wrote the poems gathered together under the title, *Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei*, he painted a gallery of sacred pictures along the lines of mediæval conventions, but when we walk among them a strange thing happens. The figures detach themselves from their golden backgrounds, and come towards us, looking with human eyes, speaking with voices of today, for they are timeless.

Claudel habitually sees time under conditions that lie beyond time; and Eternity under the aspects of time, divining it in the little happenings of every day, feeling it, with sure, delicate perception behind and beneath what might pass for commonplace and trifling. So he is always aware of himself in a double rôle; as Pilgrim of Eternity and Child of Time. This gives a strangely individual touch to his dealings with such things as the incidents of the gospel story. He feels the external beauty as an artist, dwells on it with lingering delight, seeing the outward circumstance with entire reality, with a matter-of-fact simplicity, yet never for a moment loses sight of the eternal content of the earthly happening, or of its direct relation to himself. He might make his own version of Francis Thompson's words, and say that for him Christ walks upon the waters not of Geneseret, but—Seine.

He shows us a pageant of events both heavenly and earthly, a true pageant, arranged with formal state and splendor, with a liturgical sense of form and due historical setting of reality. Nor is artistry lost in reality. That is his particular faculty. Most people must choose to some extent, according to taste or temperament, which to keep and which to surrender. Claudel sacrifices neither.

It is characteristic of his method that he begins the volume with the necessary personal approach. He would have us clearly to understand that personal experience is his sole ground for pretending to such high themes. He observes from within, not from without. In his Sunday morning poem,

he very simply and quietly tells us of his own Communion, of how he himself begins the week. That is his way of opening the subject. And even here, at the very beginning, we notice two things—first, his strangely free and broad use of French, his daring, unwonted way of handling its often restricted cadences. He is not exactly the pioneer in that matter, but he develops a medium of surpassing suitability to his purposes. Secondly, we notice how his mind is soaked in the Divine Office, so that his words are always inclined, as if instinctively, to run in a rhythmic and liturgical form.

He begins: "Amen. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. I am ready. I am here." That is his way of introducing himself. He has no false delicacy in the matter, or at least he has learned to conquer it. He sees no reason why his personal relation to God should not be clearly expressed, since it is the foundation of all that is to come. He makes that morning hour very real to us, in its exquisite diamond-like clearness of dew and dawn. "Sunday, and the bell is about to sound for the first Mass"—"Very early in the morning on the first day of the week." Claudel has an odd, friendly way of showing us, in passing, each swiftly moving reminiscence or impression that flits over his mind. Now he remembers other happenings at this same hour, and tells us of them just as they occur to him—the cock-crow and Mary Magdalen hastening to the sepulchre. There is an extraordinary freshness and enjoyment in the sense of perfect readiness, the preparedness of soul and body alike:

:

My heart is free, my mouth is clean, fasting in body and mind
I stand absolved from all my sins, confesséd, one by one.

A clear, clean, disciplined happiness is all about him. "What thou doest, do quickly," comes to his mind, with an odd inversion of its original application: "May the swift rite proceed in which I communicate with Thee, the Eternal."

There is but one thing more to say, and he says it quite simply: "Where is Thy rest, if not in me?"

All Claudel is in that Sunday morning poem—the liturgical trend of his mind and language, his flitting, reminiscent, sometimes seemingly inconsequent fancies, his relations to the Ages of Faith, his insistent modernity. But, in all things, his

life and experience, as a communicant, is the groundwork of what he feels and knows and sees and has to say. And he would have us understand, from the very beginning, that he will write from within and not as a mere spectator. One must reiterate that.

His year of God begins with the Dawning of the Epiphany star. With the Three Kings he enters the stable, not exactly in their train, but together with them, not changed from his normal self, but there, as he lives, bringing, in his person, the modern world to the Crib. The perception of the seemly artistic convention extends to all he sees, but he himself, the observer, stands apart from it, within the picture yet unconformed to it, and appreciating its strangeness and beauty all the better for that. As the folk of mediæval times desired to be placed with their families in the foreground of sacred pictures painted to their order, and may be seen there—rubbing shoulders with haloed saints and winged angels—even so Claudel takes us into the picture with him, as if he and we had a right to be there.

He looks at the scene, eagerly, joyfully, thoughtfully. Here are Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. They are not the first comers to be sure. He notes that—and sees at once why the Shepherds should have been beforehand with them. It was so much easier to find shepherds fit for the purpose than kings:

They are poor, so poor, the good God has no trouble in finding
 them,
 So His Son, when He comes, finds Himself at home with them.
 But as for learned men and kings, ah, that is a quest far different:
 To find among such even three worthy, God searched the whole
 world.

He seems to congratulate them. Here they are, after all, and only twelve days late, when all is said and done! Considering how rich they are, it is even something of a miracle. He looks at their gifts, and that odd, freakish imagination of his flies off to fancy how they were brought:

By means of a thousand chariots and two hundred and
 eighty camels,
 Passing in single file and all through the eye of a needle.

Then he passes on, as the Sundays after Epiphany do, to other Manifestations: The Baptism in Jordan, and notes, with sudden exultation, that:

From the last wee well in the desert, to the chance pool by the
wayside
There is now no drop of water but suffices to make a Christian.

Some strange, characteristic, vivid perception comes to him with each new act of contemplation. He stands by at Cana, and sees the water made wine:

'Tis well—and that Thou hast given, we will give Thee back in
due season.

Wilt Thou then say 'tis the best, the best we have kept to the last,
The best—on a filthy sponge, swollen with dregs and with bitter—
A gift, of one who holds office, to show the excess of his zeal.

The thought smites the scene into a terrible reality for us. "Mine hour is not yet come"—but when it comes, *that* is what will happen.

Then Claudel passes on to the Presentation—linking it in his imaginative conception with the early Mass of some still winter's morning. He sees Our Lady moving in the light of the early dawn, where towards sunrising the cold, snow-laden winter sky shows one ray—*couleur de citron*. He shows us the cold, empty temple courts, where the simple ceremony is hastened through, almost unnoticed in the morning dimness, save by those most immediately concerned. And in sharp contrast comes a glimpse of the morning world of Jerusalem, waking to its business and its pleasure. We hear the world voices that hardly trouble to discuss the hope of a Messiah nowadays: "It is more interesting to read the news and play politics against the Romans." So, he notes, half realized by less than half-a-dozen people, the transmission of powers is made between the Synagogue and the Church.

He wanders on from point to point through the pageant of the Church's year—when he sings a Pentecostal hymn, he is less absorbed with the outward event than with its continuing, endless consequences. He sees the generations entering the upper chamber in long procession, one succeeding to another:

Like an advancing army whose front line emerges in sunshine,
Our generation, in turn, will enter the Plenary Grace.

An overwhelming sense of wealth and profusion comes upon him with the thought of that grace, of its abounding and overflowing—and an act of divine hope rises in his heart—hope for the whole world: “Who, seeing all the evil, yet know that Thy grace will prevail!”

The poem for Corpus Christi begins with thoughts of the book of Ruth. It is really a country idyll, sounds and scents of the summer and the fruitful season and the ripening corn, are all about it: broad stretches of the golden harvests ready for the sickle are before our eyes. And then he turns from the outward to the inward:

Give us to eat—oh, Rich Man and Lord of the Harvest,
Welcome for ever the wanderer into Thine House of Bread.

He falls instinctively into the phraseology of the Liturgy, now turning it to his purposes, and now led by it, while his thoughts go wandering here and there through the riches of that House of Bread. Sometimes he takes up one of its treasures—as if to examine it in detail, then puts it down, to let himself wonder and be awed by the greatness of the whole. He remembers, as it were the wisdom of the Kings and the simplicity of the Shepherds, and tries to lay both down as his tribute. Now, as simply as a child, he enumerates those for whom he would pray, “my wife, my two children, and those whom I have wronged;” again his mind turns to all the world-wide symbolism, every broken light men’s eyes have discerned, in thoughts of worship and sacrifice, to find completeness and fulfillment in the Mystery of the Mass. Now he is delighting in the outward beauty, the æsthetic satisfaction that is there before the artist’s eyes, then pausing to feel the mystery beneath, and to rest upon the thought that both are his in their fullness. If he beats himself for a moment against the mystery, very humanly—it is to fall back, with a sigh of relief, upon the Promise:

Thou, Thyself, Thou hast said it; that I of Thy Flesh may
partake,
Thine is the written word, never mine so strange an invention—

Why should I doubt for an instant, when clear stands the word
of the promise?
Thou, Thou alone, oh! my God (since I have had naught with
the doing)
Must answer for this enormity.

In the poem for the Visitation a remarkable restraint makes itself felt. It is always present with Claudel when he writes of Our Lady—a reverence that brings something of timidity into his manner. He hardly ventures a word of eulogy or even of description. He glances timidly up, and then says in the simplest words what he has seen so swiftly. He brings us into the little garden of Zacharias, and speaks as if he had stood by and watched. First the calm, self-restrained greeting between the two women, and then how fixedly Elizabeth looks at Mary:

She beholds her and sighs—says, “Ah!” and bows down her head,
Comprehending all at a glance.

He sees her tears, the difficult tears of old age. And beneath, and through, the little commonplace things he sees the eternal values:

Elizabeth, oh! most blessed, sees Mary make the first Station;
Sees God’s eternal wisdom reciting the song, *Magnificat*.

Claudel’s series of poems on the Apostles have a certain friendliness, so to speak, and a freshness of approach. It is as if he visited each in turn and took away a vivid personal impression. He finds St. Matthew, for instance, writing his Gospel, doing it rather laboriously, and with a large, clear simplicity—not concerned to explain or reconcile, but simply to tell things as he knows them:

For the lifting of hearts that are simple, and the downfall of
those that are not,
And the rage (so grateful to Heaven) of pedants and renegade
priests.

The saints of whom he writes are treated very simply, affectionately, and with the respectful familiarity of one who has a small place in the same household and employment. In writing of St. Benedict, he thinks chiefly of the immense simplification of life to the religious:

'Tis well to come back to God, but better not to have left Him,
 And why the fret and the torment because of the things of the
 earth,
 So simple it is to have nothing.

He sees St. Francis Xavier setting forth in the steps of Alexander the Great, towards the mysterious East, with its beauty and its terror; and sees him again at the end, his course finished:

Not even shoes to his feet, and his flesh more worn than his cassock.

L'Enfant Jésus de Prague is a wonderful little child poem. Outside are the winter cold and the snow, within the children are sleeping, safe and warm, their toys at hand, laid ready for the first waking moment. The red glow of the dying embers on the hearth gives just light enough to show the quaint little image that watches over the small beds: "The Infant Jesus watches over His little brothers till dawn."

The companion poem to that is the address to St. Nicholas, "the powerful bishop of Myra," who carries in his bag everything a child can wish for. The song for the feast of St. Louis of France has two lines that give the keynote to much of Claudel's thinking:

Why should I think of myself, of that which I lack or I look for,
 When God is here, above self, matter for thought beyond compeer.

In coming into the household of Faith, Claudel has entered a world of interest and adventure that, if one may say so—"intrigues" him to the highest degree, that rouses his whole capacity, and makes him live at the highest tension. Every line he writes conveys this—the sense of the intense *interest* of religion for him—and his ultimate conviction stands firm—that "sadness is of the moment, joy superior and final." This feeling is present with him even when he thinks of his sins. There is an extraordinary exhilaration in his reflections for the "*Jour des Cadeaux*." In fancy, he sees himself on his deathbed. Thinking of his last confession and of what he will have to bring to God, he makes a discovery:

I am rich, though of good I show little, of evil at least there is
 plenty,
 Not a day have I lost in preparing, Lord, matter for pardon.

He sees himself:

A man of shut heart and of visage severe and forbidding,
Yet Thou camest not for the just, but to save even such as this
sinner.

And so even with the thought of his sins upon him, he feels the joy of being a redeemed sinner. A day of gifts—and surely even such a one must have something prepared for God? As for its worthiness to be offered! With one of the quick revulsions of feeling, the flashes of humor, that make his work so curiously *intimate*, Paul Claudel bethinks him, in a mood between tears and laughter, of the birthday present his own little daughter had brought to him last year. He tells us how “her heart swelling with pride and timidity,” she came to offer him a little duck, a pincushion she had made of red flannel and yellow thread, and *her* father had not been severely critical of that gift.

Yet sin and its consequences are no trifling things in Claudel’s eyes, Heine’s easy notion of God’s forgiveness, “*that’s His business*,” is quite alien to his mind. Read his poems for All Souls’ Day, “*Commemoration des Fidèles Trépassés*.” He lives through it in imagination, that strange day, the first of November, which begins a double of the first class in festal white, and changes at evening to signs of mourning, as the thought of the Church passes on to consider death and the departed.

The poet is alone now. The rain is pouring down, outside is the darkness, and a chill damp that strikes cold to the very bones. Paul Claudel is reading the Office of the Dead—as others will do for him some day. We seem to feel the mortal chill creeping over us, to taste the damp fog as we read in the glimmering light. The horror of intense darkness is very near—out there where the death bells are ringing. An awful thought comes close to him, out of the darkness, and looks him in the face for a moment—despite his hope, hell may be for him! So those terrible lectures from Job pass by, sounding it in his ears: “‘Come let us reason together,’ saith the Lord,” and Claudel feels that there is only one termination to that argument. “Against Thee only have I sinned and done evil in Thy sight that Thou mightest be justified in Thy saying

and clear when Thou art judged." The mortal has no defence.
And then through the darkness comes a thought of hope:

There is but one thing, oh! God, more than even Thou canst
accomplish,

Thou canst not hinder my loving.

Though Thou shouldst sentence to hell, I still would proclaim
Thee the highest.

And even in the cold and the darkness, the ending of the
Office brings its message. For himself and for the souls in
Purgatory, Claudel knows the Redeemer liveth.

But outside it is as dark as ever, and he can hear the
sirens of the steamers in the harbor "coughing and calling in
the fog."

Fourteen short poems on the Stations of the Cross are
at the end of the volume. It is not very easy to speak of them,
for they amount to a spiritual experience for the reader. They
record not an historical commemoration, but a present trans-
action. In them we are led to see the Passion not as if in the
past, but in the present, in the hearts and souls of living Chris-
tians, in the midst of the world as we know it, of its faith and
its doubts—its observation or its indifference, its business and
its idleness. The note is struck at the very outset.

'Tis done. We have judged our God. To death we choose to
condemn Him.

Away, away with the Christ! No more the restraint of His
presence.

Crucify Him, if you will, rid us at least of this burden—Away
with Him!

That first Station is given, as it were, altogether in the
present day. In the second, the voice comes from afar, and the
speaker sees with eyes of compassion (in the full meaning of
that word):

Ah! but the Cross is high, how huge it is and how heavy!
Most heavy, most rigid, most hard—and weighted with needless
sin.

Tedious it is to carry, step by step to the death.

Wilt Thou carry it even alone, oh! Jesus, my Saviour and Lord?

In the Station of the first fall comes suddenly, startlingly,

the terrible question: "How does it feel, that earth Thou hast made?"

In the Fourth we contemplate Mary completing that submission which began when she said her "*Ecce ancilla Domini.*" And something in the awed, breathless reverence and utter simplicity of the approach to her helps us to realize a little of what that acceptance means. From the gracious action of St. Veronica, this modern soul who has sometimes, perhaps, found it hard to brave "human respect," makes an almost quaintly simple and practical deduction as to the need to disregard public opinion and accept ridicule. Not a very heroic difficulty of the spiritual life, yet sometimes a very real one. And growing out of that, is the prayer of the Seventh Station: "Save us from the second fall, that comes from yielding to ennui"—the little foxes that spoil the grapes.

With the Ninth Station comes a strange note of triumph: "Jesus falls a third time, but on the summit of Calvary."

The Tenth Station brings an overpowering sense of horror. The darkness closes in, as it must have done upon the watchers, and Claudel sees, not only the Jews and the Romans busied about the cross in the dimness, but much that has happened since "the slap of Annas' servant, the kiss of Renan." And then comes a poignant, vivid apprehension of the meaning of it all, and by that unspeakable humiliation Paul Claudel prays for those on whom life bears hardest, and prays with faith.

The next Station means just one thing—this God pinioned to the Cross is all sufficient for him. When the worst is over "the Passion ends and the compassion continues." When Mary, and in her person the Church, received the Sacred Body: "Here ends the Cross, and the Tabernacle begins." And ending the volume as he began, Claudel, in the last Station of the Cross, sees the Passion resolving itself, so to speak, into the mystery of the Mass and the act of Communion.

New Books.

TRENT. By Frederick J. Kinsman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.10 net.

We recommend most highly these four lectures on the Council of Trent delivered by Dr. Kinsman at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, last year. He says rightly that the greatest event in Catholic history for the past five hundred years was the Council of Trent. It marked the culmination of mediæval and the beginnings of modern Catholicism. The first lecture discusses the Council in general—the reason of its convocation, the choice of a place of meeting, the interference of scheming politicians, the attitude of its prelates towards Papal prerogatives, its results in doctrinal and disciplinary decrees. The second lecture treats of the character and tendency of the Protestant Reformation which the Council was summoned to confront. After a brief description of the three phases of the sixteenth century revolt in Germany, Switzerland and England, the author shows clearly that the attack upon the Church was based on three things: restiveness at spiritual authority, restiveness at the demands of asceticism, and restiveness at the supernatural. The third lecture deals with the significance of Trent from the viewpoint of reform, education, doctrine, government and the Church. Its one hundred and fifty-four decrees of reformation aimed at the selection of fit men for the priesthood, enjoined episcopal visitations, strictness in admitting to Orders, care for preaching, fair ecclesiastical trials, and the holding of synods, while it forbade the non-residence of pastors, pluralities, the abuse of patronage and of dispensations and simony.

The Council of Trent may also be said to have launched the whole modern movement for Catholic schools. It affirmed every doctrine that had been assailed by Protestants, and condemned their errors. It exalted the authority of Peter's See, the symbol and instrument of Church unity, and taught clearly that the existing hierarchy was the extension of the apostolate instituted by Christ. It was finally the Council of the Church principle. All its insistence on continuity, intellectual and social, bore witness to continuity in the Church, to the truth of Our Lord's promise to be with His Church and sustain it to the end. The fourth lecture speaks of the practical lessons to be learned from the attitude of the Council. This was determined by three things: uncom-

promising loyalty to Catholic truth, discriminating treatment of those in error, and the tactful preservation of Catholic unity.

Dr. Kinsman concludes with a kindly word for the outside brethren, whom he knew so intimately in his years of experience as Protestant Bishop of Delaware. He says: "Among non-Catholics the number who really understand what the Church is and hate her, is comparatively small. In some cases aloofness and opposition are due to ignorance. . . . In the great majority of cases, people outside the Church, with all sorts of queer notions about her, are not at heart opposed. Ignorance and separation are due to no fault of their own, but are the handicap of heredity and environment. It is easy to condemn those who are responsible for the divisions of Christendom, not those who have merely inherited them. The former are criminals, the latter their victims."

THE RULE OF ST. BENEDICT. A Commentary by the Right Rev. Dom Paul Delatte, Abbot of Solesmes. Translated by Dom Justin McCann, Monk of Ampleforth. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$7.00.

Ruskin, in a gorgeous passage, bids us note the dates A. D. 421 and 481, the beginning of Venice and the crowning of Clovis. He then adds: "Not for dark Rialto's dukedom, nor for fair France's kingdom only, are these two years to be remembered of all others in the wild fifth century, but because they are also the birth years of a great lady, and a still greater lord of all future Christendom, St. Genevieve and St. Benedict." The saint destined to such grandeur spent his youth and early manhood in Rome, where his father seems to have held a high position. In the early twenties he determined to quit the world and serve God as a monk. Monasticism in Europe was yet in its early dawn, and St. Benedict had to depend mainly on his own initiative in devising the most potent and suitable means to realize his sublime ideal. For a time, he apparently led an almost solitary life, living like a hermit in a cavern, and dependent on a kind neighbor for his food. For a time, he presided as head over several small communities living near one another. For a time, he acted as chief of a monastery of whose inmates he heartily disapproved, and from whom he departed as soon as possible. These different experiments, so to speak, of the religious life prepared and trained the saint for the work of his noble career. When, then, he had reached full maturity; when long meditation and experience of men and of things had ripened his faculties, and shown him what could be expected and what could not be expected of human nature, he drew up his Rule for his followers. This Rule has been

observed in the Church for the past fourteen centuries. It has produced the most marvelous fruits of scholarship, self-sacrifice and eminent sanctity. Even by the fourteenth century the Benedictine Order had given to the Church 24 Popes, 200 cardinals, 7,000 archbishops, 15,000 bishops, and over 1,500 canonized saints. A rule of life, whose influence and success was so prodigious deserved patient study, and within recent decades it has been investigated scientifically and critically by many scholars, with a view to determining its exact provenance, and the debt of the legislator to his predecessors. The late Ludvig Traube, who was not even a Catholic, acquired a competence and reputation in this field somewhat similar to that enjoyed by Paul Sabatier in Franciscan studies. In 1912, Dom Cuthbert Butler, the learned abbot of Downside, published his *Manual*, where in the short compass of two hundred pages the Rule is edited with lavish scholarship and acute critical insight as well. A later work by the same author, *Benedictine Monachism* (1919), traces the development of the monastic ideal during the Middle Ages.

The object of the present work is different. The abbot of Solesmes is instructing his novices in their Rule, and commenting its text for their edification. Its brief and pregnant sentences are developed by him at length, and their hidden wealth laid bare. He shows how fitly the injunctions of the sixth century apply to the twentieth; that human nature in its fickleness, feebleness, abasement, and superb self-victory and achievement is ever the same through the shifting ages, and the varied trappings of race and location; that the holy Rule, inspired by religious genius and the love of God, is able to bring out the very best in those who obey it. The abbot's main object is thus not scholarship, and consequently he uses just so much historical criteria and investigation as are sufficient to make his pupils understand and value the text of their Founder. Still he points out in long footnotes scripturistic and patristic parallels, and here and there he notes in passing a classical reminiscence. It is a wise and cultured lecturer, who is speaking with a wide knowledge of books and an extensive acquaintance with human nature as well. He delivers with sympathy, insight, deft illustration and an occasional gleam of humor his weighty and austere lessons. He insists more than once that the aim of the true Benedictine is not learning, or building, or prominence in the outside world, but the service of God to Whom he has vowed his life in the seclusion of the cloister. The primary object of this volume being edification, it will be found most useful as a book for spiritual reading. But its range does not end there. The student of history and even of theology can

learn much from a careful perusal of its pages. The English translation is uniformly good. Here and there one meets a colloquialism, which startles, coming as it does, from such reverend lips and in such a very grave subject.

DOMICILE AND QUASI-DOMICILE. By Rev. Neil Farren, D.C.L.
Dublin: M. H. Gill & Co. 8 s. 6 d.

This essay was presented by Father Farren to the Faculty of Canon Law in Maynooth as a thesis for the degree of Doctor. It is most essential for a proper grasp of many of the most practical portions of Canon Law to become perfectly acquainted with the conditions under which domicile and quasi-domicile are acquired and lost. Its influence in subjecting one to local laws and superiors is almost exclusive. It is also most important in determining judicial competence, in deciding questions of administering and receiving the Sacraments, and of funeral and other offerings. The new Code furnishes us merely the general principles. For details one must follow the directions of Canon 6, and have recourse to the old discipline and the decisions of the various Roman tribunals.

Dr. Farren devotes most of his treatise to the practical details of the question of domicile, but he does not fail to discuss briefly its origin and history. He tells us what domicile meant in Roman Law, how it was acquired, and what were its effects. He then traces its adoption by the Canon Law, and gives a brief sketch of its development up to the present time. Quasi-domicile, he shows, originated in the *Tametsi* decree of the Council of Trent, and its status was finally determined by the Holy Office in 1867.

THE CIRCUS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Joyce Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

That large section of the reading public which has found a place in its heart for the brilliant young soldier-journalist, who met his death in France, will thank Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday for supplementing the two original volumes of Kilmer's works with this collection of clever essays. Some of them are light "screeds," while others comprise criticisms and lectures on literature.

In the first group are many bright and charming things about "noon-day adventuring" which those lucky people experience who bolt their luncheon in six minutes and spend the rest of their luncheon hour peering into shop windows or delving into bookshops; or about daily travel, in which we learn of the delights of commuting: "The 7:57 takes away and the 5:24 brings

back—these recurrent separations and reunions are not without their ethical and emotional value;" about the day after Christmas, when hilarity and disappointment have become fused into a calm contentment.

One of the cleverest bits of irony in the volume is "The Abolition of Poets." Poetry, we are assured, will one day be manufactured by means of a "jenny" and turned out ready-made by a certain corporation of oleaginous repute. "Then after some twenty-five years there will come a reaction, a sort of craftsman's back-to-nature movement. Some adventurous person will make up a real poem of his own and his friends will say, 'How quaint! That's the way they did it in the old days before the poem-jenny was invented. I rather like this poem. It has strength, simplicity, a primitive quality that I cannot find in the poems the Standard Oil Company sends up every week. Go on, Rollo, see if you can make another one.' Thus encouraged, Rollo will make another poem, and another, and rather histrionically will assume the picturesque, old title of 'poet.'"

It is unfortunate that Joyce Kilmer did not live to give us more literary criticism, for he had the keenness, the appreciation, and the all-too-rare gift of sanity which criticism demands. Read his excoriation in "The Bear That Walks Like a Man" of those prurient poseurs who laud every Russian whose work is tainted with decadence. His *critique* of Gilbert Chesterton is delightful; his observation that William Vaughn Moody desired, though a Puritan, to be considered a pagan, is insight itself. What he says of Francis Thompson deserves to be printed with that poet's work.

Joyce Kilmer, though dead, will live as a true knight enlisted in the high service of all that is genuinely true and beautiful in literature.

EARLY HISTORY OF SINGING. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

In this well written manual, Mr. Henderson has traced the development of the modern art of singing from the beginning of the Christian era to the time of Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725). He has treated of vocal forms only to the extent requisite to make clear the character of the technique and the style of each period. His aim throughout has been to show what singers were expected to do, and how they prepared themselves for the singing of the music placed before them.

In a dozen interesting chapters, the author treats of the antiphonal singing of the fourth century, the *Schola Cantorum* of Pope Gregory I. (590), the music of the eleventh and twelfth

century troubadours, the beginnings of polyphonic composition, the art of descant, the approach of the monodic style in the Florence of the sixteenth century, the beginnings of dramatic recitative, and the origins of the modern Italian opera.

PRIMITIVE SOCIETY. By Edwin Sydney Hartland. London: Methuen & Co.

Those familiar with the earlier works of Dr. E. S. Hartland will expect and will find in this new volume much erudite knowledge conveyed in a pleasant and readable form. He opens the subject with some wise and much needed words as to caution, and makes the very important observation that "in one thing only" were all the speculations of all early writers, philosophers, poets and others as to the first condition of mankind agreed, namely that "mankind started on its tragic career in happiness and innocence until corrupted by some external influence which plunged the race into a succession of misfortunes, sorrows and struggles in which it has been entangled down to the present hour." When Sir Henry Maine wrote his classical work on *Ancient Law*, in 1861, he laid down as a primary law the Patriarchial Principle, *i. e.*, the sovereign rule in the family of the father, the *Patria Potestas*, the Paternal Power of Early Roman Law. In the same year Bachofen, a Swiss lawyer, put forward in his book, *Das Mutterrecht*, the diametrically opposed view that the earliest form of family rule was that of the mother; starting from the account which Herodotus gave of the Lycians. McLellan, in his article on "Law" in the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, adopted an identical view, though unaware of his predecessor's book, and Lubbock and Morgan and others followed in his footsteps. McLellan held that the earliest condition was one of complete sexual promiscuity, on which, be it observed, Dr. Hartland remarks that "absolute promiscuity, we find nowhere in human society," adding wisely: "It is of little use to speculate upon beginnings of which we possess no records."

As a fact extreme severity in sexual matters is perhaps the more common condition amongst primitive races so-called. The last words must always be borne in mind, for in fact we do not at all know whether such people as the Aruntas of Central Australia are in the condition in which early man actually existed, or have sunk from a higher position to their present state by a slow process of degradation. It is the problem of the Kitchen-Midden people of prehistory over again.

To this warning as to a possible cause of error, must be added another, namely, the extreme difficulty of getting at the actual

facts in connection with the customs and beliefs of savage and highly suspicious races. Thus, with regard to the Polynesians, it has been asserted by some that marriages with near relatives excite the same horror as they do with us; and by others that they are not infrequent.

Dr. Hartland rapidly reviews the customs of a vast number of races in all parts of the world and, as far as possible, at all periods of time, and finally concludes that "from all we know, the earliest kinship to be recognized was that of mother and child." The father was not recognized, and Mother-Right was the consequence. Those who would make themselves acquainted with the facts upon which this conclusion is based, may be referred to the pages of this interesting book.

EMERSON. HOW TO KNOW HIM. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.00.

"The only way to know Emerson," says Mr. Crothers, "is to join him in his intellectual exercises. In spite of his personal aloofness, I know of no one with whom we can more readily come into a feeling of intellectual intimacy. He had no pretensions and no reserves. In clear sentences, he told us what from time to time he thought. He made no attempt to connect these thoughts into a coherent system. For any one else to do this would be to misinterpret him."

In a score of chapters Mr. Crothers says little or nothing about Emerson's Puritan ancestry, his college days at Harvard, his brief career as Unitarian minister, his travels abroad, his lecturing tours in the United States and England, or his interest in Transcendental philosophy, but he quotes passage after passage from his essays and his poems to bring out clearly the character of the man and his place in American literature.

A Unitarian minister himself, our author praises Emerson's "discriminating" optimism, his rejection of all Christian dogmatism, and his vague pantheistic philosophy of the Over-Soul. He tells us that Emerson "was not a poet in the sense of a maker of mighty harmonies, but a poet in the sense of being a perceiver and dear lover of natural harmonies." He says again that Emerson never tried to enforce the gospel of liberalism as did his friend, Theodore Parker, but was content to express his views as a perpetual seeker after truth. His message was: "Here is the truth as I see it. Now investigate it for yourselves, and see what you think of it." He never realized how St. Paul denounced those who are always seeking after truth and never attaining it.

His optimism was like his philosophy—too vague to be of

any great help to his hearers or readers. Charles Elliott Norton was not too severe when he said: "His optimism becomes a bigotry. . . . To him this is the best of all possible worlds and the best of all possible times. He refuses to believe in disorder and evil. . . . Such inveterate and persistent optimism is a dangerous doctrine for a people. . . . It degenerates into fatalistic indifference to moral considerations, and to personal responsibilities; it is at the root of much of the irrational sentimentalism in our American politics, of much of our national disregard of honor in our public men, of much of our unwillingness to accept hard truths, of much of the common tendency to disregard the distinctions between right and wrong, and to excuse guilt on the plea of good intentions and good nature."

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN EUROPEAN THOUGHT. Essays Arranged and Edited by F. S. Marvin. New York: Oxford University Press. \$6.25.

This volume consists of a number of lectures delivered at a Summer School in England in August, 1919. It is the third of a series. The first, in 1915, dealt with "The Unity of Western Civilization" generally; the second, in 1916, with "Progress and History." Here the attempt is made "to trace the same ideas in the last period of European history, broadly speaking, since 1870." The editor begins with a general survey of the significance of the contemporary period, and then gives place to Professor A. E. Taylor who discusses critically the development of recent philosophy from William James and Karl Pearson to Bertrand Russell and Varisco. F. B. Jevons next deals with the Evolution of Religion and discusses the work of Robertson Smith, Sir J. G. Frazer, and Loisy. This essay no Catholic will read with assent. Professor Herford then treats of Recent Tendencies in European Poetry—the finest contribution in the book and, indeed, well worth the price asked for the whole work. G. P. Gooch surveys brilliantly the results of recent Historical Research, but is unduly respectful to the work of Henry Charles Lea, "whose volumes on Sacerdotal Celibacy constitute a formidable indictment of mediæval Catholicism." Yet, one must add, he does not withhold high praise from the work of Janssen and Pastor. Upon Political Theory, Économic Development, Atomic Theories, and Biology since Darwin, Professors Lindsay, Fay, Bragg, and Doncaster, respectively, contribute clear and interesting papers. A. Clutton Brock writes attractively upon the appreciation of Art; Dr. Walker is a scholarly critic of recent music, and F. M. Stawell brings the work to an end with an essay upon The Modern Ren-

ascence. It would, of course, need a *corps* of specialists to review satisfactorily a book of this kind, but the instructed Catholic lay reader will constantly, during his perusal of it, meet statements which he cannot accept, and views against which his religious instincts will revolt. Particularly is this true of the papers on the Evolution of Religion and on The Modern Renaissance. In the latter, for example, we come with a sad wonder upon this unequivocal declaration: "We, too, can never return to the Franciscan ideal of poverty, celibacy, and obedience as the highest life for man on earth. We have done with self-denial except as the means to a human end. We are still in the tide of what I would call the Modern Renaissance; we claim the whole garden of the world for our own, the tree with the knowledge of good and evil included, *reacting even from the Christian ideals if they can make no room for that.* (Our italics.)" And bearing this asseveration in mind, it stirs one to surprise to read, two or three pages later, that "the modern dislike of churchgoing, the modern incapacity to write a long coherent poem, the modern passion for music and for realism, even for sordid realism, all sprang from the same roots, from the thirst for an infinite harmony, the belief that everything was somehow involved in that harmony, and the conviction that all systems as yet made or makeable, were entirely inadequate." How much longer must the unhappy heart of man remain unvisited by the peace that comes from a Catholic outlook?

ESSAYS SPECULATIVE AND POLITICAL. By Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$3.00 net.

The ten papers here reprinted were all written originally for particular occasions anywhere within the last three decades, but, dealing with general principles as they usually do, they are not devoid of timeliness. They are equally divided between what may, for lack of terms less loose, be styled philosophy and politics. The first of the speculative essays is perhaps the best, because the most concrete; entitled "Decadence," it is an essay in the philosophy of history, an examination into the causes of the decline and fall of the great civilizations of the past, notably of Rome, and an optimistic appraisal of the chances Western civilization has to escape, or at least to defer indefinitely, a similar fate. The Romanes lecture at Oxford in 1909, on the analysis of the idea of the beautiful, a review of Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, a eulogy of Francis Bacon, and the Presidential Address for 1894 to the Society for Psychical Research, complete the philosophical section.

Four of the five political essays deal with the War: the fifth

is a brief sympathetic appreciation of the Zionist movement. The first, on Anglo-German relations, was written two years before the War for publication in a German periodical, and is of more than passing interest in the light of subsequent events. It belongs, however, to journalism rather than to literature, and lacks that note of deep sincerity, to which we must do honor even though we disagree, which is so marked in the philosophical essays. He is surer of himself, however, in the political field, and speaks more as one having authority, whereas, in his philosophy, he seems conscious of the inadequacy of his principles, and hence his conclusions are all provisional. But, unsound as may be his metaphysics, no one can escape the feeling, after reading these essays, that he has been for a passing hour in the company of a gentleman and a scholar.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE PICTURE. Taken Down by Nancy Dearwer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN. Written Down by Elsa Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

LAST LETTERS FROM THE LIVING DEAD MAN. Written Down by Elsa Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

These three books, written down by automatic script, purport to have for their real authors men who have already "passed over." There is no evidence in any of them to uphold their alleged spirit-origin. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe from internal evidence that their true authors are still "on this side." That a learned judge, as alleged, could be guilty of the *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, either in matter or form, is beyond human probability or credulity. The femininity of all three effusions is so marked as to preclude any possibility of masculine authorship even "on the other side."

The subject matter of the *Letters* not only gives one the impression that a very mundane person originated them, but it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the author not only was not semi-conscious during the automatic writing, but was very wide awake most of the time.

The intrusion of British propaganda on page 172 in the *Last Letters*, settles the case of earthly authorship, unless we are to believe that the insidious power of Britain has enlisted the good offices even of the "spirits" on behalf of Anglo-Saxon solidarity. The latest turn in American foreign policy bids fair to give the lie to the prophecies contained in the *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. If man is in reality "part rational, part irrational," the reading of many such books would leave him wholly irrational.

IRISH CATHOLIC GENESIS OF LOWELL. By George F. O'Dwyer of the American Irish Historical Society, Lowell.

Mr. O'Dwyer's brochure offers a valuable account of Irish beginnings in Lowell, Mass., from 1822 to about 1845. Such local studies, when made in a systematic, thorough-going fashion for a sufficient number of Irish centres, will make possible a general work on early Irish immigration to the United States. Mr. O'Dwyer points the way. New England is a section given to genealogies and local histories, as well as to local historical societies. And some day from this material will arise a true history of New England, one which will emphasize the period after 1815 quite as much as the Colonial.

This sketch of the early Irish in Lowell is not entirely a eulogy, and rightly so. The immigrants did not make New England. They afforded the necessary labor when factories were replacing the domestic system, and canals and railroads were being constructed. Their labor and Yankee capital made New England an industrial centre. It was mutually advantageous. The Puritans did not like the Irish, nor did they understand them. However, the Irish came to stay. Ultimately they prospered. The pioneer generation suffered, labored hard, but built well. Canal and railroad gangs constructed Catholic churches and blazed a trail for the later Irish immigrants and coming generations. In 1822, an Irish laborer in Lowell was a curiosity, a Catholic was a novelty. A century has worked a change. Outside the field of capital, Lowell is more Irish than "native American," and counting the newer immigrants assuredly more Catholic than Calvinist.

THE HUMAN COSTS OF THE WAR. By Homer Folks. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.75 net.

As Organizer and Director of the Department of Civil Affairs of the American Red Cross in France, and later as special Commissioner to Southeastern Europe, the author was placed in a position to gather large groups of facts bearing upon the profound and almost unspeakable losses of the great World War. The book contains forceful illustration secured by Lewis W. Hine, of the American Red Cross Special Survey Commission.

The treatise is not merely a cold compilation of scientific data. There are, naturally, numerous tables of percentages which will be of value to those who need to know results and tendencies for the proper and purposeful handling of big social problems, but there is more than this. The statistical skeleton, so servicable to social anatomists, is artfully covered with the flesh and flower of descriptions and reflections which are thoroughly

human. The tender sympathy which fairly breathes from the pages should serve as an impetus to the exercise of Christian charity, both individually and socially.

CARTAGENA AND THE BANKS OF SINU. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$6.00.

Prescott's classics, *The Conquest of Mexico* and *The Conquest of Peru*, have made familiar two of the three great romantic episodes in the history of Spanish discovery in America. Few English readers are familiar with the third romance, the conquest of New Granada. Prescott himself, we are told, intended to use his force and skill in weaving the narrative of Spanish exploits in Columbia and Venezuela, but blindness and death stopped his work short of this goal.

Cunninghame Graham has neither the force nor the skill of a Prescott, but his love of the romantic and picturesque in Spanish conquest, and the accident of a trip into the Department of Bolívar, in Columbia, have led him to scratch the surface of the history of New Granada in his latest book. The first half of the book is given over to the history of Don Pedro de Heredia and two or three of his contemporaries, taken largely from the chronicle of Enciso, and the rest of the volume is an account of the author's own travels in search of a convenient location for an English packing-house for Columbian cattle.

The historical part is interesting enough as far as it goes, but it would have gained immeasurably in fascination and historical value if its scope had been widened and the author had made more liberal use of such authorities as Padre Simón, Piedrahita and Castellanos, historians of great merit, but scarcely known to English readers.

The book contains some notable tributes to the enlightened colonial policy of Spain, and appreciations of the fruits of this policy in the lives of the cultured Columbians of today.

Unfortunately, time and travel have hardly mellowed the stern Scotch character of the author (who is now in his sixty-ninth year), and occasional flashes of brutal bigotry mar the pages of what would otherwise be a very worthy book, and for which Catholics should be especially grateful. As in his previous books on Hispanic America, (*A Vanished Arcadia*, *Bernal Diaz del Castillo*, etc.), Cunningham Graham displays a violent hatred for priests, and a fulsome admiration for the fruits of their labors. One of the most lovable historians of the New World was Padre Simón, a gentle and learned Franciscan; yet the author, in borrowing Simón's account of a massacre by

Heredia, attributes charity to him only by way of concession: "To do him justice, the good Father does not exult in the exploit of Heredia, but tells the episode quite feelingly, much in the spirit that a man, seated in his club, who reads that an earthquake has overwhelmed ten or twelve thousand Chinamen in some remote place on the Yangtse, exclaims, 'Poor things!' and goes on with his tea."

His flippant narrative of the life and labors of St. Peter Claver is really sacrilegious, and sacrilege is always bad form, to say the least.

The book is well printed (in Great Britain) and substantially bound, but lacks chapter headings and an index.

OUR FAMILY AFFAIRS. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$4.00.

The Bensons are surely the most biographied and autobiographied family of modern English society. Arthur Christopher Benson includes among his more than forty published volumes a two-volume official biography of his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury: the *Memoirs* of his brother, Robert Hugh: a *Life and Letters* of his sister, Maggie; and a group of studies of the friends of the family, entitled *The Leaves of the Tree*. Robert Hugh published his spiritual autobiography in *The Confessions of a Convert*, and since his lamented death, in 1914, has been the subject of a two-volume *Life* by Father Martindale, S.J., and of several minor biographical and critical monographs in book and pamphlet form. Now Edward Frederic, the younger surviving brother, nobly brings up the rear with this altogether delightful record of the whole blessed family! But one is willing to wager that the stream of Bensonian reminiscence is not yet dried up; it is merely temporarily dammed. The present volume brings the tale of the family affairs up to 1896, only—the year the Archbishop died. Every reader of this record will await eagerly the sequel that is sure to come.

Meantime one gloats over the immediate good gift. "E. F." (best known to Americans as the author of *Dodo*) skillfully exhibits the Archbishop in his headmastering days at Wellington; in the Lincoln Chancery; in the See of Truro—in fact, through all the stages of his dominating progress until he sat down with austere dignity in the cathedral of Canterbury. It is ever so much more vivid and moving a portrait than that drawn by "A. C." in the official biography. "E. F." makes some interesting comments on Robert Hugh's life and work, and gives not a few exquisite glimpses of their splendid mother—*mulier fortis* if ever there

was one. Here is a penetrating criticism: "As works of art his [Robert Hugh's] sermons far transcended his books, an opinion which no one, I think, who ever listened to that tumultuous eloquence could doubt. They carried his untrammelled message; while he preached, he could say with supreme instinctive art all that in novel-writing he had more indirectly to convey; his sermons had an overwhelming sincerity, which made the delivery of them flawless and flamelike."

Our Family Affairs is far and away the best of all E. F. Benson's many books.

HANDBOOK OF MORAL THEOLOGY. Volume IV. By Rev. Antony Koch, D.D. Adapted and Edited by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net.

The fourth volume of Dr. Koch's excellent manual of moral theology deals with man's duties to God. Part I. treats of faith, hope, charity, and prayer. Part II. of the duty of external worship—sacrifice, vows, sacrilege, simony, oaths, and superstition. Part III. discusses the Commandments of the Church—their object, history, number and binding force.

Many interesting problems are discussed in this volume—Christian Science, Spiritism, Witchcraft, the origin of the Apostles' Creed, the Rosary and the Salve Regina, the laws of the Index.

These volumes are intended for the educated Catholic layman, who wishes to study in brief compass the teachings of moral theology. The author omits nothing essential, gives numerous references to the Sacred Scriptures, the Fathers and to theologians, and adds to each chapter a most complete bibliography.

ST. LEONARD OF PORT-MAURICE. By Father Dominic Devas, O.F.M. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75 net.

Father Devas informs us in his introduction that this "is no learned work, nor, in any sense, a historical study, but a simple *Life* of a deeply religious priest, a Franciscan and a Saint."

Barring the fact that the little book is scholarly, without being at all pedantic, the foregoing description is quite adequate. The biographer, wherever possible, has allowed the eighteenth century friar to speak for himself, and the result is most felicitous. It is as if one were chatting with the Saint during recreation in one of the houses of his Order, or pacing with him the garden paths of his beloved solitude at Incontro. We can think of nothing better, except the Sacred Scriptures, for reading while in retreat. The typography is faultless, and the illustrations add a

touch of distinction. Not the least valuable portion of the *Life* is the Appendix, containing the celebrated sermon delivered by St. Leonard at the erection of the Stations of the Cross in the Coliseum at Rome.

DOCTRINAL DISCOURSES. By Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. Published by the Dominican Sisters, Aquinas Academy, Tacoma, Washington. \$2.00.

Father Skelly has just published the third volume of his excellent series of doctrinal discourses for the Sundays and chief Festivals of the Year. The period in this volume covers the time between the third Sunday after Easter to the Third Sunday after Pentecost inclusive. They include sermons on the Precious Blood, the Passion, the Sacred Heart, the Holy Ghost, Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Trinity, Heaven, Prayer, St. Paul, St. John the Baptist, the Feast of the Visitation.

They are well thought out, carefully written, and suggestive.

THE DIVINE ADVENTURE. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Reviews in the secular press have clearly indicated that this novel's interest is not narrow, notwithstanding that it concerns itself essentially with Catholicism, giving aspects of the Church from within and without. The principals are Michael Donovan, a young Catholic poet and mystic, and two Protestants, John Bradley and his sister, Marjorie, both of whom are eventually received into the Church. As was to be expected, Mr. Maynard's contribution is out of the ordinary, moving along none of the established lines of procedure in which the Catholic personages serve as inspirers or guides, frequently both. Thus, though Michael's acquaintance with Marjorie deepens into love and marriage, he is the instrument of neither her conversion nor her brother's; and his spiritual adventures, in the Fold wherein he was born, are no less intense and racking than those of John Bradley, to whom the way of approach is long and difficult. Virility characterizes the book; a good portion of the content records the graphic, unconstrained talk of a group of young men whose habit it is to foregather in a "pub." With equal force and frankness, the author pictures the temptations and problems that lie about them in the night-life of London streets. Humor abounds, both in the scenes of the pharisaical, non-Conformist circles in which John Bradley's adolescence was passed, and in the intimate chapters that tell of life in the Franciscan monastery wherein Michael spent some time as a novice.

Readers who share the preconceived notions common among non-Catholics, bid fair to receive some startling new impressions, notably in the narration of Michael's protracted agony of soul and the circumstances of his release from a self-imposed vow of celibacy—impressions of balance and proportion, of practicality, and of beautiful, penetrating mysticism. The author's intention and its accomplishment may fairly be assumed as summarized in Marjorie's words to Michael, when, shortly after their marriage, they go to see John clothed in the Franciscan habit: "How wonderful the Catholic Church is . . . You and I . . . and John! What variety!"

FROM OUT THE VASTY DEEP. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has written *From Out the Vasty Deep* with the easy grace particularly her own. The subject matter of the book is less satisfactory. There is the charming English country house and the usual bevy of guests with whom others have already made us well familiar, accompanied this time by ghosts who have appeared to warn their living relatives of impending harm. It is made plain that "Bubbles," the willful little Spiritualist, whose uncanny power has brought forth these apparitions, owes her influence to subjecting herself to the evil forces which she can feel about her. The obvious function of the spirits is to create dramatic situations, at what would otherwise be a very dull house party, for all its delightful surroundings. This accomplished, Mrs. Lowndes dismisses the ghosts and proceeds to the real plot: the discovery of an astonishing twofold murder. This does not surprise the reader, for he has become accustomed, in reading a novel of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, to expect murder—almost to look upon it as an institution.

DONNE'S SERMONS. Selected Passages. Edited by Logan Pearsall Smith. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

It is a pity that there is no complete and scholarly edition of the writings of John Donne in prose and verse. Since the beginning of this century there has been a remarkable revival of interest in the work of this great man. In the closing year of the last century Edmund Gosse published his charming biography of the poet, the finest of many biographical narratives from this sympathetic scholar's pen. Since then, Professor Grierson has nobly edited the collected poetry of Donne, and Miss Ramsay has written with learning and taste upon *Les Doctrines médiévales chez Donne*. But Donne's prose has remained unedited until now.

Dean Alford's six-volume *Works of John Donne, D.D.*, published in 1839, is a wretchedly inadequate edition with a deplorably inaccurate text.

The present edition is a selection of the best of the poet's prose, with a critical and biographical introduction. It does for Donne exactly what was needed and does it perfectly. No finer piece of editorial work on an English text has come from the Oxford Press this many a day. The introduction is a masterpiece in little, and a permanent addition to the critical literature on its subject. Great as is the poetry of Donne, his prose is even greater. "There," says "Q.," in one of his fine lectures from the Cambridge Chair, "there is where you shall seek for the great Donne, the real Donne . . . in his *Sermons*, which contain (as I hold) the most magnificent prose ever uttered from an English pulpit, if not the most magnificent prose ever spoken in our tongue." A large claim, no doubt, but there is not a little in this delightful volume to sustain it.

THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL. By the Rev. Frederick A. Houck.
New York: Frederick Pustet Co.

This volume on the Theological Virtues is a sequel to *Our Palace Wonderful*; and the author tells us, in his preface, that throughout both books he has endeavored "to repay attention, as well as attract it." He has achieved his purpose. In presenting, according to St. Augustine's words, the Faith as the foundation, Hope the superstructure, and Charity the unitive principle of the Spiritual Temple, he makes a clear, practical appeal, in which his own thoughts and those of the writers he quotes, are so skillfully assembled that the content is brief, yet eminently satisfying. The felicitous phrasing, simplicity and earnestness of Father Houck's address give it a character always grateful to lay readers. Those who avail themselves of the present opportunity will find the three virtues set before them in a new and closer light, revealing to many sources of help and consolation hitherto unrealized.

THE SONG OF LOURDES. By Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.
New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75 net.

A welcome little book is this metrical version of the story of Lourdes. Father Fitzpatrick has divided his song into three parts: "The Apparitions;" "Bernadette;" "On Pilgrimage." The versification is of varied form, the couplet obtaining principally, broken by interludes in different measures. Naturally, the quality also varies. At times, the substance is bare narrative, in

rhyme; this is especially the case during the first part, but, as we progress, we find the author's fancy playing most engagingly around the facts of Bernadette's life after she had left Lourdes, and rising steadily in poetical expression, which reaches its height in "On Pilgrimage." It is in this section that occurs the interlude, "Rush on, O Gave," which calls for particular mention, as does also the Lourdes *Benedicite*, which succeeds it.

The work is a lovely tribute to Our Lady. Such small blemishes as an occasional faulty rhythm are beneath notice in a bit of writing so instinct in every line with ardent devotion to her, that it needs must quicken that of the Catholic reader.

UNCLE MOSES. By Sholom Ash. Translated from the Yiddish by Isaac Goldberg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

One of the most compelling and artistically realistic novels of the last few years is undoubtedly this story of Uncle Moses, the rich and brutal owner of a sweat-shop on the East Side. The story has the authentic tragic note—the fall from honor and prosperity (a fat and greasy prosperity, it is true, but yet prosperity) to shame, disappointment, loneliness and death. When we first meet Uncle Moses he is arrogant, dominant, and cruel; at the end he is broken and disgraced: and between these two extremes is compressed a great deal of knowledge of human nature, especially of human nature in its more sordid aspects.

The author of *Uncle Moses* is a present-day Yiddish writer of considerable reputation among his own people, and certainly this book, by its union of a nervous style, accurate observation and artistic restraint gives ample warrant for his fame. The translator, too, deserves commendation for his smooth rendering.

ESSAYS ON MODERN DRAMATISTS. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

This volume contains essays on Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Fitch, Maeterlinck, and Rostand, all of whom are treated with that insight and understanding which go far to establish Professor Phelps' reputation as one of the two or three foremost critics in America. His treatment of that elusive genius, Barrie, is particularly happy and his praise of Rostand, whom it has become the fashion in some quarters to disparage, is music in the ears of those who regard *Cyrano de Bergerac* as one of the most brilliant of modern dramas. Professor Phelps' opinions are so vividly and candidly expressed as to be unfailingly thought-provoking. He believes that Barrie, Shaw, and Galsworthy are the three greatest of living English dramatists, and if one refuses to assent to this

judgment, one is hard put to it to substitute greater names in their places. The author has the gift of often summarizing a whole chapter of criticism in a witty line, as when he says of two of Barrie's best known novels: *Sentimental Tommy* gave evidence of inspiration; *Tommy and Grizel* of perspiration."

Professor Phelps is frankly a lover of good things on the stage, and these delightful essays written in a popular style and rich in humor, wit, insight, appreciative understanding, and a wholesome sanity which is not the least of the author's gifts, will appeal to every lover of the modern drama, and will add substantially to that large section of the American public to whom a new book by Professor Phelps is a literary event.

THE POLITICAL ASPECTS OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S CITY OF GOD. By John Neville Figgis, Litt.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50.

These six lectures were delivered by Dr. Figgis at Oxford in 1918. They discuss the general scope of the *De Civitate Dei*, its influence in the Middle Ages and in modern times, and St. Augustine's concept of the State and the Church. A brief appendix gives a summary of the literature which has grown up around the *City of God* from the time of Thomas Valois in 1468 to Sommerlad's treatise published in Leipsic in 1910. The best edition is that in the Vienna *Corpus Scriptorum* by E. Hoffmann.

THE FIRST SIR PERCY. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

This is a rattling, slashing tale of adventure of the time and country of Maurice of Nassau. It has to do with brave deeds—by moonlight and otherwise—love, battle, friendship, and black-hearted villainy. Sir Percy Blakeney, "the Laughing Cavalier" of a previous novel by this author, is the hero, and from the first chapters, which describe his marriage to the beautiful Gilda Beresteyn and his sudden departure immediately afterward at the call of duty, to the end when he is reunited to her, he passes through enough perils and weighty toils to daunt any heart less stout than his own. And through it all the Lord of Stoutenberg is a worthy and implacably villainous foil to Sir Percy's heroism.

To any reader tired of the drab and realistic novels now in fashion, the present book will come as an antidote and a relief. It has all the qualities a romantic tale should possess, with plenty of action, a minimum of psychologizing, and unfailing high spirits. Of course, the colors are laid on glaringly and thick,

but that stands out as a merit when contrasted with many of the novelists of the moment, whose only color seems to be gray, and that of a rather dim and misty variety.

But why should the reader be irritated with the constant, and invariably incorrect, use of the verb, "*riposte*," in place of "reply." Much philosophy and all the good qualities of the story are needed to make some seventy-five or a hundred such inflictions endurable.

JAKE. By Eunice Tietjens. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.

In this study Eunice Tietjens has achieved a memorable portrait of a weakling, masterly in its subdued toning and its subtle emotional coloring. Jake is a feckless body, one overborne in the battle of life, who disarms criticism by his lovable-ness and the appeal that all weak courageous things make to our sympathies. The gray, unlifting tragedy of this artist *manqué*, sacrificed to the rival claims of a selfish mother, and a coarse, vulgar wife, Carla, is poignantly relieved against the idyllic background of his friend Ruth's domestic happiness. She it is who writes this memoir with an intimacy of realization, and a passionate humanity that stamp the record as verisimilar. The chronicle of this futile life is epic in its impression of "the quality of eternality in pain"—pain, however, which has no other consecration than the beauty in which it is resolved by the artistry of the author.

PRINCESS SALOME. A Tale of the Days of Camel Bells. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.

Princess Salome is a kaleidoscopic romance of Antioch and Jerusalem in the days of Our Lord. As the characters of the story fare to the sound of camel bells on the caravan route between these two centres, the immemorial Eastern scene with its exotic pageantry unfolds itself before our eyes as in a series of dissolving views. The author spares no pains in his efforts to re-create the protagonists of the world-drama, and he skillfully weaves into his narrative all the strands of the Gospel story. The spirit of the Gospel, however, is lacking in his presentation which relies for its effects upon the melodramatic treatment of his material. The element of the sensational is sought at the expense of the reverence due to the personality of the Protomartyr. The motif of the novel—the degeneration of Salome because of the frustration of her love for Stephanas—fails to illude the reader who is repelled by the offensive coupling of these two personages.

PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM, by Terence MacSwiney (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00). The late Lord Mayor of Cork has here expressed the principles of his political philosophy with a clarity and a precision which prove again that the typical Irish patriot, instead of being the frenetic enthusiast, the sentimentalist, or the hot-headed chaser of rainbows depicted by his enemies is, on the contrary, almost the martyr of his logic. If all workers for ideals, and fighters for great causes, were able to give such clear, succinct accounts of the principles underlying their actions as Terence MacSwiney gives of the principles of the freedom for which he sacrificed his life, there would be less fighting and more arbitration in this world of conflict. While it is true that this amazing book, over which broods the shadow of the author's tragic fate, and the calm words of which seem to be vibrating with the mastered passion of an inflexible will, deals especially with Ireland, nevertheless, the principles of freedom are not merely local, they are universal in their application, and MacSwiney's book deserves study everywhere throughout the world, in this period of the world's readjustment.

THE MESSAGE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON, by a Sister of Notre Dame (New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents). This more than usually well written and well printed little book is less an essay in literary criticism than a painstaking study of Thompson's work according to the canons of ethical and religious interpretation: it is, in fact, a thesis upon Francis Thompson as a religious poet. But the essential richness of the theme, the wealth of quotation and of literary allusion in its treatment, make the treatise interesting reading for those who seriously love the work of this great Catholic artist. The butterfly is not broken, it is merely catalogued. And being an authentic and essential mystic as well as a singularly sincere poet, Thompson can endure this "abashless inquisition" better than most of his singing confrères.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART has made a new heaven in our old earth, therefore, whatever tends to increase, explain, or spread it must of its nature carry the fire which Christ came on earth to enkindle. *The Love of the Sacred Heart*, illustrated by St. Margaret Mary Alacoque and the Blessed John Eudes, a little volume translated from the French by a Good Shepherd nun on her bed of pain, is sure to do much good, for it emanates from the two factors in life which count most and which we all understand, love and pain. The foreword by the Redemptorist, Father McMullen, is a very considerable addition to the value of the book. There are some who complain that there is too much organization connected with the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, which of its very nature is interior; but the word organ itself suggests life put in functional order, and to give external point and expression to this life of love is to keep the fires burning by reiterated and orderly direction. The innermost part of it is between

the individual soul and God, and that is secret, mysterious and beyond reach and need of outward arrangement. But even here, the Saint of the Sacred Heart has made practical suggestions towards the right understanding of the true expression of love. (New York: Benziger Brothers.)

ANDALUSIA, by W. Somerset Maugham (New York: Alfred Knopf. \$3.00), is just the book we might expect of a clever, well-informed, but not very profound, author like Mr. Maugham. It is a work creditable to the exercise of industry and talents, over a good many years for there are certain references to Cuba and the Cardinal Spinola of Seville that date the production of some of these chapters back some ten or fifteen years at least.

In a book about the "Land of the Blessed Virgin," one would expect a little more sympathy with the profound devotional sense of the country. Mr. Maugham is too sincere even to make a pretence at appreciating this—in fact, his viewpoint is so superficial and casual that we sometimes wince at the self-revelation of his own shallowness.

ASPIRITUAL RETREAT, by Father Alexander, O.F.M. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$3.00.) To write a worth-while series of conferences for a retreat is no easy task, yet in this Father Alexander has succeeded. He has adapted his talks to the verses of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, thus avoiding monotony in arrangement, while wisely enforcing attention to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the true retreat master and the best director for every soul aiming at interior perfection. His twenty-five conferences, each of eight to ten pages, and divided usually into four points, are animated by attractive piety, sweet reasonableness, seriousness without straining, and breadth of view. Father Alexander is thoroughly versed in Holy Scripture and applies it constantly and well. Primarily directed to Religious in the cloister and dedicated to the choir, his book will prove helpful to others differently engaged for spiritual reading and meditation.

PARDON AND PEACE, by H. M. Capes (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50 net). Imaginativeness and ingenuity of construction are displayed in this novel. It tells the story of a great wrong done from bitter anti-Catholic prejudice, death overtaking the penitent perpetrator before reparation could be made. How a dream brought a happy ending to years of trouble is plausibly handled, while the touch of mysticism in the suggestion that the dream was in response to the longings of the erring, restless soul, bringing it pardon and peace, is given with tact and restraint. The theme, indeed, would not have been beneath the powers of Monsignor Benson, and is worthy of other treatment than that which the author has accorded it. This is not exactly inadequate, but is of a directness that places it among the fiction that seems especially appropriate for young readers.

THE WATCH-DOG OF THE CROWN, by John Knipe (New York: John Lane Co. \$1.75), is a well-written romance of the reign of Edward VI., which holds the reader's interest from first to last. It deals with Lord Seymour's plot to kill the king and his sister, Mary, and to put Elizabeth on the throne. Its chief characters are the unscrupulous traitor, Seymour, his indefatigable accomplice, Lady Francis Grey, and the incorruptible Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Henry Talbot.

The character portraits are drawn with a heavy Protestant brush, and the history of the times is viewed through unfair Protestant spectacles. We find it rather hard today to stomach Edward VI., Latimer, and the other worthies of the period who are held up to us as models of righteousness.

The story, however, is so well told that the average reader will ignore the false historical setting. The love of the stern Talbot of Carlisle for the deceitful Lady Francis is dramatically told, although the conversion of that traitor vixen is too sudden and too improbable.

A WOMAN OF THE BENTIVOGLIOS, by Gabriel Francis Powers (Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria Press). The author of this slim volume of seventy-nine pages deals with her subject in a way that should excite all fellow biographers to emulation. There is not a dull line in the entire narrative. Light and shade not too unpleasantly contrasted, together with a proper degree of pleasant humor, combine to make three fascinating chapters. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, as we have often been assured, and the experiences of the Bentivoglio sisters, women of noble blood ("their Odyssey of trials and disappointments," the biographer happily phrases it), provide rich illustration of the proverb.

It is well in these days of automobiles and victrolas and airplanes, and a thousand and one luxuries, for us to be told something of such austere folk as the Poor Clares; to be made to realize that no one age or nation has a monopoly of saints; that so recently as the last quarter of the nineteenth century two women of gentle birth could walk the streets of New York, homeless and shelterless in the rain; that one of them could sit in the hallway of the Convent of the Sacred Heart as a mendicant, lineage and identity undisclosed, bowing her head over her bowl of soup and thanking God for being able to follow in the footsteps of her blessed Father, St. Francis.

How it all ended joyfully and how the wanderers came at last to a safe haven, you must find out by reading the book for yourself.

A N ACREAGE OF LYRIC, by Dorothea Lawrance Mann (Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.25). Many of these graceful little poems have recently appeared in various American magazines. Their gathering together proves at least one thing: that Dorothea Mann is at her happiest in the really vivid piece of free verse, "In a Flower Shop."

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

Sources for the History of Roman Catholics in England, Ireland and Scotland, by John H. Pollen, S.J. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, New York), is a valuable subject-index for history students engaged in research of that dark period from the Reformation to the Catholic Emancipation. *The First American Sister of Charity* (Elizabeth Bayley Seton), by Rev. John C. Reville, S.J. (New York: The America Press.) The life-story of Mother Seton, foundress of the American Sisters of Charity, reads like a romance. From the Catholic Truth Society, London: *Catholic Defensive and Progressive Organization*, by Edward Eyre, appeals for the world-wide organization of the Catholic body for greater influence in all questions affecting human progress; *Why Roman Catholic?* by Rev. E. C. Messenger, Ph.B. (Louvain.) The term, "Roman Catholic," is used thoughtlessly by Catholics, who if they realized its history and significance would refuse to accept it. *Psycho-Analysis and Christian Morality*, by E. Boyd Barrett, S.J., is a sane guide to Catholics, carefully explaining wherein the method admittedly of therapeutic value may be lawful, and wherein not; *Our Separated Brethren, a Plea for Sympathy*, by Rev. Leslie J. Walker, S.J., recommends less controversy about differences and more sympathy on points of agreement with our Anglican brethren in their search for truth; *The Ship That Was Simon's*, a reasoned exposition of the doctrine of the Primacy of Peter, making special appeal to those who, having come all the way, halt at this last stumbling-block; *St. Paul a Papist "By Revelation,"* by Rev. T. J. Agius, S.J., proves the Apostle's acknowledgment of the Primacy of St. Peter by extensive quotations from his Epistles. From The Catholic Truth Society of Canada: *Memoir of a Great Convert* (Levi Silliman Ives), by Rev. W. B. Hannon, is of interest to present-day readers in recalling the fact that Dr. Kinsman was not the first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America to be reconciled with Rome; *"Some Fell Among Thorns,"* by Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., offers a valuable contribution to the "Back to the Land" movement, addressed to farmers. From the Australian Catholic Truth Society: *Some Catholic Names in Medical Science*, by Rev. Charles F. Ronayne, O.C.C. To controvert the impression that Catholicism is opposed to human progress, that it fetters the intellect and unfits its adherents for due fulfillment of their social obligations, this pamphlet marshals in imposing array the brilliant roster of Catholic names in medical science. Even the woman doctor was present in the abbesses of the twelfth century, as witness St. Hildegard. In *Spiritism's Two Failures*, Rev. Vincent McEvoy, O.P., analyzes the failure of Spiritism, first, to prove its message from God, and second, to prove the identity of its supposed spirits; *Recent Developments in Science; Do They Affect Church Doctrine?* by Rev. Wilfrid Ryan, S.J. Theories long accepted as facts have been rejected; the formulas of yesterday are abandoned today. Great as have been the achievements of human intellect in the domain of science, the surface has merely been scratched, yet with such uncertain weapons Holy Writ is attacked. From The Examiner Press, Bombay: *About the Bible*, by Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay, the first of a series of instructions on the Bible in an easy, readable style to attract laymen; *Collapses in Adult Life. A Sequel to "The Formation of Character,"* by Ernest R. Hull, S.J., analyzes the possible defects in a teaching system which produces collapses in adult life of seemingly exemplary characters, and makes a careful psychological search into the elements necessary in training for lasting character building.

Recent Events.

Germany. After several weeks' negotiations, during which the British made a number of military demonstrations against the Polish in-

surgents, forcing them to withdraw from some of the principal Silesian towns held by them, an apparent solution for the Silesian crisis was at last effected towards the end of June. The plan, which was evolved by the British General Henniker in conference with the German General Hoefer, and unanimously approved by the Inter-Allied Commission, consisted in alternate withdrawals towards their respective frontiers by the Polish insurgents and the German irregulars. To date, the Polish leader, Korfanty, has withdrawn most of his forces, and General Hoefer has issued, on instructions from Berlin, a demobilization order and affirms that his troops are now all out of Silesia.

Notwithstanding their agreement, some of the Polish forces, notably the so-called Polish Marine Brigade, from 2,000 to 3,000 strong, with eight 75 field guns, four 105 howitzers, and four French tanks, has declared itself independent and refuses to withdraw or disarm; and, on the other hand, certain free corps formerly under Hoefer are remaining near the Central Silesian border. Most military observers think that war will again break out, with the Poles as the aggressors, in which event it is doubtful whether Hoefer will be able to restrain his men.

An important offshoot of the Silesian situation is the question of who will foot the bill, now that liquidation of the insurrection is actually taking place. That Germany will demand reparation from the Allies for loss and damage in Upper Silesia is regarded as certain, and she is expected to present a bill running close to 3,000,000,000 paper marks, backed by the arguments that the Allies were responsible under the Peace Treaty for maintaining law and order and protecting life and property in Upper Silesia.

Meanwhile the financial situation in Poland has become acute. In the last two days of June the Polish mark fell more than five hundred points, being quoted in New York at .04 cents or 2,500 to the dollar. Normally, its par value is the same as the German mark, 23.8 cents. The crisis has reached such a stage that the Polish Diet is considering emergency action. Among the proposals to be considered by the Diet's Financial Commission are a special tax upon capital and the limitation of imports of raw materials. Owing to the fact that Poland's 1921 crop, because of

the Bolshevik invasion, will be only fifty-five or sixty per cent. of pre-war production, it is estimated that Poland will have to import next year possibly one hundred and fifty tons of cereals and flour. She will also import 400,000 bales of cotton.

On June 28th, the Reparations Commission announced that Germany had redeemed the second of the twenty \$10,000,000 three-month Treasury notes she handed over on June 1st. The first was paid up about the middle of June. According to a decision reached a few days previous by the Reparations Commission, this second payment was made in European currencies instead of dollars, in which form the initial payments were made. Of 1,000,000,000 gold marks due under the reparations ultimatum, Germany has so far paid a lump sum of 160,000,000 marks gold handed over in dollars on June 1st, plus two payments totaling nearly 88,000,000 marks gold, bringing the total of her payments to date to about 250,000,000. The remainder of the 1,000,000,000 marks gold is due before August 1st next.

Germany's funded debt on May 31st, recently announced, was 78,345,000,000 marks. Her floating debt on the same date was 400,000,000,000. Railway and postal deficits for the current year are approximated at 19,000,000,000 marks. The budget provides an appropriation of 8,500,000,000 marks for maintenance of the Entente troops in the occupied zone. In addition, of course, the indemnity payments are to be arranged for.

In order to meet these enormous obligations, the Wirth Cabinet has drawn up the following new tax measures: an increased sugar tax, introduction of a saccharine monopoly, an increased liquor tax, a new tax (said to amount to thirty per cent.) on the net profits of corporations, an increased tax on race-track betting, matches, mechanical lighters, tobacco, beer, and mineral waters. Furthermore, the Government plans a new insurance tax, and an increase of the turnover tax on sales from one and one-half to three per cent., a new automobile tax, and a tax on capital investment. Altogether, eighty billion paper marks must be raised annually to cover foreign and domestic obligations, an increase over the present taxes of twenty billions. The Reichsbank statement for the last week of June reveals the fact that three and one-third billion new paper marks were put in circulation in that period, the total paper circulation now exceeding 84,000,000,000 marks. A political feature of the Government's tax measures is the fact that it places the Chancellor in a dilemma, since if he emphasizes the direct tax, he alienates the bourgeois parties, if indirect, the proletariat, on the support of both of whom his continuance in office depends.

The state of war between the United States and Germany was officially ended, on July 2d, when President Harding signed the peace resolution which had previously passed both houses of Congress. The resolution merely declared peace between the two countries, with a reservation of American rights under the armistice and the Treaty of Versailles, but does not actually restore peace or provide for the resumption of diplomatic relations. For this a separate treaty between the two countries will probably be necessary. The problems now being considered by the Administration are how long the American troops shall be held in Germany, whether a separate treaty between this country and Germany shall be negotiated and sent to the Senate and whether some parts of the Treaty of Versailles may be used as the basis of such a treaty. The German Government has adopted a policy of reticence on the subject.

Lieutenant General Karl Stenger, charged by the French Government with having ordered troops under his command to take no prisoners and to kill wounded men during the fighting of August, 1914, was acquitted on July 6th after a week's trial by the German Supreme Court at Leipsic. Major Bruno Crusius, tried on a similar charge, was convicted of manslaughter, sentenced to two years' imprisonment and forbidden to wear the German uniform. General Stenger was the commander of the Fifty-third German Infantry Brigade, and Major Crusius held a command under him. The trial aroused great attention because of the rank of the accused, and also because these were the first "war criminal" trials in which France was the accuser. As a result of the acquittal of General Stenger, and on the ground that the War trials are a mockery, the French Government has withdrawn its mission to the Leipsic court, thus disclaiming further confidence in the procedure, and has notified the Allied Governments of its action. It is understood that the French Government will ask the Allies to return to the Treaty plan, and demand that Germany hand over the accused men for trial by Allied tribunals.

Greece. During the last three months Greece has been occupying a constantly increasing share of European political attention, due to the development of her belligerent plans against the Turkish Nationalist army of Mustapha Kemal in Anatolia. The Greeks began operations last March with an army of 110,000 which, at first, advanced rapidly from their headquarters at Smyrna, but were later defeated and put to rout, with losses estimated at 6,200.

The primary cause of the war was the failure of the Allies to

enforce the Treaty of Sèvres, which though signed by the Sultan and the nominal government at Constantinople, was rejected by Mustapha Kemal and his Nationalist followers who set up a republic with Angora as the capital. Greece, under the premiership of Venizelos, was chosen by the Allies as the military guarantor of this Treaty, receiving in return a large share of Turkish territory. But the restoration of Constantine in November, 1920, was considered as a cancellation of Greece's signature to the Sèvres Treaty, and last February, in a conference at London, it was determined by the Allies to restore to Turkey all the Smyrna provinces which had been given to Greece. Thereupon Constantine began operations.

During the last thirty days there have been further developments. Late in June, Greece declined an offer of mediation from the Allies, and on June 26th recaptured from the Turks the town of Ismid on the Sea of Marmora, fifty-six miles southeast of Constantinople. Several days later the Greeks evacuated Ismid, leaving the road to Constantinople open to the Nationalist forces. The war on the Ismid Peninsula was characterized by a large number of atrocities on both sides, the Turks apparently being the worse offenders. Fifty thousand refugees—Greeks, Turks and Armenians—have been removed to Thrace and Constantinople.

Mustapha Kemal recently announced in the Angora Assembly that a new agreement on much broader lines is about to be concluded with the Soviet Government, and a Turkish delegation has started for Moscow. This has caused anxiety among the Allies, but the more immediate cause of anxiety lies in the fact that Kemal's Nationalist army, which has been pursuing the Greeks on the northern front since the evacuation of Ismid, is within a mile and a quarter of the internationalized zone which surrounds the Bosphorus. The zone is guarded by forces consisting of British, French and Turkish troops, the latter acting as *gendarmes* commanded by Allied officers, and if the Kemalists cross the frontier into this zone, naval and military action against them is inevitable.

Recent dispatches state that Mustapha Kemal has sent a note to the British Foreign Office, saying he is willing to negotiate the Near East situation, but he imposes what are considered impossible terms, namely, complete Turkish control of Constantinople and the Straits and a return of Thrace, Smyrna and other territories to Turkey. This would amount virtually to the *status quo ante-bellum* in regard to Turkey, both in Europe and Asia Minor. Moreover, British officials deny the statement in Kemal's message that they suggested a meeting for negotiations, affirming the real

truth to be that, by agreement between the Allies, strict instructions were sent to General Harrington, commander of the Allied forces in Constantinople, that he was not to negotiate, but only to hear the Nationalist leader's case.

The chief difficulty among the Allies arises from the conflict of policy, or lack of policy, as between France and England. Both countries distrust Constantine, but France all along has been in favor of a *rapprochement* with the Nationalists as the *de facto* Government in the Near East, whereas, Great Britain opposes this, as she is fearful of the proposed alliance between the Bolsheviki and the Nationalists and its possible effects on Afghanistan and India.

Meanwhile troops, munitions and other supplies have been arriving at Smyrna daily from Athens, and it is estimated that the Greeks now have in Asia Minor nearly 300,000 troops, of which 170,000 are at the front. The Greek forces are concentrating on the Smyrna or southern front, and considerably outnumber the Turks in artillery, supplies and transport. The evacuation of Ismid, the Greeks assert, did not materially affect the principal front and was done for strategic reasons, the Greek division at Ismid being transferred to Smyrna, where preparations have been made by Constantine for a major offensive.

France.

French policy, generally speaking, is chiefly operative through two agencies—the Allied Supreme Council and the League of Nations, meeting at Geneva. In both the outcome is largely the result of a compromise of conflicting interests, principally French and British. On nearly every important issue since the armistice there has been a wide variance of opinion between these two countries, including the Allied policy toward Germany, Russia, Poland, and now the Turkish-Greek imbroglio, treated above.

Another cause of difference has been the English plan, recently announced by Colonial Secretary Winston Churchill, of setting up a distinctly Arabian Government under an Arab head in Mesopotamia. The policy of the British Government, Secretary Churchill said, was to create an Arab state friendly to Great Britain, and it had been decided to ask the House of Mecca to supply the ruler of the new State. Emir Feisal, who last year was deposed by the French as King of Syria, has been informed that if he was acceptable to the people of Mesopotamia he would receive the backing of the British Government. The aim of the British policy in this instance seems to be to play the Arabs against the Turks, but the French are much more bitterly opposed

to Constantine of Greece than to the Turks, and their attitude towards Feisal has already been indicated. The result is that there has been a notable cooling of French sentiment towards the dual alliance which was projected last month between England and France.

As for the Council of Ambassadors, outside of discussions on the Turkish-Greek situation on which no definite decision has yet been reached, its only apparent action during the past month was to address to the American Government, on July 1st, a note requesting this country to postpone for twenty years her claims against the Austrian Government. These claims, amounting to some \$20,000,000, relate to food relief advances. This proposal had previously been made to the United States by the League of Nations, but no reply has yet been made to either suggestion.

The Council of the League of Nations opened its thirteenth session at Geneva on June 17th and adjourned on June 28th. The most important decision arrived at was that the Aland Islands, which have been in dispute between Sweden and Finland, shall remain under Finland's sovereignty, but shall be neutralized from the military standpoint. The Council failed, however, to settle the Polish-Lithuanian dispute over Vilna. The Council proposed that General Zellgousky, the Polish commander, should evacuate Vilna, and that a local militia should be maintained in the contested territory under the auspices of a League military commission. Meanwhile, the negotiations between the Poles and Lithuanians at Brussels were to be resumed. Neither the Polish nor the Lithuanian delegates would accept this solution, however, and consequently the dispute will have to go over to the League Assembly which meets next September.

Other matters taken up by the League Council included arrangements for the setting up of the permanent International Court of Justice, in full confidence that a sufficient number of ratifications will be received to put the plan in effect before the September meeting of the Assembly. The Council invited Elihu Root, John Bassett Moore, Judge George Gray of Delaware, and Oscar S. Straus in their capacity as members of The Hague Arbitration Tribunal, to propose the names of four persons, no more than two of whom shall be Americans, as candidates for election as judges of the International Court. On the question of mandates with specific reference to the Island of Yap, the Council invited the American Government to send representatives to discuss the subject, but the American Government did not respond, preferring that the question should be adjusted through diplomatic means. Conversations have been begun between Secretary of

State Hughes and Baron Kijuro Shidehara, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, not only regarding Yap, but also concerning the situation in California and the Far East, and satisfactory progress is reported.

With regard to specifically French affairs, a meeting from which much was expected was that held in June at Wiesbaden between Louis Loncheur, French Minister of the Devastated Regions, and Walter Rathenau, German Minister of Reconstruction. The chief matter discussed was the German proposal to make reparations to France in kind, particularly in the matter of houses for the devastated regions. The French decided, however, that the price asked for the houses was too high and rejected the offer. Nevertheless, hope is still held for an adjustment in the fact that the negotiations begun at Wiesbaden are to be resumed.

A new financial policy comprising consolidation of loans, no more new issues of bank notes, no more extraordinary credits, and the inauguration of drastic economies was recently announced before the Chamber of Deputies by the French Minister of Finance, M. Doumer. The budget for 1922 has been cut from 26,000,000,000 to 23,000,000,000 francs.

Tonnage figures of French foreign trade given out early in July by the French Commission in the United States, show that the volume of France's exports of foodstuffs, raw materials and manufactured goods in the first three months of 1921 exceeded that of the first quarter of 1913. This favorable showing was augmented by an actual decline in tonnage of imports during the same period. The comparative total French imports in the first quarter of 1921 were 1,390,000 tons below the total for the 1913 quarter. The commission's deductions from the figures in hand are that France's foreign trade has reached a state of equilibrium.

Russia.

Indulgence in rumor seems to be the chief occupation of journalists so far as the internal political affairs of Russia are concerned. The latest report, which persisted throughout the month, had to do with a reputed break between the two chief Bolsheviks, Lenine and Trotzky, culminating in the imprisonment by the Soviet Premier of his principal aide and Minister of War and Marine. So far from this being the case, it appears that at the recent Congress of the Third Internationale which began at Moscow June 12th and continued into July, Lenine, on at least one occasion, made a speech in favor of the position of Trotzky, Zinovieff, Kark Radek and other extremists who were hard pressed in their fight against delegates favoring a compromise. The Com-

munist aim, as expressed by Radek, is continued and unceasing effort for world revolution. The Congress resolved to insist upon the twenty-one points outlined by the 1920 Congress. It also threatened to expel from membership the Italian Socialist Party unless it immediately excluded all reformists, and the Communist Labor Party of Germany unless it united immediately with the more radical German element.

Two important obstacles to the spread of Communist doctrines outside of Russia were set up during the month. The first came from the Executive Committee of the International Federation of Trade Unions, a body of about 25,000,000 members, embracing the leading Labor Unions of all countries except the United States and Russia, when it announced, at its recent semi-annual meeting in Amsterdam, that trade union organizations controlled by Communists and avowing their adhesion to the economic arm of the Third Internationale, would not be allowed to retain membership in the Federation. The second obstacle was the refusal of the delegates of the Socialist Party of America, by a vote of thirty-five to four at their annual convention at Detroit on June 25th, to have international relations of any kind and their decision to pursue their course alone for the next year.

General Semenov, the anti-Bolshevik leader, who was reported last month at Vladivostok, left that city late in June, after failing in his negotiations with the anti-Soviet Government recently set up there. On July 1st dispatches stated that he was in Manchuria, making military preparations for an attack on Chita, the capital of the Far Eastern Republic of Siberia. Chita has appealed to the Russian Soviet Government at Moscow for aid against the Japanese and the counter-revolutionary forces under Baron von Ungern-Sternberg. The exact military situation, however, is shrouded in obscurity.

German industrial and financial interests are reported to have allied themselves with a similar group in England for the purpose of seeking business in Soviet Russia. While Germany, like England, has negotiated a trade agreement with Russia, it is declared that these German industrial and financial interests were advised officially not to take the initiative in seeking to approach the Moscow Government independent of the other Powers. To date the Anglo-Russian trading agreement has failed to produce anything near the results which its advocates anticipated, British traders showing no indications of a readiness to take the necessary risks. Practically the only export from Russia which is reaching England is flax, and this is coming by indirect routes which were open before the trading agreement was entered upon. In fact, Russia

is importing less from Great Britain than she is getting both from Germany and the United States.

Russia's import trade through Latvia and Esthonia for the month of May amounted to more than 50,000 tons as compared with 35,000 tons for April. Estimates contained in a Moscow dispatch indicate that 2,868 freight car loads of exports were sent out in June. The average Russian freight car carries an eighteen ton load. Of the imports for the first half of May, fifty-nine per cent. was food products.

Moscow reports received at Riga late in June say that crops have been almost completely ruined by the drought in the Governments of Ufa, Tsaritsyu, Saratov, Samara, Simbirsk, Viatka, Perm and Kazam, and also in the Northern Caucasus. In consequence of this situation, the reports add, 25,000,000 people are facing famine. The entire Russian press is advocating methods for aiding the people in distress.

With the apparent approval of the French Government the exiled Governments of Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, and the North Caucasus Republic met in Paris in June and formed a union. The territory embraced by these Governments includes the oil and mineral fields of the Caucasus, now under the control of the Soviet Government at Moscow. The action of France in fostering the United States of the Caucasus may be followed by interesting developments, in the relations of the Allied nations, as England for months has been endeavoring to get a better hold on this territory, and, in addition, the Royal Dutch oil interests have acquired control of the Baku oil system, formerly controlled by the French.

Italy. To the great surprise of political observers, the Giolitti Cabinet resigned on June 27th.

The resignation came about from the hostile reception of a speech of Count Sforza, the Foreign Minister, on the foreign policy of the Government, especially with that portion of it dealing with Fiume and the Treaty with the Jugo-Slavs signed at Rapallo. Count Sforza's most outspoken critics were the Fascisti, while the Nationalists, Conservatives, Socialists and others also expressed disapproval of various other points of his policy. Signor Giolitti made the vote one of a question of confidence in the Government, and when this was not forthcoming, the Cabinet decided to resign.

On July 1st, the King intrusted Signor Bonomi, who was Minister of the Treasury in the Giolitti Cabinet and previously Minister of War and Minister of Public Works, with the task of form-

ing a new Cabinet. The new Cabinet, which was announced several days later, is composed of the Centrist elements of several parties, Signor Bonomi having excluded both the Extreme Lefts and Rights and the Nationalists and Socialists. The new Ministry contains three Liberals, two Reformists, three Catholic Centrists, three Social Democrats, and four Liberal Democrats.

Another effect of Count Sforza's speech was an outbreak in Fiume. Former d'Annunzian legionaries assembled in that city and marched to and occupied Porto Barros, commercially the most eastern harbor of the city. Count Sforza had declared that Porto Barros should be ceded to Jugo-Slavia because it did not form an integral part of the port of Fiume, and this was interpreted by the legionaries as an inducement to the Jugo-Slavs to use the port of Fiume instead of building a new port, for which American capital had been offered. Porto Barros lies directly across the Fiamana River and south of the Croatian labor colony of Sussak. In the Treaty of Rapallo the line which was to divide the new State of Fiume from Jugo-Slavia descended the river. In his last fight for Fiume, d'Annunzio charged that, in a secret clause to the Treaty, Porto Barros was to be ceded to Jugo-Slavia. This was officially denied at the time.

On the day following the seizure of Porto Barros the legionaries attempted to storm the bridge between Fiume and Sussak, which was held by Alpini. The latter were obliged to fire, killing four and wounding twenty. Partly as a result of this incident d'Annunzio's adherents have reorganized their forces into a contingent which is to be ready for any emergencies that may arise, and former followers are congregating in Fiume. D'Annunzio has sent one of his characteristically bombastic messages. The obstinacy of political leaders inside the city, prevents the constitutional Government from functioning, and control of affairs is in the hands of General Foschini, commander of the Italian regular troops in Fiume. There is much unrest in the city, and all party leaders have requested their followers not to carry arms in the streets, so that further bloodshed may be prevented.

Speaking before the Chamber of Deputies on June 22d, Professor Benito Mussolini, former Socialist leader who went over to the Fascisti, criticized the attitude of the Government in Southern Tyrol and Istria, which, he asserted, favored the Germans and Slavs. Referring to Ticino, the Italian-speaking canton of Switzerland south of the Gothard range, he declared that a Germanized Ticino might greatly endanger the safety of Lombardy and Upper Italy, and also insisted that the Gothard range was Italy's natural northern frontier. He expressed himself as favorable to a recon-

ciliation between the Vatican and the Italian Government, remarking that the development of Catholicism throughout the world was leading hundreds of millions of men to look upon Rome as the centre of the universe, which Professor Mussolini declared meant a great moral force for Italy. With regard to Palestine, the speaker said Italy must either choose the English viewpoint or that expressed by Pope Benedict in his allocution in the recent Consistory, he himself thinking that Italy must adopt the latter. The point in his speech that attracted the most comment, however, was his reference to Ticino, which has aroused a veritable storm of disapproval and resentment throughout Switzerland. Most of the school teachers in Ticino, which is perfectly content with its present status and has no desire for annexation to Italy, are young Italian priests and Christian brothers, and one result of Mussolini's provocative speech will probably be that the Swiss Government will forbid any but born Swiss non-clericals to teach in the Ticino schools.

During the past month the Fascisti were not so active as during the several previous months, only one outbreak having occurred. This took place at the town of Grosseto, Tuscany, towards the end of June, when the Fascisti made an attack in which sixteen persons were killed, fifteen of whom were Communists, and fifty others wounded. The Fascisti, who made their attack in military fashion, were seeking revenge for the death of a comrade who had been killed the previous day in an encounter with Communists.

In addition to the casualties inflicted, the Fascisti ransacked the Labor Exchange, a Communist newspaper office, and several Communist homes. The Socialist Municipal Council was forced to resign for fifteen days.

July 14, 1921.

With Our Readers.

THE more a man possesses, the more he craves. For the spirit of man to grow, it must feel the need of further and greater life or possessions may choke the spirit, and the more a man has, the more may he become self-sufficient. Material riches make the world appear a fair dwelling-place, and obscure, if they do not hide, the kingdom of heaven. And riches of other kinds may be as great, if not greater, obstacles to the remembrance and the attainment of that super-earthly kingdom for which man was made.

* * * *

ORDER is the first law, not only of heaven, but also of earth. And the foundation of any order in the soul and body of man is that he "is not his own." All that he possesses is God's, nor may he hold it or think of it save, first and foremost, as the gift and the possession of God Himself. If he forget this, or, not explicitly excluding it, if he fail to remember it, he becomes really an enemy of God, of himself, and of his fellows.

And the second great principle of order, like unto the first, is that, as he is not his own, so also is he bought with a great price—the redeeming Blood of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Not only is man possessed of God, but he is redeemed from his sins and his weakness; he is possessed also by the Son of God, the man Jesus Christ, our God and our Saviour. He is dependent; he has nothing of himself. He cannot claim wisdom as his own; neither need he sit in despair or darkness. He is owned, body and soul, thought and act, by Christ in Whom alone he has life, true life either here or hereafter.

* * * *

TO the unbeliever, to those cursed by the hope or the belief that the universe of itself will yet yield the wisdom and experience, man's own finding, which will make him sufficient unto himself and the world its own explanation, the above truths are foolish and a stumbling-block. For just as material riches, wealth, physical property can make the individual man happy, contented, blind, so also can mental riches so deceive the individual with the idea of self-possession and self-sufficiency as to blind him to God's right over him, and his need of God and of God's Son, the Incarnate Christ.

It is a question whether these latter riches be not more dan-

gerous and foolish than the former. Self is never so deceived as when it flatters itself that it is doing a great and noble work. "Ye shall be as gods," is still a most effective invitation, testifying to the depths to which we may fall and the heights to which we have been called. The human soul rebels, as a rule, against what is palpably, grossly evil, and, at least publicly, man must refrain from it. Unless he attain some good, he will feel poor. If, in the attaining of the good, the highest good, he still retained the grace and knowledge of his abiding poverty, he would be saved. If, after laboring all night, he still knew that he had, of himself, taken nothing, he would look for and receive the Master's blessing. Just in as far as man remembers and acts upon the fundamental truth "we are not our own, we are bought with a great price," just so far will he know the way of peace and of wisdom. Let riches choke the seed, and there will be no harvest, but confusion and bitterness and the dark night.

* * * *

IT is not so much man's sins as his blessings that have blinded him, or perhaps more truly it is because he has made of the blessings a pact to selfishness. For the modern world and its modern spirit, forgetting God, has made the riches of man, his luxury, his moral standards, the fruit of his experience, all sufficient for man. Modern scientific literature practically preaches that man is his own beginning and his own end. Such teaching is a most evident contradiction of all the facts of life and experience, of nature and of revelation, but none is so blind as he who will not see. It may be warmly argued against this statement that there has been a world-wide revolt against the gross materialism of a quarter of a century ago. And the protest is warranted. But to that materialism has succeeded a humanitarianism, oftentimes likewise perverted, and, when perverted, pregnant with greater dangers because it is so much the higher gift, the nobler aspiration. Out of this self-sufficiency will come the painful disillusionment, and he is a shallow, inhuman man who will let humanity "try it out" instead of bearing to humankind the sole truth and light which foretell redemption.

* * * *

INDEED, we as Catholics are lamentably near-sighted in our faith if we do not see the need, greater than ever, and the opportunity most blessed for the mission of Catholic truth, not only in the practical welfare work which we must be doing, but also in the defence of right philosophy, the everlasting truths that underlie human society, its well-being and its progress, and in the exposition of those revealed truths which alone can keep man on

the right upward road with his face turned hopefully towards the stars.

* * * *

THE modern world is not only in danger. It has actually taken cultivated, high, mental and spiritual possessions and made them all-sufficient for humankind. Education is to be the panacea that will cure all human ills or, at least, elevate modern democracy to the height where its ills will be few. The researches in biology have dictated a new method whereby the human race is to be saved from the unfit. "The Commissioner of Immigration," says a recent biologist, "should be an anthropologist, exercising authority, conferred on him by a congress of biologists, and this authority, and his own expert knowledge, should enable him to discriminate and decide, untrammelled by national or international politics, as to what kind of germ plasm should not enter our borders. For once here, this germ plasm will be part of our national germ plasm, and will help determine the fundamental character of our race and our nation. It will have its share in Americanization."

"There should be a commissioner of Americanization who should know more about the laws of heredity than about pedagogy or civics. And he should have the authority to prevent the perpetuation of obviously bad and dangerous germ plasm, and to prevent the degradation of good germ plasm by mixture with bad. Don't call this eugenics; call it scientific Americanization."

Thus, in our self-sufficiency, we "can remain a great nation, we can become a greater nation. With two such commissioners on the job, everything will be possessed by us so that we will be able to meet every stress or emergency, although all the rest of the world rock in cataclysm."

Thus has one mind become lost, intoxicated, choked by the riches his investigations have yielded. This one mind is typical.

* * * *

LEARNING is a great blessing; education is a great blessing; but perverted, it may curse, as well as bless. Learning can lift us up and show the way of progress. Without that synthesis that includes the Giver as well as the receiver, the Source as well as the deposit, it is its own undoing. Government is a great good; unbalanced and uncontrolled, it may be a tyranny. Liberty is our most heavenly of qualities; yet it may become "procuress to the lords of hell." The balance must be kept. The only power that has kept it in the history of civilization is the Catholic Church, the Church that, like Simeon, has held and holds before the world the Truth. "We are not our own, we are bought with a great price."

Divinely rich as is the Book that gives us the words, its very riches led to the present modern confusion and denial when, through those riches, Protestantism made man all sufficient, sufficient to be his own sole guide in things human and in interpretations divine.

The power that preserved the balance then and that saved civilization, preserves and saves to this day. Out of her truth grew the knowledge of liberty which enlightens the world. And yet that knowledge is being lost sight of in this our own country of liberty, because God and Christian truth are excluded from the instruction of the young and the education of our people; because metropolitan journals, with a circulation of millions, can explicitly deny God, and yet be read and supported by our people.

"Independence and democracy," declares a writer in the July *Yale Review*, "are not liberty, and do not of themselves assure liberty. Indeed, not only is it entirely possible, but it is by no means improbable, that with independence (freedom from foreign control) unchallenged, and with democracy (freedom from monarchic or oligarchic rule) growing more and more complete and more absolute, liberty may decline and shrivel. Whether it will or not, depends above all upon the question how much we really care for liberty."

* * * *

WE have sought our remedy in humanitarianism—that is the most popular slogan of the day. "But," as this writer points out, "humanitarianism is in some aspects akin to materialism." The humanitarian seeks the elimination of discomforts and of sacrifices. Not so was liberty gained. Not so is it or will it be preserved. Liberty and equality are born of the truth of our redemption through Jesus Christ, our oneness in and with Him. Sacrifice is as essential as is Christ Himself. The foundation is eternal, as is the gift itself. And unless man realizes it as eternal, he will never appreciate, much less realize, that liberty wherewith Christ has made him free. That alone has made human liberty possible and attainable.

THE last month in Ireland has been crowded with events of great significance. Their full importance can be judged only from that to which they will immediately lead. As we go to press, the conference of the Irish leaders with the English Premier is being held in London. There is no doubt about one point, and that is: the moral sentiment of the entire world is with Ireland and her age-long fight for freedom and national life. Our prayers, and, we feel sure, the prayers of all our readers, have been, and

will be, weighted with the plea to our Father in Heaven and His Son Jesus Christ that the conference will open the way to peace with honor—Ireland with a government of, and by, and for her own people.

NO better evidence of H. G. Wells' unfitness to write an outline of universal history could possibly be furnished than his own *apologia*, published in the *Yale Review* for July. Wells asserts that in his *Outline* he did "try to give all history as one story." He, therefore, attempted a synthetic work, which, however much it might omit or include, must, first of all, give what it gave in right proportion, and, secondly, show the oneness, the solidarity of the human race. Without this, all human history as one story is self-contradictory. Yet, in this very article, Wells admits that he has given human history from one particular point of view, a godless one—the now old-fashioned radical materialistic evolution. Thus does he omit from the synthesis. Spencer attempted the same thing in philosophy long ago—and Spencer is absolutely discredited today.

Wells, with an open-mindedness that will deceive the unwary, pleads his anxiety to receive correction and to learn therefrom. But all he is willing to do, is to transfer the chapters on the rise of the Dutch Republic; change or delete the chapter on changes in the earth's climate; modify, by reason of more recent research, his comments on the cultural beginnings of civilization; correct some points about the education of Gladstone; qualify his comments on the Peace Conference; and drop any reference to the philosophy of the Catholic Church on the question of Nominalism.

Wells admits that he doesn't know as much history "as he ought to," but he is something of a specialist in "historical generalities." There is a difference, he maintains, between "the study for knowledge" and "the general education of a citizen." The latter, evidently, does not necessarily include exact knowledge: it is concerned with what we know as "glittering generalities." And this is as far as "the people" can be expected to go.

* * * *

THUS does one of the most loud-mouthed champions of democracy in education reveal himself and his real contempt for the intellectual capabilities and dignity of the many. And 'tis from this proud aristocrat that many modern schools are content to take not only their history, but their philosophy concerning man, his beginning and his destiny.

Like all proud aristocrats, he graces himself with humility. H. G. Wells, according to his own admission, is "sometimes a very

careless writer." Some critics have sneered because a novelist has written an outline of universal history. Does Mr. Wells' answer the criticism and show his qualifications for his change of avocation? No, indeed. He reminds his reader that he hasn't claimed that his *Outline* was done capably and well. He should escape all criticism; he should be lauded for his service to humanity, however incomplete and imperfect it may be, because he has done that which was needed and which nobody else did. "It is that he has stepped in and done something urgently necessary that would not otherwise have been done at all." In the face of such puerile pleading, honest, capable criticism must helplessly lower its hands and give up.

* * * *

TO one of his principal critics, Wells answers that what the critic took exception to "are novel ideas for his type and his type is incapable of novel ideas," that Christianity is "a purely European religion" is "'nonsense;' and let the stuff go at that." Mr. Wells has in his *Outline* provided pictures of our imaginary ancestors. Taxed with making them out of a few questionable bones and theories, Wells confesses, but blandly adds: "They are to help the imagination of the weaker brethren, and they pretend to do no more than that." But such a footnote is absent from the *Outline* itself.

* * * *

TO a Catholic critic Wells' answer may be summed up thus: "They have presented to him but a point of view." He states: "Catholics, I gather, do not believe in progress. It (a Catholic history) will be, I presume, a history of the creation (explaining logically why the ichthyosaurus was made), the salvation, and the subsequent stagnation of mankind."

Mr. Wells declares: "I offer Catholics the *Outline of History* for use in their schools in the most amiable spirit," yet in a preceding sentence he states there are fundamental differences between the *Outline* and the story implicit in orthodox Catholic teaching. After reading his *apologia*, the reader will find little reason to justify Mr. Wells in protesting against the dark prejudices of today.



PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC COUNTRIES COMPARED, a work by the late Father Alfred Young, C.S.P., first published in 1895, is the subject of a lengthy notice in the "Book Leader" of the *Boston Pilot*, July 2, 1921. The writer declares that "in this day there is particular need that a comparison be instituted whereby the conditions prevailing in countries professing God

and keeping His law, and those who have run the gamut of materialism and naturalism be put in juxtaposition."

This volume brings out the universal character of the Church: "She alone among all the organizations of this world can lay claim to and prove her international character. It is such as to bring all her members into one great brotherhood, members of the Body of Christ, so to speak."

* * * *

FATHER YOUNG "begins his treatise by showing in every department of human activity where Catholic countries, that is, such countries as have professed the Church and enshrined the code of Catholic ethics in the high and low places, have forged to the fore among civilized nations, while those which have overlooked or ignored Christian standards of life and action, have enjoyed, perhaps, temporary progress and peace, but in the end have fallen from their place of honor and gone to oblivion."

He "gives copious and extended citations from historians who are widely acknowledged to have had no love for the Church in defence of his thesis. Not alone present-day historians, but those of antiquity are brought to strengthen the assertion of the Church's predominance in fortifying the ramparts of government, rehabilitating falling standards and promoting the general welfare of the people. His point is to drive home forcibly that the Church, and she alone, holds the key to national and international harmony, advancement and permanence . . .

"With citations carrying arguments that defy contradiction, strengthened by the fact that they are in great part taken from sources that would not naturally come to the defence of Catholicity, the author proceeds from one to another of the departments of life and government, showing in detail that wherever Catholic standards have been held in honor and the sway of the Church recognized, there has always been contentment and progress."

* * * *

THIS old work, so useful for Catholics, so enlightening to non-Catholics, is summarized as one "that visualizes the strength of Catholic teaching and practice, giving the antidote to society for its ills, and proclaiming eloquently the force and power of the old faith which has saved the world from ruin and desolation for the past twenty centuries."



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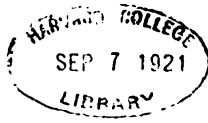
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DANTE THE MAN.

BY L. WHEATON.



DANTE shall be invaluable or of no value," asserts Carlyle in that most beautiful chapter of all his writings, when his subject seems to call up what is best in himself; "for the thing that is uttered in the inmost parts of a man's soul, differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer part. The outer is of the day, under the empire of mode; the outer passes away in swift, endless change; the inmost is the same yesterday, today and forever," and the sage of Chelsea speaks more truly than he knows in the apparently light use of the last words. For the innermost truth of man is the recognition of the supreme fact of time and eternity, the Incarnation, which embraces all truth, all beauty, all that can be the Way, and the Life to the exiles of earth.

Sincerity is not the crowning attribute of Dante, for sincerity can consort with untruth. In this respect, Carlyle stands as his own best illustration, for he was often sincerest when furthest from Truth. But Dante, except in the vindictiveness which mars and prevaricates the Truth by failing of Charity, stands for its fullness in the tremendous Epic of the Soul—the *Summa* in glorious verse—with the same Faith that shines in the soul of the poorest unlettered peasant in

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every part of the Catholic world of our day. For six hundred years he has appealed to and held the interest of the Western mind, "the central man of all the world," Ruskin calls him, "as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral and intellectual faculties." But this is not the reason of his wide and secret ascendancy. Dante was no saint, no monk, no holy ecclesiastic, who might cry from the mountain tops what could not always be heard in the valleys and plains; he was the great Catholic layman of his time; the typical exile, a mere faulty pilgrim of Eternity like *nous autres*, and in that capacity, and thinking only of the one important relation of the soul to God, he imparts his own intense realization of Truth as it is, to those who find in his vitality of faith the heavenly wisdom which carries the soul over its frontiers almost into that region of intellectual vision where the saints live.

Dante's imperishable gift to the world is worth the long and devious experiences and heartache of his troubled life; his great message is twofold: the first comes through Beatrice, the star he followed on his stormy voyage—that the business of life is to keep or regain Innocence; the second comes out of his own sad memories—that the price of Innocence is the painful subdual of the human will to the Divine. The most homesick man of all this homesick world found the place of his rest, at last, by the common highroad of all wayfarers thither. The entire meaning of his message is contained in Piccarda's famous line, "*In la sua volontade è nostra pace.*"

Considering Boccaccio as Dante's first convert, we must forget the former's early faults, remembering that he tried his honest best in later years to suppress the *Decameron*, and forgive his utter inability to understand Dante's attitude towards Beatrice because of our need of his story, however gossipy and unreliable much of it may be, and also because of his disarming humility in the Proem to his *Life of Dante*.

Perhaps the most familiar features that history, through art, has preserved for us, are those of Dante. Who does not remember in earliest childhood the grim, sardonic face with downward sloping mouth, and disdainful expression, whose bust or picture confronted us from the library wall—a menace, a fear, a curiosity? "The man who has been to Hell" is the title of one such old engraving representing the man of

mystery walking through the streets of Verona, while little children run to hide in their whispering mothers' arms. And yet this bitter-faced poet was once a child himself, and remained one in his soul throughout his stormy life. Moreover, he loved children, and wrote tenderly and observantly about them. But familiar as the man's face is, we find Boccaccio's charming description of the first meeting of Dante with Beatrice in their ninth year, vexatious in that while it says much of the girl, it tells little of the boy. Yet we cannot do without the story-teller's account of the historic event of the spring of 1273.

It happened that Folco Portinari, a man of great honor among the citizens, had assembled the neighbors in his house to entertain them, among whom was the young man called Alighieri, whom, since little children, especially in places of merrymaking are accustomed to go with their parents, Dante not having yet completed his ninth year, had accompanied. And here mingling with others of his own age (for there were many such in the house of his host, both boys and girls), the first tables being served, childishly with the others, he began to play. There was among the crowd of children a daughter of the above-named Folco, whose name was Bice (although he always called her by her full name, Beatrice), who was about eight years old, gay and comely in her childish fashion, and in her behavior very gentle and agreeable; with habit and language more serious and modest than her age warranted; and besides this, with features so beautiful and delicately formed and full; besides mere beauty of so much candid loveliness that many thought her almost an angel. This girl then, such as I describe her, and perhaps even more beautiful, appeared at the *festa* before the eyes of Dante, not I suppose for the first time, but for the first time in power to create love. And, although still a child, he received her image into his heart with so much affection that from that day henceforward as long as he lived, it never again departed from him.

This account by Boccaccio must have been written, from hearsay, almost a century after the event. He lived in Florence for years, and would also have heard much of the poet from friends in Verona and Ravenna, from his two sons Jacopo and Pietro, themselves makers of verse and devoted to the

memory of their father, and from his youngest daughter, the Florentine nun in the Ravenna convent who bore the illustrious name of Beatrice Alighieri. These three had followed Dante into exile and to one of them, perhaps the last, he may, in some unusual moment, have told the story of the *festa*. But in the *Vita Nuova* he only writes:

Her dress on that day was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chambers of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith . . . I say that from that time forward Love governed my soul . . . He sometimes commanded me to seek and find if I might see this youngest of the angels, wherefore I, in my boyhood, often went in search of her.

Dante never gives an exact description of Beatrice. He speaks of her charm and dignity—*questa cortissima*—"that most courteous one," "that most gentle one," "that most modest one," who "crowned and clothed with humility went on her way, showing no pride in what she saw or heard," when admiring Florentines rushed out of their houses to see the wonder pass, in her behavior very gentle and agreeable "with a countenance full of candor" (how he loves that word!), but of separate features and coloring we have no hint. He gives the *look* not the *looks*, and this is important and unusual. Of her apparel, both in this world and the next, he often speaks. At the famous first salutation when, after nine years, he sees her and is saluted by her:

This most gracious being—appeared to me dressed all in pure white between two gentle ladies older than she; passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed, and by her unspeakable courtesy which is now guerdoned in the great Cycle, she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing, that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness.

Again, in the *Paradiso* (XXX.) she is "olive crowned over a white veil, under a green mantle, with hue of living flame." What an artist's sense of color here, made living by Rossetti!

In the *Purgatorio* we see her at first veiled, stern and stately, but in the *Paradiso* the gravely smiling, earthly Beatrice is radiant with heavenly mirth: "the splendor of her laughing eyes,"¹ "*Beatrice si bella e ridente.*"² But this is his nearest approach to exact description. Gathering together his words about her, we find the qualities he loves best—an index to the tastes of the man: courtesy, gentleness, humility, modesty, nobility, candor, as over against the horrors of the *Inferno*, where treachery and ingratitude are thrust down into the lowest circle of everlasting ice.

But it is not so easy from Boccaccio's brief allusion to conjure up a picture of the boy Dante. Of his youth and middle years we have portraits and descriptions. The youthful picture attributed to Giotto gives us a hint of the lofty sweetness of expression which is far to seek in those later tragic ones. Put this profile beside the grim and bitter masks and busts of his years of exile, and one can see what life did to Dante, or rather what he let it do.

Boccaccio writes of him at the dictation of others, for he was only eight when the poet died:

He was of middle height; his face was long, his nose aquiline, his jaw large, and the lower lip protruding somewhat beyond the upper; a little stooping in the shoulders; his eyes rather large than small; dark of complexion; his hair and beard thick, crisp and black, and his countenance always sad and thoughtful. His garments were always dignified, the style such as suited ripeness of years; his gait grave and gentlemanlike; and his bearing whether in public or private wonderfully composed and polished.

Villani, his neighbor in Florence days, says: "He was a little haughty and shy and disdainful." This shyness is very noticeable in his intercourse with Beatrice as he records it, from that first childish encounter to his last dream of her. No picture or bust of Dante represents him as bearded; but in the *Purgatorio* in his meeting with the veiled Beatrice on the banks of Lethe, "as children, dumb with shame, stand listening, with eyes to earth, self-confessing and repentant, such stood I." And she said: "Since through hearing (she had already rebuked him) thou art grieving, lift thy beard, and more grief shalt thou receive for looking." . . . "Then at her

¹ *Paradiso* X.

² *Paradiso* XIV.

command I lifted up my chin; and when by the beard she asked for my face, well I knew the venom of the argument."³ But the face of Dante has come down to us through artistic tradition beardless, with the characteristic mouth and chin in full relief. Reduce Boccaccio's pen picture of the great exile and Giotto's drawing of the boy of nine, and we see a young face, proud and tender, large, observant eyes, shy in the swift dropping of the lids, eyes with the look in their depths of a soul that shall know secrets sweet and terrible and tell them with splendid truth; eyes outlooking rather than inlooking, yet lighted by inner fires; little boyish brown hands with long, sensitive fingers—sensitive altogether this Dante as child or man to his higher good or his undoing. The corners of the mouth had not yet begun to droop, and he was smiling the smile of the *Vita Nuova* with the light upon it "that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream."

That Beatrice was no mere allegory or idea, but a living, breathing Florentine girl of an astonishing spiritual ascendancy over others is obvious. Dante's striking personality must have made a deep impression on anyone as good and intelligent as she manifestly was. Later, her quick spiritual perception probably fathomed the particular quality of his love and held it sacred at its own value, nor was she slow to show her displeasure when he fell below the high standard of her splendid innocence. For innocence is the tabernacle of Love Divine, and in the beautiful confusions of the *Vita Nuova* where Dante speaks of Love as he, and Beatrice as she, and then appears to identify Love with her and again with himself, he is but telling the great truth that Love is and dwells in the pure of heart.

The *Vita Nuova*, which is the story of the awakening of Dante's soul by love, is absolutely necessary to a true understanding of Dante's nature. It is noticeable how he never tears himself away from his inward life in this early work. There is no mention of the battle of Campaldino in which he manfully fought, nothing of his intellectual pursuits kept up with industry and keen interest all through his youth. Boccaccio tells us that he gave himself up entirely even during his boyhood to the liberal arts and to science. Later he went to Bologna and, after the death of Beatrice, applied himself with

³ *Purgatorio* XXXI.

avidity to the study of philosophy, "and seized by the sweetness of knowing the truth about heavenly things and finding nothing in life dearer than this, he put completely aside all earthly cares and devoted himself entirely to it. And in order that he might leave no part of philosophy uninvestigated, his acute mind explored the most profound depths of theology. . . . Nor was the result far distant from the purpose, for without regard to heat or cold, vigils or feasts or any other bodily discomfort, by assiduous study he came to know whatever the human intellect can here know about the Divine Essence." Such was Dante, intense in love and hate, and study and war and politics. Whatever he set himself to do or desire, that he did or desired with his whole self. But until Beatrice's death, in 1290, the inner life was paramount.

The smallest things were of importance there: that is the way of love. And all this was necessary to the great work of his later life. A significant event in the *Vita Nuova* is told with a touch of subtlety:

Now it fell upon a day, that this most gracious creature was sitting where words were to be heard of the Queen of Glory (*i. e.*, the Church), and I was in a place whence mine eyes could behold my beatitude, and betwixt her and me sat another lady of pleasant favor, who looked round at me many times, marveling at my continued gaze which seemed to have *her* for its object.

The other ladies noticed it (what a thoroughly Italian scene and plenty of piety mixed in with it too, for Dante and his Florence loved Our Lady). Thus Dante managed to conceal his secret, taking this lady for his screen. But he seems rather to have overdone his feigning. Upon her leaving the city for a time, he had occasion to go in her direction, but "not altogether so far." But his heart was heavy seeing that "I left my beatitude behind me." And, "the day being over, I wrote this sonnet:

A day ago, as I rode sullenly
Upon a certain path that liked me not;
I met Love midway while the air was hot
Clothed lightly as a wayfarer might be.
And for the cheer he show'd, he seemed to me
As one who hath lost lordship he had got;
Advancing towards me full of sorrowful thought

Bowing his forehead so that none could see.
Then as I went, he called me by my name
Saying: 'I journey since the morn was dim
Thence where I made thy heart to be: which now
I needs must bear unto another dame.'
Wherewith so much pass'd into me of him
That he was gone, and I discern'd not how."

In the meantime, rumor was busy, and "she who was the destroyer of all evil and the queen of all good, coming where I was denied me her salutation." And then comes the beautiful parenthesis about the effect her salutation or even the expectation of it had upon him, making him feel "that there was no man mine enemy; and such warmth of charity came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whomsoever had done me an injury." Remembering who and what the great Dante was, the delicacy and simplicity of the passage throws a new light on his fineness. When this beatitude was denied him he betook himself to his chamber where he could lament unheard; "and having prayed to the Lady of Mercies and having said also, 'O Love, aid Thou Thy servant,' I went suddenly asleep like a beaten, sobbing child." A far cry this to the grim traveler through the *Malebolge*, but in such revelations of himself we touch the keynote to Dante's character.

Throughout his love-lit, stormy, indignant, bitter-sweet life, Dante kept the great qualification for the kingdom of heaven. In his faults, in his loveliness, in his deviations and his steadfastness, in his angers and his sorrowings, in his attitude towards enemy and friend, towards Beatrice and Virgil, and towards Love itself, he was always splendidly childlike. It is characteristic of his illustrious affection for Beatrice, her first appearance in the little crimson dress, to the last sight of her in the *Paradiso* when "she, so distant as she seemed, smiled and looked on me, then turned her to the eternal fountain." Conversely, she treated him as a beloved, but disappointing boy. "Wherefore she, after a sigh of pity turned her eyes towards me with that look a mother casts on her delirious child." And how beautiful her rebuke to his undisciplined stare of rapture after his "ten years' thirst." "*Troppo fiso*," too fixedly.⁴

⁴ *Purgatorio* XXXII.

Towards Virgil, too, Dante shows this same entrancing side of his nature. "I turned me to the left with the trust with which the little child runs to his mother when he is frightened or afflicted. But Virgil had left me—Virgil, sweetest Father!" Instead of Virgil, he finds Beatrice standing queen-like in bearing, yet stern: "'Dante' (and this is the only time his name is mentioned in the whole cycle of his greater works), 'for that Virgil goeth away, weep not yet, for thou must weep for other. . . . Look at me well: verily am I, verily am I Beatrice. How didst thou deign (the word is ironical) to draw nigh the Innocent? Knowest thou not that here man is happy?' Mine eyes drooped down to the fount, but beholding me therein, I drew back to the grass, so great a shame weighed on my brow."

Many years had elapsed between the immortal refusal of salutation and this severe encounter, but time is not with these two—all is eternal. The sustained consistency of the story is nowhere better illustrated. He goes on: "So doth the mother seem stern to her child as she seemed to me; for the savor of harsh pity tasteth of bitterness. She was silent, and straightway the angels sang, '*In te Domine speravi.*'"

How Dante spoils us for modern romance and drama, which never get beyond an earthly close or a problem that can only be solved by faith. It is all so futile, insipid and feeble beside this great novel of the soul. He is the poet of the ultimate; fierce, vindictive, disdainful and indignant as he showed himself in his later years towards things of time, one knows that this is only outer, passing, untrue; just as his disdainful look is but the disguise of a quivering heart; his real self is in the *Purgatorio*, the abode of contrite humility; his sense of values has never really swerved, though his will perhaps has turned from its difficult following. How full of music was the soul of the poet, and how wistful and hopeful and altogether lovely are the strains from the great liturgy of the Church wafted through purgatorial fires to the glories of the *Paradiso*, and voicing the soul of the contrite poet himself.

Then Beatrice turns to the pitying angels who seemed, in their sweet harmonies, to sing, "Lady, why dost thou so shame him?" and reminds them that he is still a mortal who must understand that "sin and sorrow must be of one measure.

This man was such in his New Life (which means the life of the awakened soul) potentially, that every good talent would have made wondrous increase in him."

The frustrated sanctity of this man who loved holiness more than all things and understood its price and meaning is apparent to the reader, as to Dante himself. But had he been a saint we should have had no *Divina Commedia*, which is a maker of saints, and it may be after all a *felix culpa* that humiliation took the place of achievement. From his knowledge of his own defects, and out of the bitterness of failure, spiritual and temporal, out of his love and sensitiveness and pain and heartache sprang the inspiration which became more and more creative as his exile taught him gratitude and peace. For Dante died, one can but see, a purified soul. Catholic to the core, he was never more so than in his giving up of life. When, as Boccaccio tells us, "having received all the sacraments of the Church, humbly and with devotion, and reconciled himself with God in contrition for all he had committed *against His Will* as a mortal . . . he rendered up his wearied spirit to his Creator."

But to continue the touching scene in the *Purgatorio*, one of the most informing portions of the *Commedia* with regard to Dante's essential self. It tells all that there is to be told of his sinnings and his contritions—it is his own view of himself, couched in the scathing reproaches of Beatrice. It is the self-accusation of one who has resisted the sweet Will in which no one knew better than Dante that peace lies.

"Some time," continues the stern one, "I sustained him with my countenance; showing my youthful eyes to him, I led him with me to the right goal." She goes on to make for him a sort of general confession before the compassionate angels, telling them that "he did turn his steps by a way not true," and that although she gained for him "inspirations" and tried to call him back in dreams and otherwise ("I seemed to behold the most gracious Beatrice, habited in that crimson raiment which she had worn when I first beheld her") "so low sank he, that all means for his salvation were already short, save showing him the lost people"—and then, "Say, say if this be true; to such accusation thy confession must be joined." He is speechless with confusion, but she continues to probe his "sad memories."

"Confusion and fear, together mingled, drove forth from my mouth a 'Yea,' such that to understand it the eyes were needed. As a cross-bow breaks when shot at too great tension . . . so burst I under this heavy charge, pouring forth a torrent of tears and sighs, and my voice died away in its passage." But she is relentless. This is not time for pity, but for severe spiritual business, and searching questionings follow, which he answers at length in broken accents: "Present things with their false pleasure turned away my steps soon as your face was hidden."

There is a sense of eavesdropping at some immortal confessional in reading this part of the *Purgatorio*. One can hardly bear Dante's shame, even if we apply to him his own lines on Virgil: "O noble conscience and clear, how sharp a sting is a little fault to thee."⁵ But it is better to take him on his own confession. He is too deep and simple and true to prevaricate even against himself. The incident of her lifting up his face occurs here, and in her eyes he sees reflected the Love of Christ, and his heart breaks with contrition. He is drawn through the waters of Lethe and, when near "the blessed bank, '*Asperges me,*' so sweetly I heard that I cannot remember it, much less describe it." And Dante is absolved and innocence regained.

To return, as we must, to the story of the *Vita Nuova*, which gives the truest impression of Dante's original character before it was marred and distorted by life and by himself. In about 1287, Beatrice married Simone dei Bardi. Dante makes no mention of this, but Rossetti thinks that an allusion to a wedding where Beatrice was with certain ladies, must refer to her as the bride. Nothing else can explain his extreme anguish. "Of a truth I have now set my feet on that point of life beyond the which he must not pass who would return," he replies to one who asked him the cause of his trouble.

Beatrice died in 1290 "when the Lord God of Justice called my most gracious lady to Himself that she might be glorious under the banner of that blessed Queen, Mary, whose name had always a deep reverence in the words of holy Beatrice."

There is a lovely little sidelight thrown upon the man, as

⁵ *Purgatorio* III.

he was wont to look and act, by his own allusion to the anniversary of her death when,

remembering her as I sat alone, I betook myself to draw the semblance of an angel upon certain tablets. And while I did thus, chancing to turn my head, I perceived that some were standing beside me to whom I should have given courteous welcome, and that they were observing what I did. Perceiving whom I arose for salutation, and said: "Another was with me." Afterwards, when they had left me, I set myself again to mine occupation, to wit, drawing figures of angels.

This is the friend of Giotto and the Florentine artists of his time. His violent weeping brought on an affection of the eyes, very like the modern iritis, which added to his misery.

Boccaccio tells us that to dispel his grief, his family persuaded the poet to marry one Gemma dei Donati, probably in 1292. There is much speculation on this marriage, but, in all probability, there was nothing unusual about it, except that Dante's gifts not being of the lucrative sort, in spite of his holding public office in Florence, both husband and wife probably had many pecuniary anxieties. Upon his exile in 1302, he left Gemma and his young children with their rich relatives in Florence and went on his lonely way, a penniless wanderer. There was nothing else to do, and Dante was a man of too much courtesy and innate gentleness to make a woman suffer needlessly; moreover, he was notably industrious even in that industrious age, and would have done his best in any case. Later on, three of his children followed him; they must have loved him. Gemma remained in Florence with Antonia and Imperia. Her husband was a man under sentence of death, his goods were confiscated, his reputation in Florence gone. It was the sensible thing to do and, apparently, he acquiesced. It was all, probably, very natural and ordinary. Boccaccio's gossip can be discredited on this matter. That Dante never mentions Gemma is part of his natural delicacy and reserve. Neither does he speak of his sons or little Beatrice, yet he loved children, and these were his.

To Dante there were two names that measured the whole of life. Florence and Beatrice, or Time and Eternity. To the first belonged all that was of his external natural exist-

ence, domestic and political responsibilities, anxieties and strifes, exile, wanderings, misunderstandings, friendships and hatreds. Beatrice stood for the interior world of his soul, the supernatural. There are no complainings of his hard fate in the *Commedia*, even where he shows his vindictiveness, and that is chidden in the *Purgatorio* where he sees those "untying the knot of anger." The few personal allusions are overborne by the outlook of faith.

The sense of justice is the great swaying force in Dante's later life. When it is only human, it is hindering, blind, sterile, and, joined to his inveterate sensitiveness, destructive. When it is on the side of the Divine, it is clear-eyed, uplifting, wise, and raises his sensitiveness for himself to sensitiveness for God. So in that most touching meeting of the *Inferno* with Brunetto Latini, divine justice triumphs over Dante's poignant tenderness (and who more tender than this indignant man?) for the teacher he had revered. "For in my memory is fixed, and now goes to my heart, the dear and kind, paternal image of you, when in the world, hour by hour you taught me how man makes himself eternal." And Sir Brunetto from his sad eternity prophecies: "If thou follow thy star, thou canst not fail of glorious heaven if I discerned rightly in the fair life."^a One finds oneself reading the *Commedia* as if it were fact and not the great imaginings of a rare mind, so much is it bound up with Truth.

Dante is no poet of moods; he is the poet of faith and conscience. Even the *Vita Nuova* is part of the whole. Lover of light, as he shows himself to be in so many glorious lines, we cannot but feel as he passes through the terrible *chiaroscuro* of those dismal circles that his soul whispers: "This, perhaps, for me." His power of making us realize the repulsiveness of sin rather than its punishment, is worked out in the dignity with which he handles the grotesque. Ruskin says this is the privilege of only the very great artist. But he is in his element in the *Purgatorio* where the Beatitudes are softly sung as the souls rise in grateful penitence and pain from terrace to terrace. The great hopeless exile of earth is at home among these exiles of hope in eternity. And what an exile Dante was, for nineteen years wandering about Tuscany, often a beggar, at best, a guest! But gratitude was an

^a *Inferno* XV.

inherent, magnificent quality of this sorely wounded nature. Did Can Grande lavish hospitality on the difficult high-spirited genius? In measure, heaped down and overflowing, was the return, as canto after canto of the *Commedia* reached his princely host from that lonely spirit (lonely from the very nature of his gifts) till all was his.

We have dwelt upon the early story of the poet, because against that background of an affectionate, trustful nature, the experience of that vital adventure lives by contrast in the foreground of his later sombre years. He speaks of his "conversion to God" in 1300, the year of the Vision, when he suddenly found himself in the *selva oscura* where no pathway lay. But after this came his exile, matter enough for bitterness even to a saint, and Dante's undisciplined sensitiveness led him blindly for a time. There is forgiveness for sin, but for the deliberate nursing of this human susceptibility there is an unhappy barrier to the last surrender of the soul which has frustrated many a saint. His life outwardly was complete disaster, and much of it was of his own undoing.

But always standing sentinel over his unfaithful life, was that inexorable sense of values which he called Beatrice, and he knew pride to be a stupidity and anger a destroyer. Ever, ever she beckoned him from the hollowness of himself to the substantial Love. And, at last, from the *Purgatorio* of treachery, betrayal and all that could wound such a nature, he found the smile of his last happier years and the ultimate beatitude.

"We will not complain of Dante's miseries. Had all gone right with him as he wished it, he might have been Prior, Podestà, or whatever they call it, of Florence, well accepted, and the world had wanted one of the most notable words ever spoken or sung. We will complain of nothing. A nobler destiny was appointed for this Dante; and he, struggling like a man towards death and crucifixion, could not help fulfilling it."[†]

Without his faults, his mistakes, his wounded life, without the love that linked the whole together into sustained song, without the *Summa* and its glorious precision of Truth to which he was driven by his hungering soul, the Dante we know would have been impossible. It is all as it should be.

[†] Carlyle.

"IL DOLCE STIL NUOVO."

A Contemplation of Dante the Poet.

BY MARGARET MUNSTERBERG.



WHEN Dante, led by his laurel-crowned guide, was wandering on the sixth circle of Purgatory, the penitent spirit of the poet, Bonagiunta, from Lucca greeted the Florentine as the master of the "*dolce stil nuovo*." The "sweet, new style" of poetry had been dawning in Italy scarcely a generation before Dante's, and was now—in the year 1300—glowing in its full beauty from the pens of Dante Alighieri and his poet-friends.

The question of a literary vogue, though it may attract the curiosity of philologists and historians, could hardly be of interest to us after six hundred years. But the sweetness and the newness of this style were not mere ornamental novelties, not, indeed, external attributes at all, but rays of a new light from within—a light that had the power to transfigure whatever chance object it fell upon. The sweet, new style was the language of a new love, high and mystical, which saw in the beloved an image of Love Eternal, and which declared that "love and the gentle heart are both the same." A spirit-change so profound from the gallant conventionalities that preceded the new style must have more than a historic significance. The new poetry of Dante's day had indeed the significance that belongs to all immediate, original utterances of the heart which, nevertheless, draw substance from the thought and spiritual heritage of their age. These creations, though born in history, yet have the strength to emerge timeless and to remain the delight of centuries to come.

In order to understand the originality of Dante's love poems, and ultimately of his great epic, a glance must be cast over the poetic field in the thirteenth century. The serious poetry read by the learned Italians of that day was in Latin. The poet whom Dante admired as supreme was Virgil; and with Ovid, too, we know him to have been familiar. As Latin

was the language of literature, it is not surprising that Italian men of letters used the traditional speech in its native land. Nevertheless, bards could not be kept from singing in the vulgar tongues. In Provence, rose the tribe of the troubadours who have taken such a firm hold on our modern imagination not because we still care to read their childlike lays, but because of the romance that has been woven round these almost legendary figures. Among the singers in the "language of oc"—as Dante called the Provençal—we find Bernart de Ventadour, Pierre d'Auvergne and the knights, Rambout de Vaqueiras, the King of Navarre and Bertrand de Born who, himself, became the centre of romance and song. This lively troubadour, Dante praised in his *De Vulgari Eloquentia* and met in the *Inferno*, where the unhappy spirit was punished among the sowers of discord by carrying his own head "like a lantern" in his hand. Other troubadours known to Dante were Giraut de Borneil, called by his contemporaries "the master of troubadours," and Arnaut Daniel, whom Dante praised most highly and who was believed to have written that mysterious lost novel, *Lancelot*, which the lovers, Paolo and Francesca, read to their destruction. All of these troubadours Dante met on different terraces of Purgatory and greeted with the delight of a brother in song.

The forms used by the Provençal poets were the *canzone*, the sonnet and the *sirventese*—the last expressly defined by Dante as dealing with topics other than love. Doubt and controversy surround the origin of the sonnet—that harp upon which Dante and Petrarch, Shakespeare and Milton, Goethe and Wordsworth have played, whose chords have resounded through centuries. Though both a Provençal and a French origin have been claimed, some scholars have been convinced that the sonnet sprang from Italian soil. According to the explanation of Alessandro d'Ancona, which other scholars have followed, the sonnet rose out of a union between the Sicilian "*ottava*" (abababab) and the Tuscan *rispetto* (ababab). Yet tradition has assigned the invention of the sonnet form to the poets, Lodovico della Vernaccia and Pier delle Vigne. The latter poet it was whose plaintive voice arrested Dante in that gloomy wood of the *Inferno* where those who had been suicides on earth had been turned into trees, from one of which Dante broke a twig only to be questioned: "Why

do you break me?" It was Pier delle Vigne who wrote and flourished at the cultured, but worldly, court of Frederick II. in Sicily, where the poet enjoyed the confidence of the king, but was finally wrongly accused of treason and killed himself to escape infamy.

In Sicily, then, the arts were fostered, and poetry was in flower. Yet in other parts of Italy, too, particularly in Tuscany and Lombardy, the Provençal muse was imitated in the Italian vernacular. Contemporary with Pier delle Vigne was Guittone d'Arezzo, who joined the famous Order of the Cavaliers of St. Mary, the "*Frati gaudenti*," and founded the monastery "*degli Angeli*" in Florence. Him, too, Dante met in Purgatory, and of him the great poet says in *De Vulgarie Eloquentia* that he sang of love more through art than through sentiment.

However imperfect the inspiration of Guittone and his contemporaries may have been, it was highly significant to Dante, upon whom we may look as the artistic conscience of his day, that they wrote—not in Latin, nor yet in the foreign tongues, French and Provençal, but in their own native Italian. This sign of a rising Italian glory in letters was so important to Dante that he wrote a Latin treatise, *De Vulgari Eloquentia* on the excellence of the vernacular for poetic use. This is not only a dissertation on rhetoric—it includes a consideration of different verse-forms, of the use of metres and words—but a contribution to æsthetics. "And as to the statement that every one ought to adorn his verse as far as he can," says the mediæval æsthetician, "we declare that it is true; but we should not describe an ox with trappings or a swine with a belt as adorned, nay rather we laugh at them as disfigured; for adornment is the addition of some suitable thing."¹

The new movement of writing poetry in Italian was not so simple a matter as it may seem, if one considers that, as Dante says:

Italy alone is diversified by fourteen dialects at least, all of which again vary in themselves. . . . Wherefore, if we would calculate the primary, secondary and subordinate variations of the vulgar tongue of Italy, we should find that in this tiny corner of the world the varieties of speech not only come up to a thousand, but even exceed that figure.

¹ From the English version by Ferrers Howell.

But he has found that

the supreme standards of those activities which are generically Italian are not peculiar to any one town in Italy, but are common to all; and among these can be discerned that vernacular language which we were hunting for above, whose fragrance is in every town, but whose lair is in none.

Now among the early poets of the melodious vulgar tongue, there arose one, Guido Guinicelli by name, a Bolognese, who was destined to become the forerunner of Dante. When Dante saw him in the purging flames of Purgatory, he longed to run toward Guinicelli, "his father" in song, and was only prevented by the blazing fire from embracing him. Upon being asked by the penitent Bolognese why he showed such affection, Dante replied: "Because of your sweet words, for as long as the modern style will last, your writings will still be loved."

With Guido Guinicelli, who died in 1276—when Dante was a child of eleven—the "sweet, new style" was bourgeoning. The love songs of the troubadours and of their imitators had been conventional, often the voices of a courtly chivalry, which cultivated love and gallantry as a fine art. Now a new note was sounded, which was taken up by Dante Alighieri and several of his contemporaries and companions—by his good friends, Guido Cavalcanti, Lapo Gianni, and Cino da Pistoia, by Gianni Alfani, Guido Orlandi and Dino Frescobaldi. But the greatest of these was Dante. Is it because the *Divine Comedy* has taken such a powerful hold on man's imagination for six centuries that we linger also to delight in the songs and sonnets of the poet's youthful and lyric mood, whereas we pass by the harvest of his poet-friends? Or would we, in any case, even without the divine gift of the *Commedia*, acknowledge Dante Alighieri as the supreme mouth-piece of that new style which has not lost its sweetness after six hundred years? The answer to this question can never be given: we cannot undo history, neither can we change the nature of our minds. As it is, we cannot do otherwise than find in Dante's songs the pinnacle of the new movement, the final utterance of spirit-beauty and transcendent love.

It has been customary to divide Dante's great bequest into the *Divine Comedy* and the *Minor Works*, which include, besides the Latin prose writings, the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convivio*,

and the *Canzoniere*. These so-called minor works do not deserve to be misprized. "The child is father of the man." It is in the *Vita Nuova*, the most inspired love story of all the ages, that we learn to know the poet pure and simple before he became that complex of theologian, philosopher, moralist and politician which has puzzled the critical scholar. For Dante himself the little book—"libello" the Italians call it—was the golden staircase that led him to the *Divine Comedy*. To this his own words bear witness. In the first canzone of the *Vita Nuova*, Dante is himself spoken of in heaven as one "who will say to the doomed in hell: 'I have seen the hope of the blessed.'" And in the last chapter of the *Vita Nuova* the poet speaks of a vision which made him resolve "not to speak any more of this blessed one"—that is Beatrice—until he should be able to speak of her more worthily. And he hopes that, if God grant him some more years of life, he will "say of her what has never before been said of anyone."

The form and structure of the *Vita Nuova* are in themselves unique. The story is told in the simplest, most lucid and charming prose, the prose of a poet; but it is interspersed with "canzoni" and sonnets, so that we seem to hear the narrator of the tender tale raise his voice in song when his subject becomes impelling. Actually, the songs and sonnets were not composed at the time of the prose writing, but rather at the time of the events recorded therein, and the poet explains the occasions that inspired the poems and their meaning. Although the poet himself considered the "canzoni" the most excellent of verse forms, as he declared in his *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, yet we cannot help seeing in the sonnets of the *Vita Nuova* the first perfection of that complete, sustained and measured form which was destined to become classic.

What is the *New Life* and its distinguishing beauty? If we understand what the *Vita Nuova* is, we know also the meaning of the "*dolce stil nuovo*." Dante's new life began when an ideal love permeated his life so that all things took on a new aspect when seen in the glow of this luminous beauty. "One word is too often profaned for me to profane it:" Dante's love for Beatrice was Platonic love—but not as the term is misused today. In Dante's love for Beatrice was all the fervor of a living human love; its Platonic quality was not a pale abstraction, not a lessening of ardor, but a

worship of all that is adorable focused in the adored lady of his heart. Dante did not, indeed, love the qualities of beauty and gentleness, but he loved Beatrice, the gentle and beautiful, and in her he worshipped the ideal. When, in the *Divine Comedy*, Beatrice finally became the heavenly guide through Paradise, she had become identified, in Dante's mind, with that which he believed the supreme blessing—divine revelation. Yet, even in the *Paradiso*, Beatrice is still the Beatrice of the *Vita Nuova*, the lovely Florentine who died in her youth. Whether Beatrice was, as is generally understood, the daughter of Folco Portinari and the wife of Simone de' Bardi, or whether, as some scholars prefer to believe, she was unmarried, makes no difference in the tale of Dante's love. Never does he speak as a suitor, only as worshipper, whose utmost desire is to receive her gracious greeting. When the gentle ladies with whom Dante holds converse in the *Vita Nuova* beg him to tell them of what his happiness consists, he answers: "In those words which praise my lady." And again a lady asks the trembling lover: "For what end do you love this lady, since you cannot endure her presence? Tell us, for surely the end of such love must be something quite new." Quite new, indeed, the end and aim of this love was destined to be: nothing less than the supreme poem of Christian thought!

If the *Divine Comedy* is the supreme homage to Beatrice, unsurpassed in all literature for power and splendor, the *New Life* has no peer for childlike tenderness and pure lyric beauty. It is to be regretted that the little book is not more widely circulated, that acquaintance with its unhidden sweetness has been confined to Dante students. It should be enjoyed by all simple hearts, by the young and by the youthful of all ages. It would seem that this confession of the most Christian poet should make a more appropriate holiday and gift book for the reading multitude, than the jeweled cynicism in the *Rubaiyat* of a Persian Hedonist!

As in the *Vita Nuova* we find Dante, the poet, so in the *Convivio* we find rather the pedantic scholar. To us the *Convivio* cannot possibly have the irresistible appeal of the *Vita Nuova*. To the Dante scholar, to the historian it is full of valuable information. It throws light on Mediæval Philosophy, on Dante's knowledge of Aristotle and the poet's Scho-

lastic interpretation of Greek thought; on his ideas in regard to the vulgar tongue which he developed further in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*. The *Convivio* helps one to understand the structure of the *Paradiso*, and Dante's system of Ethics; and it contains a passage which is precious to the biographer—a passage of lament over his exile. But what inspiration can the lover of poetry draw from the *Convivio*?

First, it must be considered that Dante planned to build the *Convivio* round fourteen canzoni in praise of Philosophy, even as the *Vita Nuova* was built round the canzoni and sonnets of the period treated therein. Yet Dante did not carry out the plan which he announced in the first tract of the *Convivio*, and the book contains only three canzoni and four elucidating tracts. According to Witte, the fourteen canzoni which were originally meant to be thus used, can still be traced in the *Canzoniere*, or "Book of Songs," which includes all Dante's lyric poems. As it is, we must be content with a prepared banquet of three canzoni: the first, an appeal to Rhetoric: "*Voi che intendendo il terzo ciel movete*," the second the famous "*Amor che nella mente mi ragiona*," an enthusiastic praise of the gentle, beautiful and virtuous lady, Philosophy; the third, "*Le dolci rime d'amor, ch'io solia*," in which the poet turns from the praise of love to the praise of "*valore*" or "virtuous worth." But significant for those who seek to understand Dante as poet is the very fact that even in this treatise on the delights of Philosophy the canzoni are made the chief bearers of thought, and the prose with all its learned exposition merely the handmaid of these songs. Such a subordination would be inconceivable in our day. It proves the seriousness with which the art of poetry was approached, the weight of spiritual content with which its vessels were laden, the sacredness of the poet's mission. As in the *Convivio*, the praise of Philosophy was intrusted to poetry, so the final homage of the "divine science," Theology, and the complete structure of a theological system was to be embodied in a poem.

To Dante, and probably also to his colleagues, a poem meant more than a form of utterance: it was a thing in itself which took on individuality and became separated from the author as soon as it was completed. This attitude is reflected in the poet's address to his own song, which we meet again

and again. All three canzoni of the *Convivio* end with the blessing which the poet gives them on their way. In the second canzone he even speaks of a sister-song—"una sorella che tu hai"—which may seem contradictory to this one. Naïve and touching is the end of the first canzone. There are few who will understand its meaning, the poet says to his spirit-child; but if the song should come upon those who do not seem capable of understanding, it should take comfort and say to them: "Consider at least how beautiful I am!"

In the *Vita Nuova* we find the same parental tenderness toward the poet's songs. "My gentle ballad," says its author, as he exhorts it to go where it will be honored. The first canzone in the book Dante calls "the daughter of love, young and clear." And the third canzone, a long lament for Beatrice, he ends, addressing the song itself:

My song, so full of pity, now go weeping,
And find again the ladies and young maidens,
Those unto whom your sisters
Were wont to carry happiness, rejoicing;
And thou who art the daughter of great sorrow,
Go forth disconsolate to dwell among them.

The *Canzoniere* of Dante is merely a collection of all his canzoni, ballads, sonnets and sistine which were written at various periods of his life, including those covered by the *Vita Nuova* and the *Convivio*. It is believed that Dante did not himself make this collection. Yet it must have been made early, for it is found in manuscripts which are now in libraries of Florence, Rome, Venice, Milan, Paris, London, Oxford and Manchester. The history of the various printed editions of Dante's poems, beginning at the end of the fifteenth century, need not here be given. Suffice it to say that they vary in their inclusiveness. Witte, for instance, in his collection of Dante's "Lyric Poems" included the Epigrams, the Seven Penitential Psalms which are paraphrases in Italian "*terza rima*," the verse-form of the *Divine Comedy*, and, finally, Dante's Italian "*Credo*." Furthermore, it is not to the point here to consider the doubtful authenticity of several poems in the *Canzoniere*, the reasons why scholars like Witte and Fraticelli disagree, for instance, on Dante's authorship of the patriotic canzone "*O patria, degna di trionfal fama*," or why certain poems have been attributed to Dante's friends, Cino da Pistoia

and Guido Cavalcanti, to his inferior and confusing namesake, Dante da Maiano, and to the great poet's unknown son. In spite of doubt and contradiction, enough remains of the *Canzoniere* which has been accepted and which offers further insight into the poetic thought of the greatest Florentine.

Among the canzoni we find chiefly those that resemble the long songs round which the *Convivio* was woven and which, probably, were meant to be included in this book. These canzoni seem elaborate, involved and intellectualized beside the limpid, naïve, inspired poesy of the *Vita Nuova*. Conspicuous and full of ingenious artistry are the canzoni in which Dante plays repeatedly upon the word "*pietra*" or stone. The conjectures in regard to this rock are characteristic of the varying interpretations of the poet's veiled meaning. The "*pietra*" poems were written in that period of Dante's life which was under the sway of Philosophy. Now this lady, Wisdom, cannot be lightly wooed. She must be won by arduous effort, even determined and laborious pursuit of difficult studies. It is, therefore, not surprising that the poet should call this lady hard and pitiless as stone. Indeed, in the second canzone of the *Convivio* he refers to a sister canzone which, by calling the beloved lady cruel and disdainful, seems to contradict the song of her praise. This natural interpretation is followed by Witte, but contradicted by those commentators who look upon Dante's years following the death of Beatrice not only as devoted to philosophic studies, but as distracted by different earthly passions. The *Pietra* of the "stone poems," according to them, was a hard-hearted lady who had enkindled the poet's ardor; and other poems of that period were addressed to other ladies.

It is to this period of disloyalty that Beatrice is believed to refer her reproaches against Dante in the *Purgatorio*. Further, some poems are supposed to have been inspired by friends whom Dante was known to have had during the period of his exile, among them Gentuccha of Lucca. For us who seek the living poetry, it is not essential to know the facts and causes that brought about this precious and still undiminished life. We shall not linger long over the didactic odes—the precursors of the vigorous comments on prevailing morals in the *Divine Comedy*—nor over the artful sestina in which the poet shows himself the perfect virtuoso. We shall

listen for that music which resounds the lucid strains of the *Vita Nuova*, strains which, we believe, must have been inspired by Beatrice, giver of blessings for all time.

In spite of Dante's greater admiration for the canzone, it is in the sonnets rather than in the canzoni of the "Book of Songs" that we find the magic of pure poesy. In these delicate vessels of fourteen lines lives that spirit which, by its youthfulness, defies centuries. There is one sonnet in which this spirit breathes unmistakably—one which Carducci emphasized as characteristic, which Rosetti illustrated, and which has been given much praise. Dante addressed this sonnet to Guido Cavalcanti, to whom he alludes in the *Vita Nuova* as his best friend (*primo amico*). The other friend to whom he refers in the sonnet is the poet, Lapo Gianni, and the ladies are respectively the beloved of Guido and Lapo and Dante's Beatrice. What young and wistful soul with an imagination that delights in sailing away from the dross of daily affairs on far, enchanted seas would not in our own day utter the same wish—so natural, so youthful, so appealing—to the friend of his heart, that Dante sent to Guido over six hundred years ago! The sonnet may thus be rendered in English:

Guido, I would that you and Lapo and me
 Some powerful enchantment soon would seize
 And place upon a boat that at each breeze,
 To suit your whim and mine, would skim the sea.
 And no misfortune and no ills that be
 Could set an obstacle against our ease.
 What pleases one, the other too would please,
 And this delight would grow upon us three.
 And Lady Vanna and Lady Lagia, too,
 With her o'er whom the sacred numbers glow
 The good enchanter with us would conveigh.
 And there we should discourse of love all day,
 And each of them such sweet content would know,
 As, I believe, would Lapo, I and you.

In the *Convivio* Dante has set forth the fourfold way in which his canzoni in honor of Philosophy should be understood. The poet's own exposition is significant because the same method of interpretation must be applied to the *Divine Comedy*. The four senses in which a poem of import and rich

meaning must be read are the literal, the allegorical, the moral and the anagogical—that is the metaphysical or spiritual sense. The extraordinary union of these four points of view must be kept in mind and the more capable one is of adopting this fourfold interpretation, the better one will be able to penetrate the infinite depths and to enjoy the unique beauties of the divine poem.

Dante believed in a real heaven and a real hell, and he believed that the real men and women whom he had known, whose kin he was meeting on the streets of Florence, were really suffering in the fiery depth of the earth, were really doing penance on the steep mountain of Purgatory or were really steeped in music and light, adoring the sempiternal rose. Without this belief in the reality of those realms of which he had so clear and bright a vision, he could not have reproduced it with such unfailing exactness, nor have given it to the world with such irresistible power.

The allegorical aspect of the *Divine Comedy* is not hard for us to follow, as it is the natural modern tendency to lay overdue emphasis on the symbolism of Dante's vision. And yet how marvelously this symbolism is carried out! Every punishment in hell expresses the horror and torment inherent in the sin itself.

In Purgatory the allegorical aspect is even more obvious. The penance, willingly performed, is on every terrace a symbolic opposite of the sin from which it is to cleanse the penitent. The lean band of the gluttonous fast while the sweet scent of fruits entices them. The envious—those who have been guilty of "*invidia*" or perverted sight—have their closed eyelids sewn to their faces with threads of iron.

Most of all the poet's guides must be understood both literally and symbolically: Virgil, the incarnation of that classic heritage of thought and art which Dante so revered, and Beatrice, the revelation of the Divine. Yet every character, every creature, every material object that the pilgrim meets on his unearthly journey has some allegorical significance.

The third dimension of the divine poem is the moral. The stupendous moral power of the *Divine Comedy* is due, in the first place, to the infallible clearness and justice of Dante's ethical conception, and, in the second place, to the genius of

his poetry. The same morality—and it is after all the established Christian morality—if set forth in tracts, in sermons or the crude allegories which appeared in subsequent centuries, could never have made such an indelible impress on men's hearts.

The stern justice of Dante which resulted from his firm belief in the seriousness of Christian morality, was, however, tempered by a marvelously sympathetic insight. Though he hated the sin, he often loved the sinner. He could not do otherwise than delegate great men, geniuses and princes whom he admired, to their proper circles of the *Inferno* or upon the terraces of Purgatory where they belonged, because it was not his own inclination or private judgment that placed them there, but the justice of that moral law before which he bowed. Yet the poet's eye penetrated the motives that led to the baneful deeds and graded the punishments according to the greater or lesser evil of these motives. It is characteristic that those who erred through weakness, through the inordinate love of things good in themselves, are in the first circles of hell, where the torments are less severe, and that the violent, the fraudulent, and, finally, the treacherous, are subjected to the most frightful suffering. In Purgatory, too, the sins are measured even as they were inspired by lack of love, by distorted love, by defective love, or, lastly, by excessive love which brings about the more pardonable sins of the senses. Indeed, love which rules the world is also made the centre of morality. The greater the departure from this glorious and blessed centre, the more accursed is he who thus departs.

The fourth dimension in which the *Divine Comedy* must be viewed is the anagogical or spiritual. Here it may be said that there is not a syllable in the whole poem which has not a spiritual or religious meaning. It is characteristic of mediæval thought that even science was theological. The structure of Heaven with its graded spheres and their planets and stars, of the earth with Jerusalem at one pole and Purgatory at the other, was determined by its religious significance. But far more important is the inseparability of morality and religion. A distinction between these two forces which we are accustomed to see made in our day, would have been inconceivable to Dante. The distance from love which causes sin, is at the same time and essentially a departure from

Divine Love. Even so Beatrice, the heavenly guide who leads the pilgrim soul onward where Virgil's guidance must cease, has become Revelation, the only true giver of blessings.

Though the spiritual meaning is present throughout the *Divine Comedy*, it is in the *Paradiso* that it shines most un-mixed with remembrances of earthly shadows. It is in Paradise that all souls, even those which appear in the lower spheres, are content.

Now as the mighty poem lies before us, viewed in its four dimensions—the literal, the allegorical, the moral, and the spiritual—the question presents itself: wherein lies the greatness of the divine epic? It is not in any one of these four aspects, but in the extraordinary harmonization of all four. It is not Dante the chronicler, or Dante the symbolist, the moralist, or even the theologian, whom we admire, but Dante the poet. For the poet alone can present the soul's life—vivid, complete.

It is to Dante as poet that the greatest homage is due in this hour of six centuries' remembrance. There are, to be sure, other aspects beside the poetical—poetical in the all-inclusive sense—which make the *Divine Comedy* a valuable document. The present writer was asked recently if Dante's mind had not been so filled with political prejudice that his poem amounted practically to a political pamphlet. Political passion, to be sure, was not wholly cooled when Dante wrote his cantos; but such passion was subordinated to the stern justice of the moralist and, what is more important for us, to the clear understanding of the poet. For the historian, no doubt, the *Divine Comedy* is full of precious first-hand material: it is an autobiography the like of which has never since been known. Further it is the most illuminating presentation of mediæval thought. The philosophy, the science, the literature of the thirteenth century may all be studied here: the procession of public characters and men of letters met in the *Inferno* and on Purgatory in itself makes the *Divine Comedy* a great historical and literary encyclopedia. Such passages, moreover, as the invective against the frivolous Florentine women give a better insight into the manners and morals of Dante's day than volumes of history.

But is it for his contribution to historical knowledge that Dante has been a name to conjure with? It is not historians

that have power over the hearts and the imaginations of generations of men, but prophets and poets. Nor would the *Divine Comedy* deserve all the veneration bestowed upon it, if it were not a living, throbbing drama with passions, griefs and joys as true today as in the thirteenth century. The greatest epic poet entered into the heart of each of his monumental characters with the penetration of the greatest dramatist. How perfect was his understanding of the distinguished pagans in the Limbo or ante-hell, those virtuous, but unblessed spirits whose sorrow is the knowledge that they will never see salvation! "Desire without hope"—how universal a state is this, how truly the poet has known its bitterness!

Dante, who had the father of painters, Giotto, for a friend, was himself a master portrait painter in his own medium of Italian verse. Universally known is his description of the heretic Farinata degli Uberti, who "towered above with breast and forehead as if he held all hell in great contempt." But not tragic figures only did the poet portray. No picture could be more charming, more innocently joyful than Dante's first glimpse of Matilda, the lovely guardian of the earthly Paradise as she goes singing and picking flowers along the river of forgetfulness. Here Dante, the poet, outshines all troubadours in his tribute to spring and flowers and loveliness, and in this song of Eden we find again the youthful Dante of the innocent heart, the Dante of the *Vita Nuova*.

In the *Inferno* Dante is tragic, human, penetrating and dramatic; in the *Purgatorio* he has added to these traits the sweetness of hope and the Eden-charm of innocence and joy. But in the final cantos of the *Paradiso* the poet has transcended poetry: "the indescribable, here it is attained." In his utter humility, the pilgrim soul, face to face with refulgent bliss, reiterates the powerlessness of his own speech to transmit the overpowering beauties. And even as he does so, his speech turns to music. "*O luce eterna!*" we hear the poet of poets cry out; and in his ecstasy the hope of all Christianity is jubilantly fulfilled. Dante beholds the mystic rose where Mary, Queen of Heaven, is enthroned among the blessed, where Beatrice, still granting him her smile, has her everlasting seat and where the multitudes of angels fly eternally from God to the blessed and from the blessed to God. Dazzled by the stupendous glory of the Trinity, the poet is overwhelmed;

and yet he feels his will and his desires moved with the even motion of a wheel by "Love who moves the sun and other stars."

What does all this fervor and this beauty mean to us after six hundred years—especially to those of us who do not speak the language of the "sweet, new style?" There is no reason why the poetry of Dante should not mean as much to us as to the contemporaries of Dante. In a way, it might mean even more: for we are in a position to know, as they could not, that there has been none greater than the poet of the thirteenth century. Our contact with him today can be only a question of the right approach.

The *Divine Comedy* chiefly, but also the minor works of Dante have been translated by poets of the first rank into the main languages of modern Europe. To these poets infinite thanks are due.

Not long after the death of Dante Alighieri, a Professorship was established for the exposition of the *Divine Comedy*. This post was held by Boccaccio, the father of a long line, a veritable multitude of Dante commentators. In the fourteenth century public chairs for Dantology were founded at Florence, at Pisa, at Bologna, at Venice, at Plaisance. According to Witte, the interpretations of the earliest commentators, chiefly Boccaccio, Benvenuto de Imola and Francesco da Buti have strongly influenced later interpreters. Yet, obviously, the later the interpreter, the wider a tradition he has at his disposal; and neither repetition nor contradiction is fruitless, as long as it serves to deepen intimacy with the almost inexhaustible poem. Especially the nineteenth century with its romantic revival, its return to the primal forces of intellectual life, has produced zealous Dante scholars of the first degree. Again, the learned commentators have worked in all countries of the western world. We find among many distinguished colleagues, the Italian D'Ancona, Trivulzio, Carducci, Cesari, Giuliano and Fraticelli, the French Ozanam, the Swiss Scartazzini, the German Witte, Kannegiesser, Förster and Wegele, the English Lord Vernon, Moore, Rossetti, and the American Charles Eliot Norton.

There has been a tendency to deride somewhat the faithful study of commentators, as if, by entangling one's self in the network of their interpretations, one were sure to miss the

shining kernel itself. Such scorn is a fallacy. In the first place, the devoted scholars have smoothed the way for us: by laborious examinations of manuscripts they have assumed the responsibility of providing us with authentic texts; through their philological and historical studies they have cleared away the obstacles presented by language, by obsolete expressions, by traditions and conceptions—Scholastic, astrological or political—which seem to us foreign and remote. In the second place, a great work of art not only quickens the spirit directly, but scatters seed broadcast which bring forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some a thousandfold. The imagination of Dante has kindled a multitude of other imaginations; his light shines diffused through centuries into numberless places, and, though it be seen through seven veils, is yet his light. Not every eye can look straight at the sun: "by the reflected light we have our life."

In this hour of remembrance, then, there is not one among us who lives in the world of poetry and Christian thought, to whom some small ray of that strong light has not penetrated, however little he may be aware of its source. And whether we be among the receivers of reflected light or among those who sun themselves directly in the poet's glory, we cannot but unite in gratitude to the Florentine who, on the banks of the Arno, first beheld his eternal Beatrice and raised his voice in the "sweet, new style."

DANTE AS A PHILOSOPHER.¹

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Y a strange irony of fate, Dante's great poem has come to be viewed by posterity in a way that confuses with singular infelicity the true perspective of the interests to which the poet wished to appeal. For some, the *Divina Commedia* is primarily political. For others, its artistic excellence is its paramount perfection. For the spiritually minded it is the fullest, richest, and most inspiring religious document that the Ages of Faith have bequeathed to us. For almost all modern readers the intense human interest in the poem is its chief attraction. To very few, comparatively, does it appeal as a philosophical work, the product of a mind truly philosophical. Yet, it was the philosophical interpretation of the poem that Dante himself esteemed to be of the greatest importance. In his Dedicatory Epistle to Can Grande della Scala, prefixed to the *Paradiso*, he tells us that the hidden sense of the poem is moral philosophy, the scope of which he defines in the words of the Second Book of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*.

Dante, has, indeed, been fully avenged for the wrongs he suffered at the hands of his Florentine fellow countrymen. The exile has come to his own at last. In "the sacred poem to which heaven and earth have set their hand,"² he has achieved the renown for which his heart yearned. He who, like the Man of Sorrows Himself, had not where to lay his head, has built up in his own way a mansion wherein the great minds of posterity have found a home. He who experienced how bitter is the bread of the stranger, now offers food to the multitude of obscure and illustrious alike who seek the bread of the word. He who knew how hard it is to go up and down the stairways of foreign houses, has drawn all generations of men to tread with him the steps that lead down to suffering and direful woe, to ascend with him the path of purgatorial penance, and at last by the golden stairways of Paradise to

¹ This article is reprinted from *The Catholic University Bulletin*, April, 1910.

² *Paradiso* XXV., 1, 2.

attain to endless joy and the blessed immortality.³ But, while he has thus drawn to him the modern world, he still protests as pathetically as of old:

O ye who have undistempered intellects
Observe the doctrine that conceals itself
Beneath the veil of the mysterious verses.⁴

One reason for the failure to recognize Dante as a philosopher is the fact that he was so obviously a theologian. His sacred poem has been described as "Aquinas in Verse;" it is, indeed, a summary of Catholic theology. Even his contemporaries recognized his claim in this regard. The epitaph composed by Giovanni del Virgilio calls him "Dante the theologian," and a tradition dating from Boccaccio's time represents him as having obtained his degree in theology at the University of Paris, but without having been formally inaugurated because he was unable to defray the expenses incidental to that ceremony. But, even if he did obtain his degree in theology, if he did sit at the feet of Siger who

"Reading lectures in the Street of Straw
Did syllogize invidious verities,"⁵

that did not prevent him from being a philosopher as well as a theologian. Like his master, St. Thomas of Aquin, he could lay claim to the double distinction. Indeed, the epitaph just quoted confers on Dante this twofold honor:

Dante theologian, skilled in all the lore
Philosophy may cherish in her illustrious bosom.

In his day the two sciences were distinguished, without being separated from each other. Reason was divine; revelation was reasonable; there could, therefore, be no contradiction between theology, which treated of revealed truth, and philosophy, which relied on human reason alone. The theologian was a philosopher, and the philosopher was almost invariably a theologian.

Again, it is urged that Dante expressed his contempt for philosophy. In the *Inferno*⁶ he makes a demon boast of being a logician. Dante, however, was not always just to his enemies; and if his allusion is to be taken as reflecting on the

³ Cf. Ozanam, *Dante and Catholic Philosophy* (New York, 1897), p. 45.

⁴ *Inferno* IX., 61, 63.

⁵ *Paradiso* X., 136, 138.

⁶ *Inferno* XXVII., 122, 123.

logicians of his time, it simply shows that he did not approve their methods in logic. He himself was not above the use of rigid logical formulas, as is evident from the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convivio* and *De Monarchia*.

The passage which is, to all appearance, the most serious arraignment of philosophy is the well known speech of Virgil in *Purgatorio* III., 34, 45. The heathen poet having led Dante to the Mount of Purgatory and seeing how his companion is bewildered at the novel spectacle, turns and says to him:

“Insane is he who hopeth that our reason
Can traverse the illimitable way
Which the One Substance in Three Persons follows!
Mortals, remain contented at the *quia*;
For if ye had been able to see all,
No need were there for Mary to give birth;
And ye have seen desiring without fruit
Those whose desire would have been quieted,
Which evermore is given them for a grief.
I speak of Aristotle and of Plato,
And others many”—and here he bowed his head
And more he said not, and remained disturbed.

The passage rightly understood, far from being an arraignment of philosophy, is a vivid and thoroughly human presentation of the legitimate claims of reason. Like the early Christian Apologists, and following the example of the greatest of the Schoolmen, Dante pictures the pagan world as longing for the light of Eternal Truth which Christ first shed on man. Virgil himself had shared this longing. Like Plato and Aristotle he had naturally aspired to know the whole truth; with them he had shared the desire “which evermore was given them for a grief.” He had had a faint feeling that the dawn of supernatural revelation was approaching, when Faith should shed its effulgence over the realm of supernatural truth, and the mystery of the Triune God should become an acquisition of human knowledge. Because he was denied that vision he bowed his head in grief “and more he said not, and remained disturbed.” The pagan world had penetrated the deepest truths of the natural order; it had discovered the *facts*, but could not penetrate the mysterious *reasons* of existence. Had it been able to do so, Christ had not needed to

come. For these, therefore, who live in the light of Christian Revelation there are two worlds of truth. The one was known to Plato and to Aristotle: it is the world of philosophy. The other is known only to Christian believers: it is the world of faith, the realm of theological speculation. The second completes and rounds out the first. In the world of faith, is satisfied that desire "which evermore was given as a grief." He is "insane" who would confound the two orders of truth, and hope by unaided reason to reach the heights of supernatural faith. Thus does Dante set limits to philosophic inquiry. Within those limits he recognizes that reason may satisfy its natural longing, understand its own world, and discover therein a natural knowledge of God.

"Philosophy," he said, "to him who heeds it
Noteth, not only in one place alone,
After what manner Nature takes her course
From Intellect Divine and from its art."⁷

How, then, does Dante avail himself of this privilege? What is his manner of philosophizing? Broadly speaking, there are but two methods in philosophy, two ways of achieving the philosopher's task. The one is the Aristotelian, the other the Platonic. The Aristotelian method begins and ends with knowledge. Its starting point is intellectual reflection, its goal is scientific explanation. The Aristotelian philosopher seeks the noumenon in the phenomenon, the universal in the particular. He traces effects to their highest causes. He sees the beautiful, and he analyzes it. He discovers the good, the noble, the sublime, and he submits them to logical discussion. He is ever and always asking *why?* and the answer, if it satisfies his mind, satisfies his soul. The Platonic method begins with wonder and ends in contemplative love. Its starting-point is the appreciation of the beautiful; its goal is intuition of the highest beauty. The Platonist seeks the ideal beautiful in the particular and imperfect manifestations of it. He does not go back from effect to cause, but upward from the material, the changeable, the sense-bound, the imperfect to the immaterial, the immutable, the spiritual, the perfect. He discovers the beautiful, but, instead of analyzing it, he loses him-

⁷ *Inferno* XI., 97, 99.

self in admiration. He encounters the good, the noble, the sublime hidden in the shadow representations of them in the world of experience, and he is thereby carried in thought to that other world which is above us, the home of the really good, the truly sublime, the ideally perfect. For him experience is always more than experience: it is a visitation from another and a better world. For him the reason why a thing is, is a secondary consideration, subordinate to the uplifting and spiritually regenerative value of all knowledge.

Now, both these tendencies, the Aristotelian and the Platonic, may be present in one and the same mind. They are not so far apart as one may at first sight imagine. Each in its own way seeks the permanent in the world of change. The searchlight of knowledge is thrown on the whole field of human experience in order to reveal the permanent intellectual element. That is Aristotelianism. The whole world of experience is made to pass through the glowing furnace of personal feeling in order that it may be purified of the dross, and only the pure gold of spiritual sentiment remain. That is Platonism. The machinery, so to speak, is different, but the task is essentially the same. The manner is different, the style is different—cold, clear, exact, scientific determination in the one case; warm, rich, free poetic expression in the other—yet the aim is fundamentally identical, and the result is also identical. For the true is the beautiful, and the permanently beautiful is the eternally true. In God, Whom both the Aristotelian and the Platonist ultimately attain, each in his own way, both find the goal of all philosophical activity. Infinite Thought and Infinite Love, Absolute Truth and Eternal Beauty.

Both these tendencies were strong in Dante. That he was an Aristotelian almost goes without saying. His whole intellectual world was Aristotelian. His mind was endowed with abundant talent for scientific accuracy and correctness of detail. The mold in which education fashioned him was scientific in the Aristotelian sense. The stuff out of which his thoughts were woven with such wonderful skill, the raw material, so to speak, of his poem, was Aristotelian. For him Aristotle was, in his own grand phrase, "the master of those who know." So naturally do his thoughts seek expression in the formularies of Aristotelian philosophy that when, in

the upper circles of heaven he is asked by St. John the Evangelist to give an account of the most distinctive Christian virtue, Charity, he answers without the least suspicion of incongruity, in the very words of the First Book of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*.⁸ Human reason, which is his guide through the lower regions, is, indeed, typified by Virgil. Patriotic considerations compelled him to do this, and a strong personal devotion to the legendary, rather than the historical, conception of the Latin poet's relation to Christianity. If it were not for these considerations he might have taken the Stagyrte instead of the Mantuan for his guide. At any rate, the explanations which he puts in the mouth of his leader are often almost verbally taken from the works of the Greek philosopher. Dante knew his Aristotle. Though he depended on imperfect translations, he seized the spirit of the philosopher better than many a modern scholar who studies the original text. "The glorious philosopher to whom Nature, above all others, disclosed her secrets"⁹ was for him the final court of appeal in all questions of purely natural knowledge.

But while this is undoubtedly true, and admitted by all, it is not less true that Dante was a genuine Platonist. His first hand acquaintance with Plato's teaching was, no doubt, meagre enough. Nevertheless, he must have known something of the doctrines of the *Timæus*, which was accessible in a translation. He was familiar with the *Consolations of Philosophy* by the Christian Platonist, Boethius. He was fond of quoting St. Augustine's *City of God* and the *Confessions*. From Cicero he gleaned a knowledge, not always accurate, of the doctrines of Plato. But more serviceable far than all these sources was his own spiritual experience, from which, like many before and since his time, he drew his Platonic inspiration. Although he had no immediate knowledge of Plato's works, he had in his own soul an intimate source, a rich fountain of Platonic thought. In fact, his whole life is a vivid, though pathetic, commentary on Platonism. From the moment when, at an early age, he began to be a lover of the beautiful, until the day when he put the last touch to the sacred poem wherein she whom he had first loved was honored as no woman before her had been honored,¹⁰ his spirit

⁸ *Paradiso* XXVI., 37 ff.

⁹ *Convito* III., 5; Oxford edition, p. 277.

¹⁰ *Vita Nuova*, n. 43. Oxford edition, p. 233.

had undergone the Platonic purgatorial process of personal suffering. His mind had passed through the discipline of pagan philosophy and classic culture. His soul had been chastened by penance and Christian piety. He had been rescued from the "wilderer wildwood," the "*selva salvaggia*," by faith and repentance. It is, unfortunately, more than a figure of speech to say that, in his case,

The passionate heart of the poet
Was whirled into folly and vice.

Through it all he had preserved his ideal. Troubadour and Platonist that he was, he worshipped at the shrines of false divinities, but kept ever in his heart the ideal of spiritual beauty, to which at last he was able to give his undivided allegiance. Had he continued to dwell in the region of primary experience, he might, like Petrarch, have become a sweet singer in whose song one personal note would recur in varied cadence. But, he did not choose to do so. Being a Platonist, he could not. He made his first vision of the beautiful to serve a higher purpose. He cultivated the spiritually beautiful as the aim of all his thoughts. He sought the higher beauty in all the vagaries of his own fancy, and the record of his search is the *Vita Nuova* and the *Convivio*. Then he planned a still wider search. He sought it beyond his own real experience. In his imaginary journey through all the world of spirits, he reviewed all history and all science, seeking everywhere the same Beauty, and finding it at last in God, to the footsteps of Whose throne he was led by Beatrice, the type of Divine Revelation. In this way, by searching for the noumenal, or permanent, beauty amid the phenomena, or "imitations" of it in the world of human experience, Dante became a Platonist, a profoundly personal Platonist. His journey, which began in the "*selva oscura*," and ended in the vision of Eternal Truth and Beauty, was no irrelevant excursion into the region of fancy. It was a deliberate attempt to interpret all human life, not only in terms of enlightenment, but also in terms of disciplined emotion. It was a quest of the beautiful, as well as of the true. By personal feeling, therefore, and by his own spiritual development more than by the study of books, Dante became a philosopher-poet, after the manner of the poet-philosopher. As an Aristotelian, he aimed at scien-

tific determination of the actual in terms of essences and causes. As a Platonist, he ranged up and down the universe of human thought and feeling, seeking an interpretation of the actual in terms of the ideal.

In becoming a philosopher of this Platonic type, Dante did not cease to be a poet. On the contrary, his philosophy elevated his poetry to a higher degree of artistic excellence. Poetry, when it is merely a play of fancy, without any reference to the serious purposes of life, and without relevance to spiritual values is, indeed, poetry, but it is poetry in the most elementary stage of development. Poetry, which to the primary pleasantness that comes from its response to the demands of the ear, adds the deeper beauty which consists in response to the demands of the soul, is poetry in its highest and best form. I do not mean, of course, that poetry, in order to be perfect, must be didactic. What I mean is that poetry is lacking in the supreme quality if it is not philosophical. And I use the word "philosophical" as Aristotle uses it in his famous saying that poetry is "more philosophical than history." History neglects no detail of human experience. It reproduces human life with all its circumstances. Poetry passes over many circumstances as being trivial or unmeaning, and submits the residue to the discipline of harmonious expression. Though, in one sense, poetry sees less than history, in another sense it sees more; for it sees more deeply. It sees the soul behind the silhouette; it hears the music of the voice behind the silent record of historic sayings. It interprets not only in terms of truth, as the higher kind of history does, but also in terms of artistic feeling and articulate emotion. In a word, it philosophizes. For, the warp and woof of the silken web which the poet weaves is human experience, in which, like the philosopher, he seeks the permanent amid the fluctuating events. So that in ultimate analysis the business of the poet and that of the philosopher are in part identical.

In this sense the *Commedia* has a transcendent philosophical quality which other poems possess, either not at all or only in a lesser degree. No one would deny that there is in the Homeric songs a system as well as a story. Homer has his definite ideas of the gods and heroes, of heaven and earth, and the shadowy underworld, of man and those things about which man is chiefly concerned. Those ideas, simple, naïve,

childlike, are eternally beautiful and eternally human. Therein lies their charm. But they are admittedly unsatisfying to the developed mind. The Homeric world is such a world as children's fancy might construct; childish, perhaps, rather than childlike. There is in the Homeric conception of existence no reflectiveness, no serious sense of sin, no realization of the need of purification and penance. The religion is a fair weather religion, full of sunshine and gladness, the religion of a people who have not yet felt the deeper spiritual needs which a wide knowledge of even this world arouses. This defect the Greek himself discovered later, when he came to realize through the insight of the tragic poets and the philosophers that there is within us something above nature, something which the beautiful, natural creations of the Olympic world do not satisfy; and from the moment that that discovery was made, the religion of Homer could no longer respond to the spiritual needs of the Greek people. Again, the Homeric conception of religion, while it was artistically rounded out, was fragmentary, from the philosophical point of view. The cultus of each deity was practical, local and, therefore, particular. Whatever underlying principle there was, such as personification of nature, remained vague, doubtful, incoherent. When, now, we turn to Dante, we find an infinitely wider range. In his own words, he "leads all wanderers safe through every way,"¹¹ through sin, suffering, penance and purification, to the final joys of the Blessed. If we accompany him we are not always in the sunshine, but pass from deepest shadow through penumbra into light eternal. And through all our journey we are guided by a definite system, the rational content of which is satisfying to the reflecting mind.

In *Faust* we have the direct opposite of what we find in the *Iliad*. In the Homeric poems all is objective: in the great modern drama there is preponderance of subjectivity. Indeed, the modern world feels too keenly the subjective aspect of sin and suffering. Its philosophy is too poignantly personal. Thus, the *Weltschmerz*, the tragedy of the world and of human iniquity is the all too sombre theme of Goethe's masterpiece. It is true, poetry thus gains in richness, fullness and reflectiveness. But even from the artistic point of view the

¹¹ *Inferno* I., 17.

gloom is too dense. Neither the poet nor his audience can penetrate the curtain of subjective feeling that hangs like a mist upon the scene. To the great questions which man is ever asking concerning his own destiny and the meaning of life, there is no answer except Heine's sneer,

Ein Narr wartet auf Antwort.

Life is an enigma, which the poet does not solve; because he cannot. Here, too, the onesidedness of the poet's philosophy hampers the action of the poem, and is a defect even from the point of view of art.

If we turn now to Shakespeare, we find a still more interesting problem. Shakespeare, like Dante, swings around the whole circle of human experience in search of material. Like Goethe, he is reflective, but unlike him, he is objective as well as subjective. With him, action dominates feeling, as it ought to. He sees, he feels, he reflects, he analyzes, but when he comes to reflective reconstruction his work remains fragmentary and incomplete. This is not because he is a dramatist, but because his mind is powerless to dominate the whole world of human experience: he does not conquer his world; it conquers him. Like a sailor who would start to sea without compass or chart, he is soon lost in the limitless expanse of human experience.

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Shakespeare can rise to the sublimest heights of religious feeling. He is always respectful, and can be even tenderly reverential in his illusions to Christ and Christianity:

Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks and Saracens;
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under Whose colors he had fought so long.

He is a philosopher, too, as is evident from the study of his Sonnets. In the plays, also, his extraordinary power is nowhere more remarkable than in the ease and sureness with which he disentangles the actuating principle from the mass of fluctuating and confusing details of human characters and human institutions. He possesses in a high degree the philosophical gift of finding the essence in its accidental setting. Indeed, some critics go so far as to assign him a place among the Scholastics. "He is a distincting Thomist," writes Father Bowden, "on the following points: his doctrine of the genesis of knowledge and its strictly objective character; the power of reflection as distinctive of rational creatures; the formation of habits, intellectual and moral; the whole operation of the imaginative faculty."¹² Nevertheless, he is weakest where Dante is strongest. He is lacking in totality of vision: he fails to grasp all reality, dominate it, and articulate into his conception of it those fragments of philosophy which are unexcelled for depth of insight and breadth of sympathy. Only those who are weary of the world problems, who are content with a restatement of them without a solution, who are ready to cry out in protest against sustained constructive effort in philosophy are satisfied with Shakespeare and hail him as their prophet. His message is gospel to the agnostic mind.

All this, one may object, would go to show the defects of Homer, Goethe and Shakespeare as philosophers, but does not affect their poetry, by which they are first and last to be judged. The contention, however, is that, in the higher reaches, poetry becomes identical with philosophy, and the deficiencies of the philosophical synthesis necessarily detract from the completeness of the artistic harmony. This becomes evident if we compare for a moment the symbolism of the great poets. Symbolism, in fact, is the contrivance by which the poet introduces reflection, while discarding the rigid technicalities of philosophical systems. Homer's symbolism is the simplest. His reflection is restricted to moral musings on the characters of men, and the result is embodied in epithets expressive of moral qualities: Agamemnon, of kingly presence; Hector, the restless, the domineering; Penelope, the faithful; Achilles, the impetuous, and so forth. Here the thought-element is very meagre, while the picturesqueness is at its max-

¹² *The Religion of Shakespeare*, London, 1899, p. 34.

imum. In Goethe, especially in the second part of *Faust*, the symbolism is subtle, subjective, overladen with thought-content, but lacking in the picturesque quality. Shakespeare's symbols are direct images. They are taken from the whole range of human experience. But, they are restricted to experience. They are eminently empirical. They have no transcendent thought-element in them; they sum up experience at various times, in various places, and that is all. In Dante's poem symbolism plays an essential part. There the symbolical interpretation is the primary interpretation. And it is a unique system of symbols. The symbols in it are real persons and real objects. Virgil is human reason, Beatrice is Divine Revelation, St. Lucy is enlightening grace; the panther, the lion, and the she-wolf who bar the way, are Lust, Pride and Envy. These are as definite, vivid and picturesque as the Homeric epithets: they are infinitely more rich in thought-content. They are as rich in content as Goethe's symbols and incomparably more definite. Like Shakespeare's characters, they are the results of experience and introspection, but in Dante's hands they cease to be empirical. They are molded into a world system in which the relations, for instance, between Reason, Revelation and Grace, or between Lust, Pride and Envy, are worked out with the minutest philosophical precision. These symbols are drawn from his own experience and from the study of books. The whole world, past, present, and to come, all nature, all history, all the speculations of the theologians, all the reasonings of the philosophers, all the dreams of the poets, the men whom he knew, the places which he saw, the incidents of his own sad wanderings, his griefs, his joys, his hopes, his fears, his hatreds—all these furnish material for his symbolism. But, the material was first ordered and arranged into a definite, rational system. It was passed through the transmuting fire of a great love. What results is beautiful, therefore, it is poetry; it is true, therefore, it is philosophy; it is good, therefore, it is moral. In this way, Dante attained the effect which he himself intended, namely, to compose a great poem to which symbolism offered the key; the inspiration of the poem was to be Beatrice, and its purpose to teach moral philosophy. "The subject of the poem," he says,¹³ "is man in so far as by merit and demerit he is

¹³ *Ep. Dedic. Kani Grandi de Scala*, n. 8, Oxford edition, p. 416.

liable to just reward and punishment." It would, therefore, be unfair to Dante's memory to separate the philosophical from the poetical or the poetical from the philosophical in his work.

"All genius," says Coleridge, "is metaphysical," because it brings us into contact with the ideal. The actual is the realm of talent. Genius of whatever kind, scientific, literary, artistic, philosophical, cannot rest in the actual, it seeks the ideal actualized in what is incidental and accidental. Discovery, in every line of human achievement, is the revelation of the ideal in the actual world, where it is fragmentated, disguised and degraded. It is the ideal that gives meaning and significance to the actual. Science seeks to unveil the law that lies beneath the everchanging events in the physical world; history seeks to show forth the principles that underly the passing show of human activity, human thought, and human passion; the science of government endeavors to establish harmony in the conflict of human interest, human effort and human aspiration. Poetry and philosophy have a higher aim. They take all nature and all human experience for their kingdom; they range over all knowledge and all human activity in search of the Beautiful and the True. When they, happily, agree, and each in its own way discovers God, then the poet and the philosopher are blended in one; then God is the Beauty, of which the world is a symbol, and the Truth, of which the world is an expression, and, like Faith and Reason, poetry and philosophy "make one music as before, but vaster." Philosophy, in point of fact, "lisped in numbers." All the earliest philosophers were poets, too. Plato had been a poet in his youth, and he became a philosopher without ceasing to be a poet. The prose of his Dialogues lacks only technical conformity to the rules of versification to make it numbered diction of the highest order. No wonder, then, that Dante succeeded in combining so happily the poetic gift with the philosophical. Look at that face of his in Giotto's immortal fresco. There you see, as Carlisle says, "the softness, the tenderness, the gentle affection, as of a child." You see in it also the pride of genius, the stubbornness of invincible resolution, and intelligent obstinacy, a masculine strength and sternness. There is at once the gentleness of the Platonic lover of spiritual beauty and the forcefulness of the Aristote-

lian scientific genius. As a Platonist, he felt, he suffered, he expiated his own folly, and through grace attained salvation. As an Aristotelian, he set out systematically, first to conquer the technical difficulties of his art, then to acquire his material by the study of science and theology, and, lastly, to coördinate, systematize and dominate the whole field of knowledge, like another Alexander, looking for more worlds to conquer until his task was accomplished, and he had in reality brought beneath the sceptre of his genius the whole world of nature and of human nature. But, if he submitted his own soul to the discipline of suffering, and subjected his mind to the restraint of classic culture, if he attained through infinite toil to a final domination of human experience for the purpose of his poem, the inspiration that sustained him through it all was his love for Beatrice and his resolve to honor her as no woman had been honored before. Therefore, while the body, so to speak, of his work was Aristotelian, the soul of it was Platonic. He conformed to the fashion of the troubadours, but rose immeasurably above them in seriousness of purpose. A troubadour, then, in externals, he was an Aristotelian in intellect, and Platonist in heart and soul.

It remains to consider briefly another title by which Dante can claim to be a philosopher. In common, current, phrase, a philosopher is one who has mastered his own moods, who is so securely intrenched in his own convictions that he is proof against all the assaults of "outrageous fortune," one who has learned to bear the untoward events of life with calmness, imperturbability and even cheerful resignation. To meet misfortune "philosophically" is to meet it with patience and noble self-repression. To be a philosopher is, in homely phrase, "to burn one's own smoke," and not blacken the landscape of one's own and other minds with the products of those fires that "try men's souls." This is the Stoic notion of philosophy, and the Stoic keyword is "self-mastery." Now, Dante, both in theory and in practice, showed his appreciation of Stoicism. Among the most singular of all the verdicts he pronounced on the heroes of antiquity is that which he passed on Cato the Younger, the saint, so to speak, of Roman Stoicism. Dante did not place him in the inferno of the suicides, nor in the limbo where the other great pagan heroes are gathered; he could not place him in the Church Suffering nor

in the Church Triumphant, because Cato had not seen the light of Grace. Consequently, he assigned to him the task of guarding the gates of Purgatory:

"I saw beside me an old man alone,
Worthy of so much reverence in his look,
That more owes not to father any son.

Reverent he made in me my knees and brow."¹⁴

This post Cato is to hold until the day of Judgment, when, on account of his natural virtues, he is to be admitted to the company of the Blessed. Another indication of Dante's Stoic inspiration is his frequent, and singularly beautiful, references to light. Light was the Stoic symbol of truth and of God, and readers of the *Divina Commedia* know the use that Dante makes both of the reality and of its symbolism in the gloom of the *Inferno*, in the pale atmosphere of the mount of suffering, and in the ascent to the dazzling effulgence which surrounds the Godhead in Heaven. Without detracting from the sublimity and tenderness of Milton's address to Light, one may echo Dinsmore's verdict that "no poet has been more keenly sensitive to light" than Dante.¹⁵ For Dante, then, as for the Stoics, light is the emblem of truth and peace, and every man's endeavor ought to be to let the blessed light illumine undisturbed his own soul. "Love," he says in the *Convivio*,¹⁶ "is the informing principle of philosophy, and it manifests itself in the exercise of wisdom, which brings with it marvelous delights, namely, *contentment under all circumstances and indifference to things that enthrall other men.*" He was, then, a theoretical Stoic, his Stoicism being, of course, tinged with Christian moderation.

In practice, too, he was a Stoic. He sought to realize the Stoic ideal in his own life. It is this ideal that reconciles the apparently contradictory descriptions of him left us by Villiani and Boccaccio. Villiani says: "Like other philosophers, he was stern, nor did he readily converse with unlearned men." This was the Stoic *gravitas*, the disdain for the vulgar crowd. Boccaccio, on the contrary, tells us: "He was remarkable for courtesy and good breeding. . . . He bore all his ad-

¹⁴ *Purgatorio* I., 31-51.

¹⁵ *Aids to the Study of Dante*, Boston, 1903, p. 341. See also Dean Church, *Essay on Dante*, p. 387.

¹⁶ *Convivio* III., 13, Oxford edition, p. 290.

verse fortunes with true fortitude, nor did he ever yield to impatience or bitterness, except in his political trials." This was the Stoic self-mastery, a virtue which he acquired in the school of suffering. At home, as well as in exile, he led a life apart from the world in which he dwelt, and it was only by his high resolve, by his love and faith that he was conducted along hard, painful and solitary ways to "the lofty triumph of the realm of truth." We may picture him as he appears in the story of his visit to the monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo in the Lunigiana. "He moved not, but stood silently contemplating the columns and arches of the cloister. And again I asked him what he wished, and whom he sought. Then, slowly turning his head and looking at the brethren and at me, he answered, 'Peace.'" This peace he attained, Stoic-fashion, by self-mastery. But, at the cost of a struggle. There were discordant elements in his character. He was by nature proud, bitter, almost acrid, in his hatreds, unconciliating, unforgiving. Listen to his expression of disdain for the cowardly and indolent:

"Speak not of them, but look and pass them by."¹⁷

From the traitor, Alberigo's, frozen lips in the depths of the cold crystal of Cocytus, he hears unmoved this plaintive prayer: "For pity, break the ice upon my face, that I may weep a little while, before my fount of tears freeze up again." Dante will not do the traitor even this facile favor, but answers with terrible severity:

"To be rude to him were courtesy."¹⁸

Now, look on another picture and see the fine sensibility of the man. When, in *Purgatorio* XIII., he meets the host of the Envious, who for punishment are blinded, he remarks:

"To me it seemed a want of courtesy
Unseen myself, in others' face to peer."¹⁹

These and other opposing tendencies of his character were finally harmonized by the help of Christian Stoicism. Once he had reached self-mastery all the divergent passions of his soul were reconciled in the one grand Stoic trait, Magnanimity:

¹⁷ *Inferno* III., 51.

¹⁸ *Inferno* XXXIII., 150.

¹⁹ *Purgatorio* XIII., 73, 74.

"Come after me and let the people talk;
Stand like a steadfast tower that never wags
Its summit for the blowing of the winds."²⁰

And again:

"To stand four cornered to the blows of fortune."²¹

The soul, confident in its own courage and strength, contemptuous of everything mean and petty, despised the faint-hearted and the cowardly. Of the spirits who, in the heavenly war, took part neither with God nor with Satan, he says in scathing phrase:

"These have, then, no hope of death."²²

This lofty, proud Stoic soul—"buttressed it is on conscience and impregnable will"—speaks to us through the solemn, stern deathmask. There, too, as in Giotto's fresco, there are not wanting traits of tenderness, refinement and a peculiar feminine softness of outline; but over all is the Stoic trait, Self-mastery. If the fresco in the Bargello is the portrait of the youthful Platonic lover, the deathmask is the true image of the mature Stoic philosopher.

Such, then, was Dante the philosopher. He has an acknowledged right to stand, as Raphael represents him, among the disputants in theology, a noble, austere figure, somehow alone, in spite of the distinguished company, somehow apart from them all—his head neither encircled with the halo of sainthood nor crowned with the tiara or the mitre of ecclesiastical dignity, but enwreathed with a simple garland of laurel—a poet among theologians. He has an equal right to a place in the companion picture, the school of philosophers. There, indeed, he should be at home, with Plato, whose idealization of love he imitated, with Aristotle whom he honored as "the master of those who know," with the Stoics whose severe dignity and noble self-mastery he admired. There, in that exalted company he might have occupied an honored place, a poet among the philosophers.

²⁰ *Purgatorio* V., 13-15.

²¹ *Paradiso* XVII., 24.

²² *Inferno* III., 46.

DANTE'S POLITICAL THEORIES.

BY J. J. ROLBIECKI.



THE political doctrines of Dante are largely speculative, hence independent of any particular political condition. Dante is more concerned about what ought to be than about what is. Still his politics cannot be entirely dissociated from the political condition of Europe in his age. We observe that during the lifetime of Dante the political power of both the Papacy and the Empire were waning. The political unity of the Middle Ages was breaking up into modern national states. Italy, although early in forming its language, was tardy in attaining its political unity. The Italy of Dante's time was hopelessly partitioned into numerous petty states and principalities practically independent of the Empire. These were the scene of perpetual discord and internecine warfare. Dante's own city of Florence was not an exception.

According to Dante, God is the universal Cause of all things—"Iddio è universalissima Cagione di tutte le cose."¹ The entire visible universe, hence also organized society, is formed according to the plan in the mind of the First Cause. The State is not absolute; it is bound by the laws of the Universal Cause. According to Dante, in order that there may be a State, there must be a number of men or a multitude. They must inhabit a definite territory which often is a natural boundary, as a mountain range. These men must constitute a unity, especially by having one supreme government, and there must be a distinction between the rulers and the ruled, or the governors and the governed. Dante is well aware of the organic nature of the State. He holds that as nature produces the thumb, the hand, the arm and, finally, the whole man for a definite function or end, so also God, through nature which is His art, brings into being the individual, the family, the village, the city, kingdom, and, finally, the entire human race, all with a special end or purpose in view.²

Dante himself does not enumerate the various character-

¹ *Convivio* III., 6.

² *De Monarchia* I., 3.

istics of the State, but we cull them from his writings, and thus show that his concept of the State is closely akin to that of modern writers on the State, except that Dante was principally concerned with an all-embracing Superstate, rather than with particular or national states. Hence, in making a study of the State, we are necessarily principally occupied with his idea of a universal State.

Dante attributes the origin of the State to the will of God. God created man and endowed him with the social nature he possesses; hence, the State results from the nature of man and ultimately from the will of God. Dante also bases the necessity of the State on the nature of man. Man needs the help of other men. Culture, civilization would be unknown without the State. The necessity of the disciplinary power of the State arises from the fact that man's nature is an impaired nature, corrupted by original sin. *De facto*, man is so unruly that he must often be forced to obey laws enacted for the benefit of the entire community.

Dante holds that the prime end or aim of the State is the temporal happiness of all its subjects. He says that man was born to be happy, and that the State should endeavor to make man happy during this life. The Church is supreme in matters spiritual, the direction of man to his eternal destiny. In order that men may be happy the State must maintain peace, one of the most important requisites for happiness. Moreover, the State should aim at the freedom of all its subjects. The State should guarantee the liberty of men. Another aim of the State is to maintain justice. Dante asserts that the world is best ordered when justice prevails therein.^a As cupidity is the worst enemy of justice, the State must control the greed and covetousness of men which leads them to violate justice. The State must protect the poor and the feeble against the rapacity and avarice of the rich and powerful.

Dante preferred monarchy, at least as the form of the universal government. Most political writers of his time show a marked preference for the monarchical form of government. It was the prevailing form in Dante's age, and he had little opportunity for studying any other forms except as exhibited in Italy. And there, the vicissitudes of his native city of Flor-

^a *Ibid.* I., 11.

ence inspired him with little confidence in the democratic form of government, and inclined him to desire a strong monarchical form which would abolish party strife and maintain peace. Dante holds that the human race is in the best condition of well-being when it is free, and that it is most free when it is under the Monarch, that is the head of the world monarchy or Superstate.

Dante divides all governments into two classes, *politiæ rectæ*, which we may call good governments and *politiæ obliquæ*, or bad or perverse governments. Good governments are those that promote impartially the liberty, welfare and happiness of all within the State. Governments are bad when they deviate from this proper aim and purpose and lend themselves to class or party or faction, and thus injure the general welfare of the State. Dante maintains that any government may deviate from right purpose, and that, therefore, there should be a supergovernment, or a universal monarchy, which would control, regulate and check all subordinate governments. The subjects of particular governments are very often unable to vindicate and uphold their rights, and might be reduced to slavery were there no superior power to curb bad governments and hold them in check.

Dante does not propose to abolish the various forms of government, whether they be democracies, aristocracies or monarchies, provided they acknowledge the supremacy of the world Monarch, the highest official of the Superstate. Dante admits that even monarchies may degenerate into tyrannies. There are many kings, he says, but few are good.⁴ One may state, concerning Dante's views on monarchy, that he upholds the principle of unity of government with one highest official at its head, whatever form of government that may be. He pushes the principle of unity of government to its ultimate logical conclusion when he advocates one supreme government for the whole world. Does Dante declare himself in favor of an hereditary monarchy? In answer to this question it must be stated that, in Dante's time, the office of the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire was elective and not hereditary. Dante seems quite indifferent whether the monarchs or rulers of various countries, be elective or hereditary,

⁴ *Paradiso* XIII., 108.

provided their government is a good government, that is functioning for the benefit of all the citizens of the State. He teaches that all governors or rulers are the servants of the people. The subjects of a government are not slaves, they are not to be exploited. The ruler or chief executive is an official whose bounden duty it is to provide for the welfare of the governed. Hence, Dante calls the head of his ideal Superstate, "the highest official."⁵

No government is absolute, that is unlimited in its legislative power. No government, not even the world Monarch, can enact any laws contrary to the natural law, or that law which flows from the very nature of man and of society. Dante states that human law (*ius humanum*) is the foundation of the Empire, and that, the imperial government dare not violate.⁶ Recognizing the differences between various nations and peoples, he recognizes that they must be ruled by different laws, hence there can be no fixed rules for the organization of particular States.

Not only have officials of the State duties and obligations, but the citizens also have their obligations and responsibilities. The criterion of a good subject is obedience to the laws of the land. Dante says: "We have the law according to which a citizen is said to be good or bad."⁷ A citizen should make sacrifices for the State and the defence of the State is one of his grave obligations.

Dante teaches that the origin of sovereignty is God. God is the fountainhead of all being, all good, all law, all power, all authority and sovereignty. Both the supreme spiritual authority of the Church and the supreme temporal authority of the State are derived directly from God. However, the Church derives its authority directly from God, by His own words, by His personal revelation. The authority of the Church does not result from the needs of human nature. The State also derives its power directly from God, in the sense that it does not receive its power through the Church or some other institution, but its power and necessity flow as the result of man's nature, and, therefore, it receives its power from God, the Author of nature and the natural law. Dante says that nature is the organ or the instrument of God.⁸ He maintains that what is received from nature,

⁵ *Convivio* IV., 4.

⁷ *De Vulgari Eloquentia* I., 16.

⁶ *De Monarchia* III., 10.

⁸ *De Monarchia* II., 2.

is received from God, but that the converse is not true.⁹ Hence, although the temporal power is derived from nature, it is derived from God, whereas, although, the spiritual power is derived from God, it is not derived from nature. Dante regards both the Church and the State as remedies against the infirmity of original sin.¹⁰ It is of importance to note that, according to Dante, the sovereignty of the State springs from nature and is based on human nature. Dante states explicitly that the ancient Roman State was ordained by nature.¹¹

The Roman State, however, or Roman sovereignty, was confirmed in especial manner by Divine Providence, as manifested by miracles performed in its favor. Hence, Dante asserts that the Roman Empire was divinely chosen. It is significant that when Dante speaks of the Roman conquest of the world he attributes it to the Roman people. This would indicate that he held that the sovereignty of the Roman State was the sovereignty of the Roman people, and that sovereignty is primarily located in the people, although it is exercised by the leaders of the people, that is, by their government. He teaches that there should be one ruler of a community who governs with the consent of the others.¹² To the objection that Roman power was not obtained by universal consent, but by force, Dante answers that the Roman Empire was extended in accordance with the decrees of Divine Providence, which, he says, is above all law, hence superior to the universal consent of the governed. Therefore, in the case of the Romans, universal consent was not necessary to make their authority to govern legitimate, for their authority or government was, so to speak, imposed by Divine Providence, otherwise, however, the universal consent of the governed would be necessary to render the extension of Roman dominion legitimate.

Dante writes that the Church has no direct temporal authority, for God did not grant the Church that authority, neither did men by universal consent, since not only Asia and Africa, but even most Europeans were opposed to the temporal power of the Church. This also tends to show that Dante holds that sovereignty is primarily located in the people themselves who have the natural right to determine who shall govern them, or exercise the sovereignty which remains in their possession.

⁹ *Ibid.* III., 14.¹⁰ *Ibid.* III., 4.¹¹ *Ibid.* II., 7.¹² *Ibid.* I., 5.

That Dante really taught that the sovereignty of the State remains with the people, although they cede its exercise to a governor or ruler, may be inferred from the following: "The authority of a prince does not belong to him, he only has its use, for no prince can confer authority on himself, he can receive authority and relinquish it, but he cannot create another prince, for the creation of princely authority does not depend on the prince."¹⁸ We believe the correct interpretation of this passage to be that only the ruler, or the governing power of the State, has the right to exercise sovereignty. The ruler does not give the governing power to himself, but receives it from the governed, *i. e.*, the people, who cannot exercise that power themselves, but must confer it on a governor or ruler. The government can only use that power for the benefit of all citizens, sovereignty remaining in the possession of the people. Dante proves that the State is entirely independent of the Church, and its head, the Pope, hence he shows that sovereignty is manifested externally by its independence of any external power.

Dante declares that the people are not bound to recognize the illegal exercise of any sovereign power, and that they are free from the yoke of usurpers. He even concedes to the people the right to overthrow a government which they have not acknowledged and to which they have not consented.

According to Dante, the sovereignty of the State is the sovereignty of the ruler, combined with that of the people, or the sovereignty of the government and of the governed. The people primarily possess sovereignty, but cannot exercise it, the ruler exercises it for the benefit of the citizens, but he does not possess it, and he cannot divide, alienate or destroy it.

In discussing the relation between the Church and the State, Dante was principally concerned with proving that the secular power is not derived from God through the Church or some minister or vicar of God. He holds that the secular power is not dependent for its origin and being on the authority of the Church. Dante takes up the various arguments advanced by mediæval publicists in favor of the supremacy in this field of the Church and replies to them.

After having stated that the temporal power is not derived mediately through the Pope, Dante asserts that, in a

¹⁸ *Ibid.* III., 7.

certain sense, the Emperor is subject to the Pope, since temporal happiness is in a way subordinated to eternal happiness: "Let Cæsar, therefore, revere Peter, in the same manner as a first-born son should revere his father; so that enlightened by paternal grace, he may more effectively irradiate the world over which he has been placed by Him alone, Who is ruler of all things spiritual and temporal."¹⁴ Dante insists on the independence of both Church and State, but he expects them mutually to support and assist each other.

In his attempt to establish the political superstructure of his world monarchy on a firm basis, Dante gives it an historical setting. He endeavors to show that the Holy Roman Empire of his day is the logical and historical sequence of the ancient Roman Empire. Such an assumption is, of course, unwarranted. Dante does not prove any such continuity, he simply assumes it.

The most important feature of Dante's political theory is his idea of a universal empire. In the first book of his *De Monarchia*, Dante sets out to prove that the universal empire is necessary for the peace and welfare of mankind. "Temporal monarchy, then, or, as it is called, the Empire, is the government of one prince above all men in time, or in those things and over those things which are measured by time."¹⁵ Dante means that there should be one supreme government over all men, no matter of what religion or nationality they may be, and that this supergovernment should continue as long as the world endures. Its authority is limited to temporal affairs; it is not concerned with the eternal destiny of man. The common temporal aim of man is human happiness. Dante argues, therefore, that when many are tending toward the same end, there should be one ruling or governing power directing the many towards that end. Lack of unity produces discord and rivalry—effective obstacles to its attainment. As the whole human race has a common earthly end or destiny, it should also have a common earthly government.

Dante writes¹⁶ that wherever there is a controversy, there must be a judge to decide the controversy. He says a controversy may arise between any two independent princes and, since neither is subject to the other, it is necessary to have recourse to a third whose jurisdiction extends over the two

¹⁴ *Ibid.* III. 16.

¹⁵ *Ibid.* I. 2.

¹⁶ *Ibid.* I., 10.

litigants. If this third be the universal Monarch, then we have precisely the official whose necessity we seek to establish. But if not, then the third party will again have an equal or some one entirely independent of his jurisdiction with whom he might dispute. Hence, a third party would be needed again, but if this third party should have an equal, it would be necessary to have recourse to one possessing still greater jurisdiction, and the process would be carried on indefinitely. This is manifestly impossible. Consequently, there must be one supreme judge whose decision would terminate all controversies, either directly or indirectly, and this will be the Monarch or Emperor. Therefore, a universal empire is necessary for the welfare of the world.

The condition of mankind is best, Dante states, when men are most free. But only under the rule of the universal Monarch is the human race most free, for only when there is a supreme Monarch, can bad governments be corrected and regulated, and the liberties of men safeguarded.

Furthermore, Dante holds that to be best which most faithfully reflects unity.¹⁷ The welfare of mankind depends on the unity of the wills of all individual men. But there can be no unity of wills unless there be one will, which is the master and regulator of all other wills. However, this cannot be unless there be a prince whose will regulates and unifies the wills of mankind. Therefore, it is best for humanity to submit to the government of the universal Monarch. The common political organization of mankind into one whole is the most perfect organization of the human race. The unity of the entire race in one universal empire, Dante regards as the highest form of political perfection which mankind may attain.

Having considered some of Dante's arguments in favor of a Superstate or universal monarchy, let us see now, and to what extent other States are to be subordinated to this colossal political structure. We read the following words of Dante regarding the relation of particular States to the Superstate: "But it must be carefully observed that when we say that mankind may be ruled by one supreme prince, we do not mean that the most trifling judgments for each particular town are to proceed immediately from him. For municipal

¹⁷ *Ibid.* I., 15.

laws sometimes fail, and need guidance, as the Philosopher shows in his fifth book to Nicomachus.¹⁸ Nations, kingdoms and States shall enjoy the right to frame special laws for their own special and peculiar needs. Only in those things that are common to all men, should men be ruled by one monarch. The individual princes must receive this rule of life or law from him."¹⁹ This passage is invaluable in explaining the relation of subordinate States to the Superstate or universal empire. Dante shows that the relation of the subordinate States to the universal empire is analogous to the relation of the tribes of Israel to the chief authority, Moses.

It must be noted, however, that this is but an analogy and cannot be stretched too far. Dante by no means wishes to do away with the differences that exist between various peoples and nationalities. Yet all these peoples have a human nature in common, hence have a common natural law, and what is immediately derived from it, the human law (*ius humanum*) which, Dante says, is the foundation of the empire. They have, above all, the same end or purpose: happiness on this earth, and, therefore, need a common supreme direction or guidance. It should be remembered that the principal object of Dante's Superstate, or its *raison d'être*, is the defence of the freedom of all the peoples in the world and the maintenance of peace among them.

The various languages, laws, customs and even governments of the various peoples may remain. The emperor is not to be directly concerned with these, provided they do not encroach on the freedom of men, and in no way endanger or disturb the peace of the world. The particular governments are to guide their subjects to happiness and welfare according to their different customs and laws. The super-government is to guide the entire human race according to those laws which all men have in common in spite of their differences, and thus maintain universal peace which is the prime requisite for the temporal welfare and happiness of all mankind.

It seems that Dante's idea of the relation of particular States to the universal monarchy is that the various peoples, living in various climes and having diverse languages, can be organized into their particular States with their local forms

¹⁸ Aristotle's *Ethics* V., 10.

¹⁹ *De Monarchia* I., 14.

of government, and at the same time enter into the political structure of the Superstate, without being reduced to mere provinces. These particular States, according to Dante's theory, would be true States possessing all the attributes of sovereignty except that of complete independence of any external power. Thus the Superstate would be composed of States having a limited sovereignty, and the inhabitants of the world would be citizens of the universal empire and at the same time citizens of their own national States. The status of such a citizen would, in a certain measure, be analogous to that of a citizen of our United States, who at the same time is a citizen of his own particular State, for instance, New York or California. Dante himself says that he is a citizen of the world, yet he maintains that he is a citizen of his beloved Florence and Tuscany. Dante argues in favor of a Superstate, but he does not intend to abolish national States, provided their governments rightly govern their subjects and acknowledge their subordination for the common interests and welfare of all mankind, to the Superstate or universal empire. Dante insists on unity, but he will not have dead uniformity.

One might urge that Dante's thought was that there really should be only one State, and not many subordinate States, forming a Superstate, since he says, on Aristotle's authority, that a multitude of princedoms is an evil, hence there should be but one Prince.²⁰ In answer to this, it can be stated that it is evident from numerous passages found in his works that Dante does not at all intend to abolish the various States, but for the sake of unity he insists on their subordination to the universal State. It is not a multitude of princedoms or States (*pluralitas principatum*), but a multitude of heads (*pluralitas capitum*), which to Dante is the source of innumerable evils for mankind. Hence, Dante bewails this deplorable condition, saying: "O mankind! how many storms, what great losses, and how many shipwrecks must distress thee, so long as thou, like a beast of many heads, strivest after diverse ends!"²¹

With this we conclude our brief survey of Dante's political theories. Dante considered mankind as one, with a common earthly aim or destiny, and requiring one supreme

²⁰ *Ibid.* I., 10.

²¹ *Ibid.* I., 16.

political government which would direct it in those things which it has in common towards its common end. It is important to note that Dante is an advocate of the sovereignty of the people, and that he regards emperors, kings, rulers or governors as officials, servants and representatives of the people. Dante longed for peace, he ardently desired it, he wished that mankind might be spared the horrors and misfortunes of war, and, therefore, he pleads in favor of a supreme government which could prevent war and assure to all mankind the blessings of a permanent peace. He cries out: "Oh, my unhappy, unhappy country! how my heart is wrung with pity for thee whenever I read, whenever I write, anything which may have reference to civil government."²² No doubt, today he would pity the world oppressed by the dire consequences of the Great War. He was truly a citizen of the world for he says: "*Nos autem cui mundus est patria, velut piscibus æquor.*"²³ The world was his fatherland, hence, he was deeply interested in the welfare of all men whom he regarded as his brothers. Dante's idea of a universal empire is one of the most sublime conceptions of the human mind, and he must be regarded as one of the master minds of humanity. He has been looked upon as a dreamer, and yet today, more than ever in the history of the world, is the necessity for some international coöperation, for some world league or union or association growing more and more apparent. Truly, the political organization of mankind will never be complete without something similar to Dante's ideal of a universal empire. Men of all races and all tongues, and all nationalities must recognize that Dante Alighieri was the friend and well-wisher of all mankind. His name will endure in the literature of the world as the greatest and noblest *Cantore della pace e della fratellanza universale*.

²² *Convivio* IV., 27.

²³ *De Vulgari Eloquentia* I., 6.

DANTE THE THEOLOGIAN.

BY HUMPHREY MOYNIHAN, D.D.



PILGRIMS to Rome pause before a fresco in the Vatican which in splendor of design and perfection of execution marks, they are told, an epoch in the development of the human mind. It is Raphael's crowning work, commonly called "The Disputa," but more correctly entitled "Theology." It represents Heaven and Earth united by the bond of the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Above, massed about the Blessed Trinity in exquisite array, are the denizens of the Court of Heaven—angels and cherubim in their hosts, patriarchs and prophets, saints, martyrs, and apostles. Below, in two great groups around an altar on which stands a monstrance, are the master builders of the Church. Among the Fathers of early days, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome are conspicuous; while among the Scholastics of later times, Peter the Lombard, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus are easily discerned. In the midst of popes and bishops and doctors stands a man who wears neither halo nor tiara, neither mitre nor scholar's gown, a man whose face was "the mournfulest ever painted from reality." There is no mistaking that countenance of austere grandeur, with the laurel-wreathed brows—it is Dante Alighieri. Many deem it strange that in a picture which is a summary of fifteen centuries of faith the greatest of painters should have placed a poet in the midst of the glorious company of theologians; but they think it strange only because they forget that theology is the very warp and woof of the poem "to which heaven and earth set their hand." It is to be deplored that among the countless commentators on Dante's works so few emphasize the fact that theology is the groundwork of the *Divina Commedia*, the real secret of its abiding power and grandeur, its true claim to the name it bears.

During the first centuries of its history the Church was fighting on the defensive. In its long conflict with pagan, Jew, and heretic it was expounding the faith, gradually defining its

doctrines more accurately, but making little or no attempt at formulating a complete and closely-knit system of theology. This task was reserved for days when Teuton and Norse, Saxon and Frank had been baptized, when the rise of universities had attracted the finest intellects of Europe to a few centres of thought, and when the coming of the "new knowledge," the philosophy of Aristotle, had rendered imperative the harmonizing of reason and revelation.

In Dante's boyhood Albertus Magnus was spending the closing years of his long life at Cologne, teaching and writing to the last, "reconstructing Aristotle for the use of the Latins." St. Bonaventure, too, was still bringing all problems of psychology and metaphysics into relation with God. In Dante's prime, Roger Bacon was stormily lecturing at Oxford, insisting that philosophy must not dominate theology, while Duns Scotus was busily criticizing many of the cherished views of Thomas Aquinas, denouncing, in particular, the union of metaphysics and the sacred science. Notable also among Dante's contemporaries were William of Ockham, bent on widening the cleft between philosophy and theology, and Raymond Lully, holding against Duns Scotus and Ockham that all truths of religion, even mysteries, are demonstrable by reason. It was the golden age of religious thought:

For in those dark and iron days of old
Arose amid the pigmies of their age
Minds of a massive and gigantic mould,
Whom we must measure as the Cretan Sage
Measured the pyramids of ages past,
By the far-reaching shadows that they cast.

Towering aloft among all the friar doctors of his day, Thomas Aquinas ruled the Schools, a man who, in the words of Leo XIII., "dwelt in the house of wisdom as prince in his kingdom." His greatest work, the *Summa Theologica*, the Sum of Theology, presents compactly and completely the teachings of the one visible organization divinely commissioned to guard the spiritual interests of mankind. It sets forth the most marvelous conception of God and the universe to be found in the whole range of Christian thought, fusing the highest speculative thought of the time with its profoundest spiritual convic-

tions, proclaiming that religion is reasonable and reason divine.

Dante, theologian among poets, and poet among theologians, arose to transmute into immortal verse the great chapters of the theology of the Church, and to bring within the reach of the common people everywhere the sublime speculations of all the great minds that had been pondering on Christianity before his day.

"Since the chief aim of theology," writes St. Thomas, "is to give the knowledge of God not only as He is in Himself, but also as He is the Beginning of all things and the End of all, especially of rational creatures, we shall treat, first, of God; secondly, of rational creatures in their advance towards God; thirdly, of Christ, Who, as Man, is the way by which we tend to God." Such is the simple, spacious plan of the work destined to influence the world of religious thought more profoundly than any other treatise in the vast range of the Church's literature. The entire teaching of Christianity is there, with a clearness of conception, and a precision of expression that continue to win the admiration of all who, age after age, ponder the ultimate realities of which the human mind never grows weary of thinking—God and nature and man.

Distinctive of Catholic theology, the sworn foe of Pantheism, is the doctrine of Creation. "The Lord hath made heaven and earth." "For Thou didst create all things and because of Thy will they are and were created." The Bible is, perhaps, the only book that affirms that God through His word and almighty will called the universe out of nothingness into existence. Dante, in his own majestic way, touches this truth, without which religion could not be:

The glory bright of Him Who moveth all
Doth penetrate the universe and shine
In one part more while less doth elsewhere fall.¹

The student of the *Summa Theologica* will recognize in the opening words of the *Paradiso* the familiar thought of Aquinas: "*Deus est primus motor omnium quæ naturaliter moventur.*" The poet takes the dry dictum of the theologian, and suffuses it with living beauty—Shelley offers this first stanza

¹ *Paradiso* I., 1-3.

of the *Paradiso* as a test of appreciation of great poetry. Not less distinctive of Christianity is the doctrine that God is love, and that love was the motive power that called all things into being. For this profound truth Dante finds fitting poetic expression:

“God’s goodness, which no kind of envy knows,
Glowing within itself and sparkling forth
Its everlasting beauties doth disclose.”²

Into new loves eternal Love unfolds—this, in a word, is Creation.

Of the order pervading the universe, the source of its unity and beauty, St. Thomas writes: “To take away order from created beings is to take away what is best in them; the individual things are good in themselves, yet all of them together are best because of the order of the universe, for the whole is always better than the parts and is, indeed, the end to which they tend.” As we read Dante discoursing on the order of the world, we seem to be listening to St. Thomas lecturing on the twofold order of created things, one regulating their relation to one another, the other, their relation to their Divine Source:

“A law of order reigns
Throughout Creation, and this law it is
Which like to God the universe maintains.
Herein do creatures see displayed
The trace of the eternal might; and this
The end for which such ordinance was made.
All natures to this heavenly law incline,
Approaching each, according to its kind,
Some more, some less, unto their source divine.”³

As the opening Canto of the *Paradiso* borrowed its splendor from St. Thomas’ exposition of the basic truth of religion, so does a later Canto (VII.) serve as a noble commentary on the central doctrine of Christianity, the Incarnation and Atonement. It deals with questions that commonly engaged the finest minds of the Schools in those times. Why were the Incarnation and the Passion the method chosen by God for

² *Paradiso* VII., 64-66.

³ *Paradiso* I., 103-111.

redemption? Could not God have pardoned mankind without them? Was it necessary that Christ should suffer for the redemption of the human race? Was any other mode of redemption possible? Was any other mode more fitting? St. Thomas presents the problem as follows: "By no necessity was Christ forced to suffer, either on the part of God, Who decreed that He should suffer, or of Christ Who voluntarily endured His Passion. His Omnipotence might have effected it in other ways. No satisfaction could be made by man for the sin by which the human race was corrupted. That sin, having been committed against God, had a certain infinite character, because of the infinity of the Divine Majesty; for the gravity of the offence is measured by the rank of the person outraged. Hence, suitable satisfaction for the first sin of man required that the act of the person rendering it should be of infinite value. It remains that God should redeem man—by mercy, or justice, or both. The redemption of man by the Incarnation was, at once, the supreme work of Divine Justice and of Divine Mercy." Dante takes the thought of the *Summa Theologica* and versifies it, adhering to the text of St. Thomas so closely that Poletto and other commentators point to the passage as an example of the exactness with which the poet reproduces the argument of the theologian:

"Fix now thine eyes the deep abyss within
Of the eternal counsels, with thy might,
Bent the full meaning of my words to win.
Man, in his limitations, ne'er aright
Could satisfy, since ne'er could he descend,
Obeying now, depths answering to the height,
Which he thought, disobeying, to ascend;
And this the reason is why man could ne'er,
Left to himself, make due and full amend.
So was it meet that God the task should bear,
And in His own ways man's whole life renew;
I say, or in the one, or in the pair.
But forasmuch as favor doth accrue
To work from worker, as it doth disclose
Of that heart whence it springs the goodness true,
Goodness Divine, whose seal the whole world shows,
To work Its will, by all and every way,
To raise you up again to true life, chose:
Nor 'twixt the last night and the primal day

Was ever process so sublime and high
Wrought or by this or that, or shall for aye;
For God was far more bounteous in supply,
Giving Himself that man himself might raise,
Than if He of Himself had put sin by.
And scant and poor had proved all other ways
For claims of justice, but that God's own Son,
Become incarnate, should Himself abase."⁴

A pithy Italian proverb, "*traddutore, traditore*," intimates that translation is always treason. So, assuredly, is it in the case of the language which Dante molded as he wrote, and it is only when we read his own words, those first beautiful accents of modern speech in which he expounded the Church's thought, that we fully realize how just is the saying of Professor Høffding: "It may be that poetry gives more perfect expression to the highest reality than any scientific concept can ever do."

Again, it is the common heritage of the reverent thought of all ages that God is the Goal to which human aspirations tend, and in which human desires find rest. All things return whence they come—"All the water of the Earth is the water of the sea"—and so to God man returns, drawn back by his love of truth and the yearning of his whole being for happiness. "Nothing," says St. Thomas, "can set the will of man to rest but universal good, which is not found in anything created, but in God alone. Hence, God alone can satisfy the heart of man." This truth is set forth by Dante in almost the words of his Master: "The loftiest desire of each thing, and the earliest implanted by nature, is the desire of returning to its first cause. And since God is the first cause of our souls, and has created them like unto Himself (as it is written 'Let us make man in our own image and likeness'), the soul desires most of all to return to Him. And just as a pilgrim who travels by a road on which he never went before, thinks that every house which he sees from afar is an inn, and, on finding that it is not, fixes his trust on some other, and so from house to house until he comes to the inn; so our soul, as soon as ever she enters on this new and hitherto untrodden path of life, bends her gaze on the highest good as the goal, and, therefore, believes that everything she sees which appears to contain

⁴ *Paradiso* VII., 94-120.

some good in itself is that highest good." The vision of God, the Highest Good, comes as the crowning of the great pilgrimage. In a canto which that veteran Dantist, Dr. Moore of Oxford, pronounced one of the most astonishing achievements of poetic genius and religious fervor to be found in all literature, Dante describes how, in a moment of ecstatic intuition, he caught, as in a lightning flash, a glimpse of the Blessed Vision in which all things are, at last, understood, and in which alone the happiness of man is perfectly realized:

"In its abysmal depths mine eye did learn,
Bound in one volume with the Love divine,
The law on which the universe doth turn:
Substance and accident and modes combine,
All blent together in such order due,
That what I tell as simple light doth shine.

Before that light one grows to such content
That to turn back from it to aught beside
The soul can never possibly consent."⁵

And it is not alone the broad, basic themes of his religion that quicken Dante's genius. All the chief doctrines of the Church are in his writings, now crisply limned in a few vivid words, now amplified and elaborated in a poetic dissertation of theological scholarship. "It is, perhaps, a bold assertion," writes Dean Milman, "but what is there on those transcendent subjects in the vast theology of Aquinas of which the essence is not in the *Paradiso* of Dante?" The fate of those who never knew Christ, the power of miracles to prove, the obscure decrees of Predestination, the laws of vows and dispensations, the hierarchies of the ministering spirits of God, are all there, and many more, all in the vesture of beauty with which Dante decked everything to which he put his hand. The exposition of faith, hope, and charity, which, as a prelude to the Beatific Vision, was elicited by SS. Peter, James, and John, constitutes a typical theological treatise, reminiscent of the stern ordeal for the Doctor's degree in Paris, or Oxford, or Bologna. The doctrine of a Middle State, so specifically Catholic, runs through every stanza of the *Purgatorio*, a doctrine with which are bound up the efficiency of good works, prayers for the dead, Indulgences, and the Communion of Saints.

⁵ *Paradiso* XXXIII., 85-90, 100-102.

Sometimes a truth is presented in a most engaging manner pictorially. The Angel who guards the gate to Purgatory is seated on the threshold to which three steps lead up. Of these the first is of white marble, so polished and smooth that in it a man beholds himself as he is. The second is darker than purple black, rugged and calcined, rent in all its length and breadth. The third is of porphyry, flaming as blood that spurts from a vein. The symbolism is not far to seek. The first step to penance is candid confession, mirroring the soul as it is; the second is contrition, breaking the hard heart; the third is love all aflame, finding expression in satisfaction. Gateway and steps are a figure of the Sacrament of Penance.

Then prostrate at the holy feet I lay:
 Mercy I begged, and opening of the gate,
 And thrice I smote my breast in contrite way.

Ashes or earth dug out, left dry and bare,
 Would of one color with his garments be,
 And from beneath them he two keys did bear.
 Of silver one, of gold the other key;
 First he the white, and then the yellow plied
 Upon the door, and thus he gladdened me.⁶

The key of gold is the key of authority, denoting the power of absolution; the key of silver is the key of science, denoting the knowledge which discerns the true penitent. Could there be a more exquisite picturing of the priest as he exercises his forgiving power in the Tribunal of Mercy that Christ established in a sinful world?

The place accorded to the Blessed Virgin in the *Divina Commedia* reveals the twofold strain of theology and mysticism running through Dante's life and works. Of his own devotion to the Mother of the Lord, the poet does not leave us in doubt. Her name is often on his lips:

The name of that fair Flower
 Whose bounteous grace at morn and eve I ask.⁷

As the pilgrims to Eternity toil up the weary mountain, riding themselves of the scars of sin,⁸ they are confronted on

⁶ *Purgatorio* IX., 109-111, 115-120. ⁷ *Paradise* XXIII., 85, 89. ⁸ *Purgatorio* XI., 30.

every terrace with examples of the good they rejected and also of the evil they embraced. It is the Blessed Virgin whose virtues are first proposed for their contemplation on the successive cornices; from her life each pattern instance of holiness is drawn. The devotion of long generations of Catholic piety is gathered up in the names by which she is hailed: "Queen of Glory," "living fountain—head of hope," "rose in which the Word Divine became incarnate," "Spouse of the Holy Spirit," "lovely garden that 'neath the rays of Christ blooms fair to see." She it was who "turned the Key that high love open laid;" hers "the face that most resembles Christ's." Those who seek refuge under the mantle of her protection never appeal in vain for help. Wonderful is that scene in the Starry Heaven, where Gabriel sings in honor of the Virgin Mother:

What melody soe'er doth sweetest sound
On earth, and draws the soul in rapt desire,
Would be like broken clouds that thunder 'round,
Compared with that sweet music from the lyre
That o'er that sapphire bright was then entwined,
Which doth the heaven most lustrous ensapphire.⁹

And all of Christ's triumphant hosts "sang *Regina Cœli* with a tone so sweet, its joy fades not from memory."¹⁰ Still more wonderful is that lyric prayer of the closing canto, almost worthy to take its place by the side of *Regina Cœli*, and, like it, to be incorporated into the liturgy of the Church.¹¹ As we come upon such passages, the outpouring of Dante's devotion to the Blessed Virgin, we recall Cardinal Manning's words: "The poem united the book of Dogma and the book of Devotion, and is, itself, both Dogma and Devotion clothed in conceptions of intensity and beauty which have never been surpassed."

To those who do not bring to the study of the *Divina Commedia* the Catholic mind and heart, many passages are what they were to Carlyle—inarticulate music. Those alone whose minds are steeped in Catholic theology attain the full meaning of the poem and savor all its sweetness and power. Dr. Wicksteed, in an illuminating passage, makes this clear: "When used in the true spirit the works of Aquinas often

⁹ *Paradiso* XXIII., 97-102.

¹⁰ *Paradiso* XXIII., 128, 129.

¹¹ *Paradiso* XXXIII., 1, 2, 16-21.

thrust unsuspected light even on minute details in the *Comedy*, and indefinitely enrich and deepen the color of passages already full of meaning and beauty, supplying us with the presuppositions necessary to a full comprehension of passing hints, or endowing us with the sense by which we feel the natural requirements of some given situation." Dante is a poet for all the world: he is preëminently the poet of priests.

It seems ludicrous, then, that Dante, of all men, should be accused of heresy. Such, however, is the case, and various facts seemed to lend color to the charge. Did not Dante place among the Elect in heaven, Joachim, the famous Calabrian Abbot, one of whose doctrines fell under the ban of the Lateran Council? Did he not confer similar honors on Siger of Brabant, who drew the fire of St. Thomas, and whose book, *Impossibilia*, reeked with heresy? Did not a Legate of Pope John XXII., cause his treatise, *On Monarchy*, to be publicly burned? Was not Dante persistently claimed by Protestants as a "reformer before the Reformation?" Ugo Foscolo tried to establish that Dante was not only a prophet of the Reformation, but even deemed himself sent by heaven to inaugurate the movement; and Gabriel Rossetti strove to read into Dante's works a secret conspiracy against the Church. Most daring of all, Ernest Aroux labored to prove that Dante was a heretic, a Socialist in disguise, an infidel, a pantheist. These statements were taken quite seriously in days gone by, and called forth indignant repudiations from many quarters. Even Cardinal Bellarmine thought it necessary to come to the defence of Dante's orthodoxy; and the illustrious historian, Cesare Cantu, dignified Aroux' attack by an open letter of rebuttal. The charge of heresy is now no longer mentioned, or mentioned only to illustrate the vagaries of bigotry, or simply to accentuate Dante's intense loyalty to his faith. It will be noted that it was his attitude towards the Church and the Pope that was called in question, and yet, his allegiance to both is again and again proclaimed beyond possibility of cavil. The Church is "the Spouse and Secretary of Christ," "the Bride of Him Who with loud cries espoused her with His blessed blood," "the infallible mistress who can speak no lie, and in whose footsteps we must walk." His veneration for the Roman Pontiffs is equally outspoken. The Pope is "the vicar of Christ," "Bishop of the Church Universal," "gatekeeper of

the heavens," "prefect of the Court of God," "guide to Eternal Life." The Pope is the "Shepherd of the Church," the guide of souls:

"Ye have the Scriptures Old and New in mind,
The Pastor of the Church to be your guide;
Enough for your salvation there you'll find.
If evil lust aught else to you hath cried
Be ye as men, and not like silly beasts,
Lest e'en the Jews among you you deride."¹²

As we think of the blazing tombs to which Dante consigned heretics and of his passionate denunciation of those "who speak against our faith," we have one more illustration of the incurable blindness that bigotry brings upon its victims.

What then is to be said of the scanty regard which Dante meted out to some of the Popes? The recent Encyclical of the Holy Father on Dante's Sixth Centenary takes cognizance of this charge: "He attacked the Sovereign Pontiffs of his time bitterly and contumeliously." The Encyclical also furnishes the reply. The Popes assailed by Dante were Popes whom he regarded as his political enemies, belonging to the party whom he held responsible for his perpetual exile from his beloved Florence. Against no one does he inveigh with so much acridity as against Boniface VIII., whom he hated with peculiar virulence. And yet, when the minions of Sciarra Colonna broke into the Pope's palace at Anagni, and heaped indignities on the aged Pontiff, it was Dante who likened the venerable victim of the outrage to Christ in His Passion, and invoked the vengeance of Heaven on the sacrilege:

"I in Alagna see the fleur-de-lys,
Christ, in His Vicar, captive to the foe.
Him once again as mocked and scorned I see,
I see once more the vinegar and gall,
And slain between new robbers hangeth he."

"When, O my Lord, shall I be satisfied,
With looking on the secret vengeance stored,
Which Thou, Thy wrath assuaging, still dost hide?"¹³

The deep dislike which Dante had for Boniface did not pre-

¹² *Paradiso* V., 76-81.

¹³ *Purgatorio* XX., 86-90, 94-96.

vent him from beholding in him the Vicar of Christ, and from crying out with all the energy of his soul against the desecration done to his person.

As to the rest, it must be borne in mind that the thirteenth century, with all its glories, was not without its abuses—abuses which men of discerning spirit will ascribe to the manners of the times rather than to the Church. It was inevitable that Dante, with his burning sense of righteousness, flaying friend and foe alike with unsparing hand, should be sometimes hurried by his vehemence beyond the bounds of just reprehension.

Six hundred years have lapsed since Dante lay down in the mantle and cowl of a Franciscan Tertiary to die. Far different is the world that reads his poem today from that in which he wrote and wandered. Columbus, Copernicus, Newton have changed the very conception of the universe that formed the framework of the *Divine Commedia*; and Descartes, Locke and Kant have wrought changes still more momentous in men's modes of thinking. The Renaissance and the Reformation, alien to the thought and spirit of the Florentine, the shallow philosophy of the eighteenth century, the shallow science of the nineteenth—many forces have been at work disrupting the unity of Europe as Dante knew it. This is Europe's greatest calamity. Were the poet to come back to earth, he would find the peoples following shifting banners, like the multitudes borne hither and thither on the blasts of his *Inferno*. The world is torn by conflicting systems of thought: Materialism, Pantheism, Agnosticism, Idealism, Skepticism, jostle one another on the field of speculation, agreeing in naught save in the rejection of the Supernatural. Naturalism saturates and contaminates the air we breathe, and in that atmosphere religion and all the lovely things of life that draw their vital nourishment from religion languish and decay.

And yet never was Dante's supremacy in literature so solidly assured; never was his influence so deeply and widely felt in the world at large. The voice of Dante was the voice of the Middle Ages, and yet it is heard to the uttermost bounds of the earth. His poem was the synthesis of the Middle Ages, and yet it stands matchless and unapproachable in literature. How is this apparent anomaly to be explained?

The supreme need of the world today, and in all days—today, perhaps, more than ever before—is faith in the Supernatural. This, and this alone, can save humanity from itself. A world of failing faith turns all the massive achievements of the mind of man to the work of destroying civilization itself. For that faith the world is yearning with a longing of which, it may be, it is only dimly conscious. It is because Dante, six centuries ago, took that faith, and set it to the music of his lyre, and sent its sweet strains breathing through the world, that he is hailed, by the greatest of his craft in our times,

King that hast reigned six hundred years and grown
In power and ever growest.

Religion, the perennial need of the human spirit through the changes and chances of time, was the inspiration of Dante's hundred cantos. There is no enduring literature that does not in some form or other embody religion, and the *Divina Commedia*, with its pilgrimage of a human soul from the wood so wild and rude and stern to the Love that moves the sun and every star, is the loveliest and loftiest literary expression of it molded by the lips of man. Much else, indeed, there is in the *Divina Commedia*—beauty of language, "now singing as the stormy sea, now soft as the evening breeze," the power to make one word do duty for a hundred, imagery unsurpassed for its pictorial power, intensity of feeling, infinite pathos, the enigma of a haunting personality, the onward steady march of righteousness to its inevitable triumph; but, overshadowing all these is the glory shed upon the poem by the faith in the Supernatural with which it is aglow. Beatrice, who guided Dante through the unseen realms, was the symbol of Theology. It is Theology that makes the *Divina Commedia* the truly great poem, "a fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight."

DANTE AND THE FRANCISCANS.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.



WHEN Dante died, he was buried in the Lady Chapel of the Franciscan Church in Ravenna. It was meet that after death his body should remain in the care of the city which had solaced with reverent devotion the last bitter years of his exile; and fitting, too, that he should be buried amongst the brethren of the Saint whose ideals so largely entered into the poet's own vision of a new earth reconstructed in the spirit of Christ.

The fact that Dante was buried in the Franciscan Church is no proof that he was in any way affiliated to the Franciscan Order, for by the beginning of the fourteenth century it had become the fashion for people of note to seek burial in the churches of the Friars. But a persistent tradition, which cannot lightly be put aside, asserts a close relationship between the poet and the Franciscans. In its earliest form the tradition tells us that Dante in his youth took the habit of the Friars Minor, but left the Order before the time came for taking the vows. The earliest witness to this tradition is the fourteenth century commentator, Francesco da Buti; and he thus explains Danti's declaration in the episode in the *Inferno*, when he gives Virgil the cord to cast into the abyss:

I had a cord around me girt, with which
At one time I had thought to overcome
The leopard with the painted skin.¹

The cord, according to da Buti, is the Franciscan cord which Dante had worn as a Franciscan novice: it is the symbol of chastity as "the leopard with the painted skin" is, in mediæval language, the symbol of incontinency. Yet it is to be noted that Virgil uses this cord to summon the Geryon, the personification of Fraud, the antitype of the Lady Poverty of St. Francis' love.

Elsewhere Dante speaks of "the high virtue"—virginal chastity—which had thrilled him in his early youth.² But

¹ *Inferno* XVI., 106-108.

² *Purgatorio* XXX., 40-42.

whether da Buti's assertion that Dante was at one time a novice in the Franciscan Order was merely a deduction from these and similar passages in the *Divina Commedia*, or an explanation given in the light of certain knowledge, it is impossible to say. Still it must be remembered that da Buti was born only three years after Dante's death, and may well have been acquainted with those who knew Dante in life.

Not until the sixteenth century do we come upon the further statement that late in life, whilst he was at Ravenna, Dante became a Franciscan Tertiary. Our authority for this assertion is the Franciscan chronicler, Mariano of Florence, who, in his Chronicle of the Third Order, writes: "The poet, Dante, whilst dwelling in the city of Ravenna and giving his mind to the spiritual life, took the habit of the third order and at the end, when dying, took the habit of the Friar's Minor and was buried in the convent of St. Francis."³ Mariano died in 1523. He was a painstaking compiler of the traditions of his Order and country. It has been said that "it is difficult to harmonize Fra Mariano's statement that he (Dante) was buried in the Franciscan habit, with that of the poet's contemporary, Giovanni Villani, that he was buried "in the garb of a poet and a great philosopher:"⁴ and the difficulty may perhaps be held to throw doubt upon the whole statement of Fra Mariano. But even admitting the accuracy of Villani—and he is not always accurate—it should be noticed that the Franciscan chronicler says no more than that Dante was clothed in the habit of the Friars Minor as he lay dying. To die clothed in the habit of one of the Mendicant Orders, was a privilege frequently asked for in the fourteenth century.

The evidence, however, that Dante was a Franciscan Tertiary, resting as it does on the authority of a chronicler who wrote two hundred years after the poet's death,⁵ is too slight

³ This chronicle is preserved in the Biblioteca Nazionale of Florence. I quote from Franco D'Adige: *Dante Alighieri fu del Terz'Ordine Franciscano?* (Milan, 1919.) A similar statement is quoted by Fra Antonio Tognocchi in 1580, from another chronicle of Mariano, now lost: *De Origine, nobilitate et excellentia Tusciae*.

⁴ Edmund Gardner, *Dante and the Mystics*, p. 201.

⁵ I am not unaware of the supposed portrait of Dante in the allegory of Chastity over the tomb of St. Francis of Assisi. Were the figure of the Tertiary in the allegory an undoubted portrait of the poet, and were the fresco painted by Giotto as was formerly assumed, the question discussed in the text would have but one answer. But it is very doubtful whether the allegories are Giotto's work; and the resemblance between the Tertiary figure in the allegory and the authentic portraits of Dante is open to question.

to warrant the certainty assumed by many Franciscan writers; though, on the other hand, it would be foolish to ignore the strong tradition which Mariano probably voiced in his chronicles.

There can, however, be no question as to the spell which St. Francis and the Franciscan legend cast over the mind of the singer of the *Divina Commedia*.

It has been said that without Francis there would have been no Dante; but as Mr. Gardner remarks: "It is safer to say that, without Francis, we should have had a different Dante."⁶ For Dante expresses in masterly fashion the universal idealism of the Middle Ages in its various forms: he is the sovereign poet of the Middle Ages, not of the Franciscan movement. Yet because that movement so greatly influenced the world which Dante knew, and was itself a supreme expression of the mediæval soul in its religious aspiration, the poet felt its fascination and was caught up into its spirit.

To Dante, as to many others before him, Francis and Dominic were the twin heaven-sent leaders, raised up by God to purify the mediæval Church of its evils and corruptions and to show the way towards its spiritual renovation: and it is in this light that Dante sees them in his own passionate longing for a Christendom true to its own principles.

Thus it is that he introduces the panegyric of the two Saints:

"The Providence which governeth the world, . . .
That she, the spouse of Him Who with loud cries
Espoused her to Himself with blessed blood,
Might forward go towards her Well-Belov'd—
Secure within herself and faithfuller to Him—
Two Princes did ordain on her behalf,
Who on this side and that should be for guides,
The one was all seraphic in his ardor,
The other by his wisdom on the earth
Became a splendor of cherubic light."⁷

In the seraphic love of Francis, spurning all earthly gains for Christ's dear sake, and in the intelligent knowledge of the Truth which Dominic sought to spread, Dante saw the two supreme remedies for the evils under which the mediæval Church seemed tottering, to the ruin of the souls she was

⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 185.

⁷ *Paradiso* XI., 23-39.

meant to save. Dante's own thought was steeped in the "cherubic light" he looked for in the sons of St. Dominic: yet it is to be noted that in the praises of this Saint which he puts upon the lips of St. Bonaventura, the poet emphasizes the unworldliness, akin to that of St. Francis, in which the Founder of the Dominican Order set out to teach the world.

Not for the fortune of the next vacancy,
Not for the tithes belonging to God's poor,
He made demand; but for leave he sought
To fight against an erring world.⁸

It is in the unworldliness of the two Saints, as contrasted with the worldliness he sees ruling in the Church of his time, that Dante finds the common bond which makes "their glory shine in union."⁹ But whereas this unworldliness in Dominic issues in the ideal apostle of the Truth, in Francis it gives the world the ideal lover of the poverty and cross of Christ.

Dante's knowledge of St. Francis and his ideal had evidently been gained by an intimate study of the available documents bearing upon Franciscan history. For the story of St. Francis, his main source is the *Legenda* written by St. Bonaventura: yet he evidently was acquainted with other sources, particularly with the writings of the "Spirituals," the party in the Franciscan Order which advocated a stricter adherence to the "primitive observance," and amongst whom the early traditions of the Order were passionately cherished.

The prologue of his panegyric on St. Francis in the *Paradiso*, is reminiscent of one of the most beautiful praises of the Lady Poverty, by St. Francis, recorded in the *Actus S. Francisci* as spoken by the Saint himself. The Saint addresses Brother Masseo: "My dearest and most beloved brother, the measure of beatific poverty is so honorable and divine that we are not worthy to possess it in our vile vessels; *since poverty is that heavenly virtue by which all earthly and transitory things are trodden under foot; through which all hindrances are taken from our midst that the human mind may be conjoined to the Lord, the Eternal God. This it is which makes the soul placed here on earth to hold converse with the angels in heaven.*"¹⁰

In contrast to the lover of poverty soaring to converse

⁸ *Paradiso* XII., 93-96. ⁹ *Ibid.*, 36. ¹⁰ *Actus*, cap. XIII. (ed. Sabatier, p. 48.)

with the angels, Dante sees the earth-drawn multitude around him, and cries out:

Insensate care of mortals! Oh, how false
The arguments which make thee downward beat
Thy wings! One followed after law, and one
Was bent upon the Aphorisms; one
Followed the priesthood; yet another sought
By violence or sophistry to rule:
And one sought plunder; one, affairs of State;
One tangled in the pleasures of the flesh
Lay moiling: one to ease abandoned him:

The whilst, from all these made free, was I
With Beatrice in the high heaven above,
And there thus gloriously received.¹¹

In like manner, Dante in his praise of St. Francis, constantly echoes the thought and frequently the very words of the Franciscan Legends. Thus, in his comparison of Francis to the sun rising in the East, there is an echo of St. Bonaventura's description of Francis "as the morning star (who) by his dazzling radiance led into the light them that sat in darkness."¹² The verses already quoted, in which Francis and Dominic are described, the one as seraphic in his ardor, the other as a splendor of cherubic light, do but reproduce the thought and words of a passage in the *Arbor vitæ Crucifixæ* of the "Spiritual" Franciscan, Ubertino da Casale: whilst probably from the same writer Dante derived his fine conception of the mystic marriage of Francis and the Lady Poverty:

"Not yet was he far distant from his rising
When he began to make the earth to feel
From his great power a certain strengthening;
A youth, he rode in war against his father,
For a lady's sake, to whom as unto death
No man unbars his gate for his own pleasure.
And straightway in his bishop's court
Et coram patre, was united to her
And then from day to day loved her more strongly.
She, reft of her first husband,¹³ scorned, obscure,
A thousand and a hundred years and more,
Until he¹⁴ came, remained as yet unwooed

¹¹ *Paradiso* XI., 1-12. ¹² *Leg. S. Bonaventura, Prologus.*

¹³ *I. e., Christ.*

¹⁴ *I. e., Francis.*

And nought availed her the report that she
 With Amyclas was found unterrified
 At the voice of him who struck the world with terror;
 And nought availed to be so constant, bold,
 That, e'en when Mary yet remained below,
 Together she with Christ did mount His cross.
 But lest I should proceed too covertly,
 Forthwith in open speech these lovers take
 For Francis and for Poverty."¹⁵

The wooing of the Lady Poverty by St. Francis is the subject of the earliest Franciscan allegory known as *Sacrum Commercium Sancti Francisci cum Domina Paupertate*; but Dante's fine conception of Poverty mounting the cross with Christ whilst even Our Lady must stand at the foot, is undoubtedly taken directly from the prayer which Ubertino da Casale puts on the lips of St. Francis; in which occurs this passage:

Even Thy own Mother (who alone did faithfully honor Thee and with grievous sorrow share Thy Passion) even she, I say, could not by reason of the height of the Cross, reach up unto Thee, but the Lady Poverty in all her Penury, like a most dear Servitor, did there hold Thee in an even closer embrace and join herself more and more nearly to Thy sufferings. For the which reason she did not wait to smooth Thy Cross, nor to give it even the rudest preparation, nor, it is thought did she even make sufficient nails for Thy wounds, nor sharpen or polish them, but furnished three only, all rough and jagged and blunted, to support Thee in Thy martyrdom . . . and in the close embrace of this Thy Spouse, Thou didst yield up the Ghost.¹⁶

It is, too, from the *Sacrum Commercium* that Dante derives the idea of the inward spirit of the Lady Poverty embraced by St. Francis and his early companions—the joyousness and cheerfulness which lie in the heart of the voluntary poor:

“Their harmony and joyous countenances
 Their love and wonder and their tender looks
 Became (to others) cause of holy thoughts.”¹⁷

¹⁵ *Paradiso* XI., 55-75.

¹⁶ *Vide* Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's translation of the *Sacrum Commercium*, entitled *The Lady Poverty* (London, 1901). Appendix I., pp. 187, 188. *Cf. Ibid.*, Chapter vi., pp. 37, 38.

¹⁷ *Paradiso* XI., 76-78.

Other evidences of Dante's intimate acquaintance with Franciscan documents suggest themselves; as the incident in the *Inferno*, where "one of the black cherubim" convicts, Guido da Montefeltro, in words reminiscent of a passage in St. Francis' letter *To All the Faithful*.¹⁸

Apart from verbal quotations, Dante's treatment of the sin of Avarice in the fifth terrace of Purgatory, is imbued with the teaching of St. Francis. As Mr. Edmund Gardner has remarked: "It is in accordance with the spirit of St. Francis that Dante makes liberality altogether subordinate to voluntary poverty as the virtue contrary to avarice."¹⁹ The poet quotes two examples of voluntary poverty, the Blessed Virgin and Fabricius, to one of liberality, St. Nicholas of Bari. But further reminiscent of the Franciscan message, are the salutations of "Peace" which pass between Statius and Virgil; and the ushering in of this meeting with the angelic outburst: "Glory to God in the highest."²⁰ St. Francis' devotion to the poverty of Bethlehem was intimately connected with his devotion to the Prince of Peace; and he conceived it as the special apostolate of his brethren to preach to the world of the Peace and Concord which Christ came to bring to men. Avarice, to the mind of the Seraphic Saint, was the mother of the discords and hates which made the Italy of his time a battleground, and stirred her sons to an unholy restlessness; whilst in the poverty which conquers greed and in the "free-giving" or liberality which goes with evangelical poverty, he saw the beginning of the reign of peace—God's Christmas gift offered to men.

The glowing devotion with which Dante sings the praise of St. Francis, shows itself, too, in his brief reference to St. Clare. The six lines of praise which the poet puts on the lips of Piccarda in the sphere of the moon, are perhaps the most complete summing up of the Saint's life and work:

"Perfected life and high desert enheaventh
A lady more aloft by whose (pure) rule
Upon your earth are they who clothe themselves
And wear the veil, that to their dying, they
May watch and sleep with the Bridegroom Who accepts
All vows which to His pleasure love conforms."²¹

¹⁸ *Inferno* XXVII., pp. 112-123.

¹⁹ *Purgatorio* XX. and XXI.

²⁰ *Dante and the Mystics*, p. 205.

²¹ *Paradiso* III., 97-102.

As we have said, Dante saw in St. Francis one of the two great leaders raised up by God to purify the Church and restore to it the beauty of the first Christian days. In the voluntary poverty of St. Francis, transfused with the ardor of love, the poet recognized the potent remedy for the evils of avarice and godless ambition, which to his mind were bringing disaster upon the Christian world: and to the Order founded by the Saint he looked for a continuation of his mission.

But, unhappily, Dante lived at a time when both the great Mendicant Orders had fallen from their first fervor, and were no longer guiding the chariot of the Church in the simplicity and unworldliness of their founders' ideals. This falling away is the subject of two laments voiced respectively by St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura. St. Thomas, who had sung the praises of St. Francis, laments the decadence of the Dominicans; St. Bonaventura, who tells the praises of St. Dominic, laments the decadence of the Franciscans.²²

In making the two saints—the intellectual lights of their two orders—thus utter the praise of the two founders and castigate the unworthy followers, Dante may have been inspired by the custom according to which the Franciscans and Dominicans exchanged pulpits on their founders' feast days: or he may have meant to rebuke the unedifying rivalries, which at the time existed between the two Orders.

In his lament over the decline of the Franciscans, Dante shows himself well acquainted with the conflicting parties and ideals which for sometime past had divided the Order into opposing camps and had sapped its spiritual energy. These were the *Fratres de Convento*, who had all accepted certain relaxations of the original Rule of the Order, particularly as regards Poverty: and not a few of them had abandoned the primitive rule of corporate poverty, except in name. And there were the "Spirituals"—those who held to the primitive observance and who mostly were found in small houses and hermitages. Amongst these, too, there was an extreme party who in their zeal for the letter of the Rule lost "the sweet reasonableness," which was a characteristic trait of St. Francis, and these developed a highly controversial spirit. Of this extreme wing of the Spirituals, was Ubertino da Casale, the

²² *Paradiso* XI., XII.

author of the *Arbor Vitæ Crucifixæ Jesu*. Ubertino had at first adhered to the party of the relaxed friars, but coming under the influence of the Blessed Angelo of Foligno, the Franciscan-tertiary mystic, he joined himself to the Spirituals and was sent by his superiors to the retreat on Mount Alverna, the holy mountain of the Franciscans. There he wrote his famous book—at once a protest against the policy of the relaxed friars and a clarion-call to his own party. The book is valuable to the student of Franciscan history, because Ubertino drew largely from the early Franciscan documents—the ancient biographies of St. Francis and the writings of the Saint's companions. At the time that Ubertino wrote, these early documents were already scarce owing to the ban placed upon them by the authorities in the Order because of the use made of them by the Spiritual party. Under the stress of controversy, Ubertino veered more and more towards the extreme wing of the Spirituals. In 1317 he left the Order: the attitude of Pope John XXII. on the question of Poverty had entirely discouraged him; and in 1325, four years after Dante's death, he attached himself to Louis of Bavaria in his conflict with the Pope.

With this explanation in mind, we may now turn to Dante's lament over the decline of the Franciscans, which he puts on the lips of St. Bonaventura, at the conclusion of the panegyric on St. Dominic:

"If such one wheel was of the chariot"²³

In which the holy Church defended her

And won in open field her earthly strife

Clearly enough it should appear to thee,

The other's excellence which Thomas told

So courteously ere my coming.

But now the track hath been abandoned, which

Was made by the circumference of the wheel,

So that there's mould where erstwhile was firm ground.

His family which (formerly) marched straight,

Their feet upon his footprints, so turned round

That toe now striketh 'gainst the heel's imprint;

And now will soon be seen the harvesting

Of this ill-culture when the tares will wail

²³ The figure of the Church militant as a chariot with the Dominican and Franciscan Orders as the two wheels, is adapted by Dante from a Dominican legend. Cf. E. G. Gardner, *op. cit.*, p. 227.

Because the barn is ta'en away from them²⁴
 I grant that who would search our volume through,
 Taking it leaf by leaf, might find a page
 Where he might read: *I am as I was wont*;
 Yet not from Acquasparta²⁵ nor Casale, whence
 Come such as read our Rule, that shirketh one
 Whilst yet the other it would tighter draw."²⁶

From his rejection of Acquasparta and Ubertino da Casale as also from his subsequent praise of St. Bonaventura, it is evident that Dante regarded the "Seraphic Doctor" as the true representative of the spirit of St. Francis amidst the troublous times on which the Franciscan Order fell after the death of its Founder.

It is suggestive that St. Bonaventura has as companions in heaven the friars, Illuminato and Agostino,

"Who of the first unshod poor brethren were,
 That with the cord became the friends of God."

And it is Dante's praise of the Saint that

"... In great offices
 He ever placed behind the left-hand care."²⁷

It says much for Dante's loyalty to the Church that he dissociated himself from Ubertino da Casale and the extremists of the Spiritual party: the more so since Ubertino's book, *Arbor Vitæ Crucifixæ*, is one of the undoubted sources of the *Divina Commedia* and in no small measure influenced Dante's thought.

Dante's admiration for St. Bonaventura is evident; but it is difficult to say how far he was influenced by the Seraphic

²⁴ The meaning of this line is disputed. Some suppose it to mean that the support of the Church (the barn) will be taken away from the extremists; others would have it that it refers to the decree of the Council of Vienne in 1312, which forbade the friars to store up large quantities of corn in their granaries. Cf. E. G. Gardner, *op. cit.*, p. 224. But may not Dante again be quoting and adapting the words of St. Francis: "There are mutual obligations between the world and the brethren: they owe to the world a good example, the world owes them the provision of necessities. When they belie their faith and cease to give a good example, the world, by a just judgment, draws back its hand from them." (Celano XL.) In this case "the barn" would symbolize the goods the relaxed friars were storing up; and their punishment would be directly related to their sin.

²⁵ Matteo d'Acquasparta was General of the Order 1287-1289. He belonged to the party of the relaxation, yet seems to have been moderate in his opposition to the Spirituals.

²⁶ *Paradiso* XII., 106-126.

²⁷ *Paradiso* XII., 127-132. "The left-hand care: equals temporal cares." Yet *vide* E. G. Gardner, *op. cit.*, p. 256.

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Doctor's teaching. There are many parallelisms between the thought of the poet and that of the Saint—apart from what concerns the Franciscan Order; but in most cases it is possible that both were developing a similar line of thought from a common source—St. Augustine or St. Bernard or Hugh of St. Victor. Nevertheless, that Dante was acquainted with St. Bonaventura's theological writings is clear from the grouping of the spirits who form, as it were, the Seraphic Doctor's court, amongst whom are some from whom the Saint largely drew his doctrine—Hugh of St. Victor, St. Anselm, Rabanus Maurus, St. John Chrysostom; and, consequently, it is possible that Mr. Edmund Gardner underestimates the poet's debt to the Saint.²⁸ In any case, the parallelism of ideas indicates a close kinship of spirit which largely accounts for Dante's admiration of him whom "love maketh beautiful."²⁹

There yet remains to be mentioned one other probable Franciscan source of the *Divina Commedia*, to which Dr. Moore has called attention in his *Studies on Dante*.³⁰ This source is a popular treatise on Our Lady, at one time attributed to St. Bonaventura, but now known to have been written by that saint's contemporary, friar Conrad of Saxony. The title is, *Speculum Beatæ Mariæ Virginis*.³¹ In a "reading" (lectio) on the words, *Benedicta tu in mulieribus*, Friar Conrad sets forth the specific virtues by which the seven capital sins are overcome; and shows how of all these virtues Our Lady is the type. This "reading" is followed by another, on the words, *Benedictus fructus ventris tui*, in which the writer discourses on the birth of Christ in the souls of the faithful by means of these seven virtues as against the seven vices. The conquering virtues are thus set forth in order: humility against pride; neighborly love against envy; meekness against anger; the works of mercy against spiritual sloth; liberality and contempt of earthly goods against avarice; temperance against gluttony; continency against sensuality.

In the *Purgatorio*, Dante adopts precisely the same scheme in his conception of the seven terraces where the souls undergo their purgation according to their dominant sin on

²⁸ Cf. *Dante and the Mystics*, pp. 247-256.

²⁹ *Paradiso* XII., 31. "L'amor che mi fa bella," the opening words of St. Bonaventura's discourse.

³⁰ Second Series, pp. 194, 268a.

³¹ A new edition was published in 1904 by the Franciscan Fathers of Quaracchi, *Bibliotheca Franciscana Asatica*, Tome II.

earth, and are purified by their growth in the love of the contrasted virtue; and it is to be noted that in regard to each virtue, Dante cites Our Lady as an example, almost in the very words of the *Speculum*. That beautiful passage in the purgation of avarice:

"Sweet Mary,
 so poor wast thou
As can be seen from that (poor) hostelry
Where thou thy holy Burden didst lay down,"³²

is but a paraphrase of an argument of Conrad of Saxony: "The poor shepherds found the poor mother and the poor infant in a poor place. For, indeed, the dear poor mother would certainly have had a goodly hostelry if she had not been poor."³³

It would be interesting to know how far, if at all, Dante was influenced in his conception of the *Divina Commedia*, by the Franciscan preachers and poets who went before him. "The Heavenly Jerusalem" and "the Infernal City, Babylon," were favorite themes with many of the Franciscan preachers. The famous preacher, Friar Berthold of Ratisbon, treated these subjects with a wealth of imagery inspired by the book of *The Apocalypse* but, especially in his description of heaven, pointedly set forth with reference to the social conditions of the time. The poems of Fra Giacomino da Verona, who wrote towards the end of the thirteenth century, have been spoken of as one of the sources of the *Divina Commedia*; and, undoubtedly, there are close resemblances of imagery and ideas as between Dante and the friar-poet. Nor must we forget Fra Jacopone da Todi when we speak of Dante's precursors.

But we have reached the limit set by the supervising editor; and so must bid the reader farewell.

³² *Purgatorio* XX., 19-24.

³³ *Speculum*, ed. Quaracchi, p. 52. The argument for the *Speculum* as the source of Dante's scheme, is strengthened by the fact that St. Thomas, Dante's usual guide in theology, has a slightly different order of the vices and virtues.

DANTE AND PASTORAL POETRY.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, M.A.



FOR many years I was afraid of Dante. I kept away from the *Divine Comedy*: it did not invite. It was not until I was out of high school that I saw anything in Dante except Doré's pictures. Then it was the description of the "gloomy wood" that attracted me, and I stumbled through pages on pages trying to visualize the scenes the poet paints by catching at every hint of natural scenery, every tangible sign of life he proffered—the panther, the lion, the she-wolf; the mountain with

his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam
Who leads all travelers safe.

In time, of course, I read Dante and studied the *Divine Comedy*. But it was not until I revisited Italy and began to read him in his familiar haunts by the Arno and in the Apennines, that he seemed to address me fully and in his natural voice. Then I learned how simply and plainly Dante speaks the common language of us all, and how his eye not only penetrates to the soul, but sees and records the everyday things that all of us see.

This has been one of the best surprises of my life—to find in the poet of the *Divine Comedy* a pastoral singer, who, far from wandering forever aloof on eagle heights, can walk our own daily path with just as sure a foot, and can take me by the hand just as gently as Virgil took him and show me old-fashioned charms and beauties of the earth with just as divinizing touch as he reveals supernatural wonders.

The more I read Dante now, the more companionable and human he becomes. Nothing in nature is too little for his notice, nothing too common for his eye to see or his song to glorify. He knows the birds, the animals, the trees, the flowers, with the intimate acquaintance of the genuine nature lover, and he celebrates them with a lyric note which runs like a lovely minor chord through all the sonorous music of

his major composition. He sings the brooklet as well as the sea, the light-winged swallow and the humming bee as well as the falcon and the eagle.

It was Dante's love of birds that first woke me to his pastoral qualities. In one passage of the *Purgatorio* he flashes this true little picture of bird life in contrast with the portentous scene of the repentant souls who, "their song deserting, hasten to the mountain side"—

As a wild flock of pigeons to their food
Collected, blade or tares, without their accustomed pride,
In still and quiet sort,
If aught alarm them, suddenly desert
Their meal, assailed by more important cares.

This is a scene familiar to anyone who has ever kept pigeons or been where pigeons are and has scattered food to them—either in his own back yard, or perhaps in the Piazza San Marco at Venice. But here in Florence this passage takes on even a more intimate significance; for the pigeon flocks that fly about the court in front of the Uffizi Gallery and around the Piazza del Duomo—strutting along the high cornices and fluttering down to the pavement with a soft whirling clamor when anyone throws them bread or grain—these pigeons of Florence are as popular and well known in Italy as the famous Venetian doves. They have been here from time immemorial, and they certainly are the descendants of the pigeons of Dante's day. He knew them, in that happy time before he went out of his native town an exile, doomed to wander the face of the earth homeless and destitute: in the days when, according to tradition, he sat in the shade along the north wall of the Piazza del Duomo and watched the builders at work on the great multi-marbled cathedral.

Again, in the *Inferno*, Dante sees birds in flight when the lost souls of carnal sinners in the Second Circle are blown about by the "tyrannous gust" of the fitful winds. This picture of coveys of birds traversing the sky is, in fact, one of the poet's favorites. He sees them

from river banks
Arisen, now in round, now lengthened troop
Array their flight,

and again:

as cranes

Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretched out in long array.

To this day, if you walk out beyond Dante's city at sunset, along the banks of the river to the sandy bottom lands of the lower Valdarno, you will see cranes rising thus just as the poet observed them—and how closely and accurately he observed them!—six hundred years ago.

But these are sombre touches of bird life. Contrast now the exquisite note which the poet strikes in those most beautiful passages of the *Inferno* in which the tragedy of Francesca da Rimini and her lover, Paolo, is recited. He beholds the unhappy pair:

As doves

By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along.

The poet's eye was, indeed, exceptionally keen for the life and movement of birds. He sees the rooks

at dawn of day

Bestirring them to dry their feathers chill,
Some speeding their way afield, while homeward some
Returning, cross their flight; while some abide
And wheel around their airy lodge.

Dante rode to the hunt, too, but when I see Dante at the hunt, his eye, to me, marks not so keenly the flight of the quarry's wings as the beat of its frightened heart. He loved the wild furtive folk of the wood and the air. But I think he did not love the falcon or the hound overmuch—"the savage hound" that "snatches the leveret panting 'twixt his jaws."

Many passages reveal the sharp and recording eye of the true nature lover; but the finest and tenderest of the bird pictures of Dante is this little drama of the mother and her fledglings

who, midst the leafy bower

Has in her nest sat darkling through the night
With her sweet brood, impatient to descry
Their wishing looks and to bring home their food,

In the fond quest unconscious of her toil—
She, of the time prevenient, on the spray
That overhangs their couch, with watchful gaze
Expects the sun; nor ever till the dawn
Removeth from the east her eager gaze.

Only a true initiate of nature could chronicle such an intimate record of dumb life. Dante, known in this manner, is no longer stern and terrible and remote; nor is it difficult any longer, knowing him thus, to follow wherever he may lead, no matter how transcendently high or deep the path.

According to tradition only the first seven cantos of the *Divine Comedy* were written in Florence. Then came Dante's exile, his twenty years of wandering: "As a stranger, through almost every region to which our language reaches, I have gone about as a beggar, showing against my will the wound of fortune." Where those wanderings took him is largely conjecture. We know that he begins the eighth canto with the words, "My theme renewing." And we know the story of Gemma, his wife, hiding all his papers in a chest when he was driven from his native town and his house was raided, in March, 1302; then finding them and having them sent to him some five years later, the manuscript of the first seven cantos among them. But speculation must fill in many spaces in the intervals between that time and his death, especially when it figures on the actual place of the writing of the *Divine Comedy*. Of one thing, however, we can be sure—that a great portion of that time of exile was spent on the open road, traveling from one town to another, tarrying along the countryside, seeking shelter where he could. We trace his path from Siena to Arezzo; from Arezzo up to the little Church of San Godenzo, a point in the Tuscan Apennines where a meeting of the Florentine exiles was held on June 8, 1302; to Forli; to Verona; up into the mountains again, to Sarzana, and to the Benedictine Convent of Santa Croce, where, as the story goes, he once made his appearance, silent and unknown, answering with only the one word, "Peace," when asked what it was he desired, but leaving with the monks a portion of his poem. We follow him thence out of Italy into France, to Paris; back to Italy again . . . and so on through all the years of his wandering until he rests finally at Ravenna,

where he died in 1321. It is this record of life in the open that is revealed in the innumerable pastoral passages of his epic poem.

He longed for his native town and thought ever of it with sadness and bitterness. In *De Vulgari Eloquentia* he pities those who, like himself, languishing in exile, can revisit their homes "only in dreams." He loved the old tawny colored river beside which he was born—"by Arno's pleasant stream." But when the Florentine powers offered him liberty to return on condition that he abjectly degrade himself before his fellow citizens, by performing a public penance in the ancient church of San Giovanni, where in infancy he had been baptized, his whole soul blazed up as he answered back: "What? Can I not everywhere gaze upon the sun and stars? Can I not under any sky meditate on most precious truths without rendering myself ignominious? Bread will not fail me!" His manhood was above price; and knowing him now as the wrapt devotee he was of nature in all her moods and colors, it is not hard to believe that, rejecting a shameful freedom in his native city, he turned with all the more heart hunger to the freedom of hill and wood and stars.

Thus the picture comes of Dante sharing the roof of the peasant and the meagre loaf of the mountaineer: sleeping beside the shepherd on the hillside,

the swain that lodges out all night
In quiet by his flock, lest beast of prey
Disperse them;

studying the starry night—very likely making the poor rustic marvel open-mouthed what manner of man was this who could read the very heavens!

There is a feeling of many a night-long vigil in Dante's pastoral lines. We can see the wanderer living out whole days alone, or with whatever company the countryside might afford, following the peasant to his hut, seeking the night's lodging for which he is forced to beg—

In silence and in solitude we went,
One first, the other following his step,
As minor friars journeying on the road;

or it might be

With equal pace, as oxen at the yoke,
I with that laden spirit journeying on.

Now, indeed, can we feel with him—the great, proud-souled one!

How salt the savor of another's bread,
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By other's stairs.

But with him, likewise, we can forget weariness and soreness of heart and all "man's inhumanity to man" in the sweet, healing contemplation of untrammelled nature. Resting his tired body on some green knoll, he marks how the sheep

. . . slip from forth their folds, by one
Or pairs, or three at once: meanwhile the rest
Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose
To ground, and what the foremost does that do
The others, gathering round her if she stop,
Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern.

He knows all the comings and goings of the countryman, his hopes and fears, his feelings and emotions. Here, for example, is a little pastoral sketch which stands out like an exquisite water color in the vast Dante gallery. The first hint of spring is in the air—"the year's early nonnage, when the sun tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn." It is very early in the morning—

When as the rime upon the earth puts on
Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
Her milder sway endures: then riseth up
The cottager, whom fails his wintry store,
And looking out beholds the plain around
All whitened; whence impatiently he smites
His thigh, and to his hut returning in
There paces to and fro, wailing his lot
As a discomfited and helpless man.
Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope
Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon
The world hath changed its countenance: grasps his crook
And forth to pastures drives his little flock.

How much of Dante's days of exile were thus spent in the mountains or on the countryside there is, of course, no exact telling. But that he lived among the tillers of the soil and the

herders of the flocks, that he intimately knew the laborers in field and vineyard, is plentifully evident from the pastoral scenes which occur throughout the *Divine Comedy*. Heat of summer beats on him. He hears in the warm silence the tuneful monotone of the cataract,

the water's din
As down it fell
Resounding like the hum of swarming bees;

or his fine ear catches the murmur of the bees themselves

Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,
Now clustering, where their fragrant labor glows.

These are the solstice days in sun drenched Italy,

that season when the sun least veils
His face that lightens all, what time the fly
Gives way to the shrill knat . . .

And there were some who in the shady place
Beneath the rock were standing, as a man
Through idleness might stand. Among them one
Who seemed to be much wearied sat him down
And with his arms did fold his knees about.

The picture changes. It is

near that hour
When heaven is minded that o'er all the world
Her own deep calm should brood.

Can you not see him, Dante, the man, exile, and poet, at the warm close of day "upon some cliff reclined . . . beneath him seeing fireflies innumerable spangling o'er the vale," and with the peasant toiler beside him looking out over "vineyard and tilth where his day labor lies," hearing in the oncoming dusk the first cheery song of evening "when peeps the frog croaking above the wave?"

Darkness comes down, and the Divine Bard once more begins his night-long, his life-long vigil, pondering the story of mankind under the far lights of heaven. The stars come out; how wonderfully the whole poem is lit with "the beauti-

ful lights of heaven!" Do you recall how each of its major divisions ends with an aspiration to the stars? When Dante and Virgil emerged at last from the black pits of the *Inferno* those

beautiful lights of heaven
Dawned through a circular opening in the cave:
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars.

Out of the troubled pathways of the *Purgatorio* he rose "pure and made apt for mounting to the stars." And in the end the last note of his song that "failed the towering fantasy" of Paradise celebrates the Divine Love "that moves the sun in heaven and all the stars."

I picture him in his exile studying the bright firmament. How far do his thoughts range in these solitary contemplations of man's eternal soul? How much of the *Divine Comedy* did he think out and compose in his pastoral wanderings and his hillside vigils? He sounds the deeps of hell and mounts to the uttermost heights of heaven, setting our hearts in a maze of wonder and questioning. Then, suddenly, his eye marks and his own questioning spirit ponders that always strange and always mysterious tragedy of the heavens—the shooting star:

As oft along the still and pure serene
At nightfall glides a sudden trail of fire
Attracting with involuntary heed
The eye that follows it, erewhile at rest,
And seems some star that shifted place in heaven,
Only that whence it kindles none is lost,
And it is soon extinct.

Is that the whole story of man? he makes us ask—only a little light blazing momentarily across the infinite, neither the beginning nor the end of which ever can be known? Faith answers. In the vast confusion of planet and galaxy, Dante reads plan and purpose for us and, forthwith, sings it in his immortal strain. He is at once the true and the ideal nature poet, invoking the earth to give testimony to the heavens, and the heavens to reveal earth to itself. At such moments it is not so much the stars that Dante sees as the Hand that sets and moves them:

and in that depth
 Saw, in one volume clasped of love, whate'er
 The universe unfolds: all properties
 Of substance and of accident, beheld
 Compounded, yet one individual light
 The whole.

Dante is the poet of hope. He may conjure about us the most impenetrable night. But always there is the dawn and the sunburst. In his own exile, when better times seemed for a while to be promised him and Italy, he reverted to the fancy of morning to express his joy. "A new day is beginning to break!" he writes in his *Letter to the Princes and Peoples of Italy*. "A new day, showing forth the dawn which even now is dispersing the darkness of our long night of tribulation. Already the breezes from the east are springing up, the face of the heavens grows rosy." So if we may call him, in the spiritual sense, the poet of hope, in the pastoral sense he might well be named the poet of morning. The *Divine Comedy* is full of beautiful descriptions of dawn, the coming of day, the passing of darkness and the rebirth of light and life. Picturing him, then, the exile, fallen asleep under the stars, we can see him likewise waking with a new song in his heart as daylight breaks. This is the hour of renewed energy, when, under

Aurora's white and vermeil tintured cheek
 To orange turned . . .
 . . . to harbinger the dawn, springs up
 On freshened wing the air of May, and breathes
 Of fragrance all impregn'd with herb of flowers.

In the years after, wrapt in his supernatural visioning, he recalled many such a morning as this:

I have beheld ere now at break of day
 The eastern clime all roseate, and the sky
 Opposed one deep and beautiful serene;
 And the sun's face so shaded and with mists
 Attempered at her rising that the eye
 Long while endured the sight.

In the meadows of dawn, we need no fanciful vision to hear, as Dante heard,

the lark

That warbling in the air expatiates long,
Then thrilling out his last sweet melody
Drops satiate with sweetness.

It is not in the meadow only, or by the stream, that Dante reveals his powers as a nature poet. The sea enters likewise into his vast universal canvas. He knows the ways of the boatman as well as of the shepherd. In fact, Dante wrote a treatise at one time on the relative levels of land and water on the surface of the earth. But in that he was a mere disputant in a public debate at Mantua. It is as a poet that he shows his real insight into the common life of "those who go down to the sea in ships." He likens himself, first of all, in speaking of his years of exile, to "a ship without sails and without a rudder driven to various harbors and shores by the dry wind which blows from pinching poverty." But, like his busy fellow seamen, Dante made good the days of "that inclement time"

Which seafaring men restrains; and in that while
His bark one builds anew, another stops
The ribs of his that many a voyage hath made;
One hammers at the prow, one at the poop;
This shapeth oars, that other cables twirls;
The mizzen one repairs, and main-sail rent.

In that rapid pen sketch of the daily life of the dweller on the seacoast—a sketch in which is not lacking even the detail of the boiling pitch "to smear the unsound vessels"—one can readily visualize the wandering poet loitering in the harbor or sitting by on the beach watching the men at work. Nothing was commonplace or uninteresting to him. All life absorbed him.

From some shelter on the shore—or perhaps, indeed, exposing his weary body, his thought-worn brow, to the battling elements, finding refreshment in the buffeting of wind and rain—the poet watches the tempest rage on the waters when "the north wind blows a blast that scours the sky," and

the lightning in a sudden spleen
Unfolded, dashes from the blinding eyes
The visive spirits dazzled and bedimmed.

Yet, militant soul though he be, he still seems to love best the

peace and quiet of the inner harbor and the calm evening
when he hears

the vesper bell afar
Seeming to mourn for the expiring day . . .

. . . the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts the thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell.

Of all Dante's references to the sea, however, I like best that one which recalls his days of exile at Sarzana. He rested there at the friendly castle of the Malaspini from October, 1306, to the summer of 1307. From the high ramparts of Moroello's stronghold, looking out over the vast prospect of hill and plain, the poet could see, laid before him, Tuscany, on the one hand, and on the other the distant ocean. How often he must have gazed on that sublime panorama! Here, surely, he kept his vigil innumerable nights, under the stars, or watching how

the moon
Doth by the rolling of her heavenly sphere
Hide and reveal the strand unceasingly.

His days in the house of Malaspina were not unhappy. At least, he was among friends—friends, it is easy to believe, who understood him and who, perhaps, often shared with him in comprehending silence his delight in nature and the inspiring scenes around him. A little peace seems to come into his heart in these surroundings.

Dante spent the last years of his life close to the sea whose moods and music wove so much of themselves into the rhythm, as well as the wording of his great song. And it was the sea, one might say, that laid the hand of death on him in the end—that fatal journey from Venice to Ravenna, made on foot during the hot summer months of 1321 along the low malarial marshlands skirting the Adriatic coast. He never recovered from the fever contracted on that journey. But at Ravenna Dante is associated more with the forest than the sea.

The mere mention of Dante and the forest sends us back to the opening lines of the *Divine Comedy*, to that "gloomy wood" whose air of mystery and whose drama of the man lost in its depths attracts and holds us to our first reading of the poem. In time, we come to see that trees and woods play a very important rôle in the whole scheme of the work. The

scene of the entire thirteenth canto of the *Inferno*, for instance, is set in a forest, and a good third of the *Purgatorio*. There is a reason for this. However much of the *Divine Comedy* was composed in other places, it is safe to say that the greater part of it was written at Ravenna—if not all in the original, then in revision and expansion. Now, at Ravenna is to be found one of the great forests of Italy, the Pinetum, which stretches along the shores of the Adriatic for a distance of some forty miles. To enjoy thoroughly the *Divine Comedy*, to appreciate at their fullest Dante's powers as a nature poet, one should know something about this forest, the Wood of Chiassi, celebrated also by Boccaccio and by Dryden. It had a very marked influence on Dante's writing. Tradition says that in the last years of his exile, he spent whole days at a time in this forest—a scene which became to a great extent the setting for his immortal drama of the soul. He paced these solitudes, calming his wounded spirit with the hush and shadowy music of the wind-stirred pines, and contemplating and composing cantos of the poem. The legend is easily believed; for here, as Symonds shows¹ us, we seem to have struck on the source of innumerable of the similes and fancies employed in the *Divine Comedy*. Here, likewise, the poet reveals himself once more a true chronicler of nature. He makes us feel, as well as see, the ancient wood

where no track

Of steps had worn a path; not verdant there
The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light
The boughs and tapering, but with knares deformed
And matted thick.

In those unexplored deeps we can find "the doddered oak with ivy clasped," or, viewing some sturdy trunk "rent from its fibres by a blast that blows from off the pole," we can feel the actual impact of the tempest that has smitten the forest with

a sound that made

Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
That 'gainst the forest driving his full might
Plucks off the branches, beats them down and hurls
Afar; then onward proudly passing sweeps
His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

¹ *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*, Second Series, "Ravenna," pp. 3-5.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Once more, however, it is to morning and the singing of birds that he turns to find his happiest expression, as he walks among the pines:

Upon their tops the feathered queresters
Applied their wonted art and with full joy
Welcomed the hours of prime and warbled shrill
Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lay
Kept tenor; even as from branch to branch
Along the piny forests on the shore
Of Chiassi rolls the gathering melody
When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed
The dripping south.

Here Dante strikes all the strings of nature's lyre: wind and sea, forest and leaf, light and shadow, birdsong and the pure breath of the open air—"the dripping south"—they are all summed up in these nine short lines.

In this scene, alone in the forest, we see Dante at the last, communing with nature, linking man to God, earth to Heaven, by the golden chain of his immortal song. His long days in the open, either solitary or living among the simple folk who tend their flocks and till their fields, bred in the poet a terrible scorn for the artificialities of city life, a scorn which he was not slow to express in scourging words. But does that not prove him, after all, only the greater lover of man himself, whom he would see lifted out of and above artificialities? It is not too much to say that, in considering Dante as a pastoral poet, he drew nearer both to man and to God the closer he drew to nature. With that thought we may leave him, taking as a final token of his love for the simple things of field and cottage the admonition he gives us in the *Paradiso*:

And were the world below content to mark
And work on the foundations nature lays,
It would not lack supply of excellence.

EVERYBODY'S DANTE.

BY THE EDITOR.



GREAT truths bear commonplace wisdom. All virtue avoids excess: if it stray beyond the line, into the too great or the too little, it ceases to be virtuous: agreeable: useful: beneficial. In this wider sense recreation is a virtue. Whether physical or mental, it should be undertaken for itself—that is as recreation. When thus enjoyed, the mind is relaxed: cares are, for the time, abandoned: problems vanish: refreshment and peace enter in and the earth is good and the sky smiles. Relaxation is for all, however great or small their capacity, and to everyone it brings its own blessing. But it is characteristic of man to overdo things, and today specialization has entered the field of recreation—and killed it. Simplicity and innocence have fled. The physical training, painstaking practice, unbroken application necessary for the professional athlete for whom the game is not a recreation, but a business, is sought by all. We have grown so unvirtuous in our recreation that we mar it by excess. So one may reasonably ask if much of modern sport has not exceeded its purpose. Is not the happier group that crowd of boys and men throwing horseshoes as quoits upon the rude green?

Nor should we await technical training for enjoyment of things intellectual. If we bring to books all that we have, we acquire still more in our mental and spiritual exercise. We need not refrain because our learning does not permit the full understanding of an author. Indeed, approaching untaught, if the handmaid of humility but accompany us, we will be refreshed and invigorated. All great men bear riches for the simple and the poor. Dante is a teacher for scholars, and will ever remain so. The articles in this issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* unfold how his master mind still holds sway over the world of letters, but Dante wrote for the people of his own day—in the common tongue for the common people. And this fact alone proves that he is still, and may ever be, the com-

panion, helpful, instructive and engaging of us all. To the crowd, he belongs: but from the crowd he has been set aside.

This is not the fault of pedants alone, but of the crowd also, for ofttimes we do not know and will not accept the things that are to our peace. The purpose of these pages is to show, in some small way, that while much of the deeper and higher meaning of Dante may escape us, there is no one who will not derive from the reading of the *Divine Comedy* much more than he will bring to it. Cary's translation, which of all the English translations embodies most fully the spirit of Dante, is obtainable at low price in the Everyman's Library, and includes the excellent notes of that eminent Catholic authority, Edmund G. Gardner. The book is of convenient size: the notes, though full, are not lengthy. If one will approach the reading in spiritual mood, he will soon find it easy: picturesque: stimulating. As Virgil and Beatrice led Dante along the way of sin and death, to purgation and to Paradise, so will Dante guide us through sin and doubt and penance and hope: through varying moods, failures and advances that surely mark the earthly pilgrimage of all.

We have all found ourselves in that deep forest where, in our own and the world's spiritual alienation from God, sadness "with sleepy dullness weighed our senses down." With those who pray to be lifted out of sadness into light, Dante has full sympathy, just as he has pity and sorrow for all whom he finds on his journey to be irretrievably lost. Dante never condemns out of personal spite. Those whom his imagination found in hell, may be taken rather as a type of the sin for which he finds them thus condemned.

To no one is the thought of God's eternal law and of the consequences of its flagrant, continued violation, useless or unprofitable. Mercy does not exist without justice. Fear is still the beginning of wisdom. In our day virility yields to weakening sentiment, and law has lost its dignity because its sanction has been forgotten or denied. Order is the first law of earth as well as of heaven, and if men will not observe it, God will vindicate and restore it. The most merciful of men, the God-Man Jesus Christ, revealed the eternity of punishment for those who died unrepentant of their sins. St. Paul, whose characteristic gift was human sympathy, did not hesitate to declare this whole counsel of God. Christianity has

not only exalted hope and mercy: it has also deepened the sense of sin. The Cross exalted makes the lengthened shadow. For the individual there is no greater purifying influence than meditation upon the infinite results, as regards himself, which rest in his own actions. For the world and human society there is no more saving knowledge than that of the eternal law of God which moves, as another poet put it, with "deliberate speed, majestic instancy."

To realize again, and perhaps more vividly than ever before, the rulership of God over ourselves and all things created: to rehearse the glory or the shame to which we may turn this inheritance, is to be invigorated unto goodness: as well as instructed unto fear. The understanding and the path may be desired by human reason: reason alone can neither compass the former nor guide safely on the latter. Virgil might show much to Dante, but Virgil could not conduct him safely through the evils of life, without supernatural aid. When self-sufficient reason seeks without God, it will ever meet defeat: light cannot be light when it denies the Light. Faith, the intellectual belief in the teachings of Jesus Christ is man's only guide. The light demands, requires faith in its source. Reason must have faith in God and, hence, says Dante:

Full assurance (is found) in that holy faith
Which vanquishes all error.

And here we read of the glory of those who keep the faith with good works, and of the disaster awaiting those who deny it in sin. For Dante, faith is the truth upon which is built the structure of man's whole moral life. Faith with him is not sentiment nor opinion: it is objective truth, vision, inspiration. Without it the soul would be blind. Faith is knowable: its truth is the Visible Christ, apparent to all the world in His Visible Church. Not through philosophy or science alone will we reach the eternal city: but through that faith "which is the entrance to salvation's way."

To deny dogma and yet to admire Dante is as inconsistent as to deny flowers and yet enjoy their perfume and color. He who denies dogma abandons in confusion both the origin and destiny of man. A learned writer in the *Contemporary Review* has learnedly stated that Dante did not solve the prob-

lem of evil. No, Dante did not solve it, but Dante presents the only solution of evil that ever was or will be given—the solution which is Christ, the Saviour, God and Man. “He hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows.”¹ Christ in agony on the Cross is the evil begotten of man: condemned of God. Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is the evil redeemed unto life, the glory to which the pardoned sinner may reach. But he who will not let Christ share the burden of the sin he has committed and cannot bear, shall be crushed by that self tragedy which, upon his own calvary, overtakes every man and can be borne through death unto victory, only when borne with the power and pardon and love of Christ.

Throughout the *Inferno* the reader sees pictured dramatically the punishments, according to the evil they have chosen, meted out to those who died still abiding in their sin. It is the tragedy of the Cross still casting its sinful shadow on earth.

Many are those who remain indifferent to the possibilities their life possesses. Apathetic: spineless they are the drones of the moral world here and hereafter.

Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only.

The love of the flesh, of things carnal and pleasurable—surely no one will deny the widespread tyranny of such love today. Dante's words vibrate with modernity. This world, as well as the next, knows the Hell of which he speaks. Indeed, it can hardly be questioned that each, in some moment of experience, tastes the Hell he hopes to escape.

. . . O blind lust!
O foolish wrath! who so dost goad us on
In the brief life, and in the eternal then
Thus miserably o'erwhelm us.²

So, too, the reader accompanies Dante in his illustrations of the disaster and the dismay overwhelming those who give themselves to gluttony: to avarice: anger: fraud: political bribery and corruption: forgery: hypocrisy: the denial of the faith of Christ: scandal: disloyalty and betrayal.

We of earth witness the direful results in our own day of

¹Isaiah IIII.

²*Inferno* XII., 46-49. Also V., 33-46.

similar crimes and excesses. Yet are we in any proportionate measure alive to the social evils they work? They have their fascination for the fallen heart of man and, even when he stands apart, stir his curiosity and interest. Life, for many, without at least the story of vice and sin, is dull and uninviting. Even Dante, "all fixed to listen" to scandal and re-
crimination, is at once admonished by Virgil, who adds:

"To hear
Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds."

Dante's journey through Hell yields yet another blessing to those who read with hope. Surrounded by temptations and weaknesses, set upon by wild beasts of fear and dread, born of its very fears, the soul, at times, half yields and touches on despair. Shall we be able to make the journey through sin and come to the mount of purgation—and thence to the hills where, at last, we shall see God? Not in human power, which rises no higher than ourselves, can our strength lie. Another must gird us if we would mount above ourselves. If we make our fears, our own unworthiness our guide then we are undone. To view naught but our sin would be to yield to it, to capitulate, to despair of God's mercy. Therefore, must we turn our eyes from this Gorgon of death:

"Turn thyself round, and keep
Thy countenance hid; for if the Gorgon dire
Be shown, and thou shouldst view it, thy return
Upwards would be for ever lost."

Looking, not to the valley of indecision where is our undoing,
but to the hills whence come our help,

Then we our steps
Toward that territory moved, secure
After the hallow'd words.

The stars of the cardinal virtues, prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance, appear in the heavens. From that farthest gloom of depression and hopelessness, the soul issues forth under their inspiration. Terror shall disappear and, more serene, we shall view again the stars set as sure beacons over the hills we must climb. We, too, shall sing *In Exitu Israel*,

even though we know the way to the Promised Land, with its desert wastes, its hunger and, perhaps, its infidelities is still to be traversed. But in the journey of deliverance the soul will experience its foretaste of the liberty of eternal glory. Determination was needed to turn from sin, constant effort is demanded to keep from it and to advance in virtue. Heaven must send its help: and heaven will not refuse. She, the great Queen, Mary, "by whom the key did open to God's love," and holy spirits bearing aid, will come. They will teach the grateful song of praise to God; in quiet and in prayer will the soul give its thanks.

Both palms it join'd and raised,
Fixing its stedfast gaze toward the east
As telling God, "I care for nought beside."

And its yearning will make selfish content impossible, urging ever to fuller and fuller purgation. The journey, therefore, is no child's play. Hope consoles, it also stimulates. Oftentimes in the striving, we say we "can endure no more." Yet persevering, as our sins and faults are purged—

"Then shall thy feet by heartiness of will
Be so o'ercome, they not alone shall feel
No sense of labor, but delight much more
Shall wait them, urged along their upward way."

Our comfort, our strength is that God is our Father; we His children.

"O Thou Almighty Father! Who dost make
The heavens Thy dwelling, not in bounds confined,
But that, with love intenser, there Thou view'st
Thy primal effluence; hallow'd be Thy name:
Join, each created being, to extol
Thy might; for worthy humblest thanks and praise
Is Thy blest Spirit."

Thus bound in the living God, we are all bound to one another: we who live here, they who live in the world to come. All may help one another by prayer:

Well beseems
That we should help them wash away the stains
They carried hence: that so, made pure and light,
They may spring upward to the starry spheres.

In following through the *Purgatorio*, the reader is impressed by this great truth that, while all love springs from Love Divine, our hearts must possess the love of creation e'er they can bear the Love Increate. In Purgatory all sins are wiped away: every sin that springs from the seven capital sources. They are driven out, so to speak, by the soul righting itself with God—but first it must right itself with the creation of God which its sin has outraged. For example,

“This circuit,” said my teacher, “knots the scourge
For envy; and the cords are therefore drawn
By charity's correcting hand.”

To the saints the soul makes constant appeal, for they have perfected themselves and may speak effectively for us who, by our sins, have added to our own and all nature's imperfection. The angel of fraternal love, who descends upon Purgatory, comes also to us here, urging us to ascend by the love of one another:

“It is a messenger who comes,
Inviting man's ascent. Such sights ere long
Not grievous, shall impart to thee delight,
As thy perception is by nature wrought
Up to their pitch.”

So the love of higher sphere exalts our desire.

For there, by how much more they call it “ours”
So much propriety of each in good
Encreases more, and heighten'd charity
Wraps that fair cloister in a brighter flame.

Were we to make this truth our own, we would know less of anger and impatience, far more of fraternal love. We would realize that the more we love others the more we contribute to our own good—not take from it. Thus are we brought to the right ordering of love. Sloth, laxity and indifference defeat it. Avarice, lust are its perversions—false shadowings of that great love which urges and attracts the heart of every man.

"All indistinctly apprehend a bliss,
On which the soul may rest; the hearts of all
Yearn after it; and to that wished bourn
All therefore strive to tend. If ye behold,
Or seek it, with a love remiss and lax;
This cornice, after just repenting, lays
Its penal torment on ye. Other good
There is, where man finds not his happiness:
It is not true fruition; not that blest
Essence of every good the branch and root."

Fraternal love is again beautifully illustrated by Dante, when he depicts the joy of all the souls when one is released for flight to Paradise, a joy so great it shakes the very mount of Purgatory.

"Glory!" all shouted (such the sounds mine ear
Gather'd from those, who near me swell'd the sounds)
"Glory in the highest be to God." We stood
Immovably suspended, like to those
The shepherds, who first heard in Bethlehem's field
That song.

Through that appreciation of brotherly love, sin after sin drops from the soul: its knowledge is expanded: its exaltation in the Divine purpose is confirmed: it is taken up in a Power beyond self, yet where self is not lost. The Second Commandment—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—is like unto the First—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart."

The power of procreation, so often perverted by lust, is realized as God's sacred trust to the individual for the sake of His holy purposes in the race. The cure for lust is the love of chastity. Thus the soul mounts until, nearing the last ascent, it hears

A voice whose lively clearness far
Surpass'd our human, "Blessed are the pure
In heart," he sang.

Backward it looks, and from the height now realizes, as never before, the perfidy of its sin, the depth to which it had fallen. The grace of God is man's sole strength. Its scourge has blotted out even the memory of its sins.

"I not remember," I replied, "that e'er
I was estranged from thee: nor of such fault
Doth conscience chide me."

Again and again the wonderful Saviour, through His
sacrament of penance, lifts the burden of our sins and

We returned
From the most holy wave, regenerate
E'en as new plants renew'd with foliage new,
Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

Dante chooses St. Lawrence as an example of one who, through fearful suffering, fixed and kept His will, "that perfect will which once upon the bars held Lawrence firm." Along the river that bears the saint's name, the high hills rise quickly, one upon another. One who journeys through them to the great water beyond, views, for mile after mile, nothing but the ascent before him—and then again the further hills beyond. Yet are these rightly called the Laurentian hills of hope. For they both beget and test that virile virtue. Little by little, they lift the traveler up. His every effort promises reward. His fixed will wins victory and, from the summit, hope yields to realization and the wide river thrills his vision with its vast golden expanse. Thus shall we mount through Laurentian hills until at the end our abiding will shall be blessed with the vision of eternity.

Love has its drastic purifying power. When the God-Man showed His need of us, He drew us to Himself. And the reading of Dante's Paradise will surely reveal our power to extend the Kingdom of God upon earth: our inheritance that will the more widely proclaim its glory forever. We were not made for ourselves. No man who so believes can ever know what true love is. Yet, while we gave ourselves to such a loveless creed, we were redeemed at a great price—by this we know our puny self can larger be only in that Love Who owns it.

Whoso takes his cross, and follows Christ,
Will pardon me for that I leave untold
When in the flecker'd dawning he shall spy
The glitterance of Christ.

In this beauty of Christ, our bodies will share its greatest guerdon for their chastity:

“Long as the joy of Paradise shall last,
Our love shall shine around that raiment, bright
As fervent; fervent as, in vision, blest;
And that as far, in blessedness, exceeding,
As it hath grace, beyond its virtue, great.
Our shape, regarmented with glorious weeds
Of saintly flesh, must, being thus entire,
Show yet more gracious.”

Thoughtfulness and prayer upon these truths will not alone console, but, used aright, will lead to definite action. Not everyone that saith: “Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.” We must not alone *think* Christ: we must *live* Christ. And there is no act, not even the smallest; no opportunity, not even the slightest: no field of activity, not even the seemingly insignificant, that may be excluded from our life if it is to be a life for and in and with Christ.

The saints are our companions: our helpers: our models. Militant, Suffering, Triumphant, the Church is one in Christ, and Christ is the Church. Dante selects saints from every field of life—the teachers and doctors: the contemplatives, the more active: the lovers of the poor, the simple and the learned: the old and the young.

St. Peter demands of him faith: St. James, hope; and St. John, charity—charity that embraces earth as well as heaven: man and the needs of man as well as God.

“Through human wisdom and the authority
Therewith agreeing,” heard I answer’d, “keep
The choicest of thy love for God. But say,
If thou yet other cords within thee feel’st,
That draw thee towards Him; so that thou report
How many are the fangs with which this love
Is grappled to thy soul.”

And Dante “did not miss to what intent the Eagle of Our Lord” had pointed this demand and answered:

“All grappling bonds, that knit the heart to God,
Confederate to make fast our charity.

The being of the world; and mine own being;
The death which He endured, that I should live;
And that, which all the faithful hope, as I do;
To the foremention'd lively knowledge join'd;
Have from the sea of ill love saved my bark,
And on the coast secured it of the right.
As for the leaves, that in the garden bloom,
My love for them is great, as is the good
Dealt by the eternal hand, that tends them all."

God's will is Infinite Love acting and reigning through all creation.

"The eternal Might, which, broken and dispersed
Over such countless mirrors, yet remains
Whole in itself and one, as at the first."

"God seeth all and in Him is thy sight,"
Said I, "blest Spirit. Therefore, will of His
Cannot to thee be dark."

Nor can it be dark to us. We see the light of heavenly faith. We have here no abiding city: heaven is our home, and the home of all we love. There, by the mercy of God, all earth's problems will be solved and our hearts filled with a love of which tongue hath not told nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. A creature, one simply of our own humanity, is there now in body, as well as soul—the Queen of Angels and of Saints—the warrant of our hope. Unnumbered angels and saints attend her.

"O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counsel pre-ordain'd;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn,
To make Himself His own creation;
For in thy womb rekindling shone the love
Reveal'd, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace:
Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art, as the noonday torch; and art, beneath,

To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
That he, who grace desireth, and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him, who asks,
Thy bounty succors; but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combined in thee."

Yet this is but the reflected glory of Him Who is the Beginning and the End:

O Eternal Light!

Sole in Thyself that dwell'st; and of Thyself
Sole understood, past, present, or to come;
Thou smiledst, on that circling, which in Thee
Seem'd as reflected splendor, while I mused;
For I therein, methought, in its own hue
Beheld our image painted.

Dante has today a message for everyone. It is a message rich with human wisdom and heavenly worth. Everybody may go to the reading of the *Divine Comedy* at any time, in any mood, and gain refreshment, light and peace. And at the end of each reading catch something of the heavenly chorus:

Then "Glory to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit," rang aloud
Throughout all Paradise; that with the song
My spirit reel'd, so passing sweet the strain.
And what I saw was equal ecstasy:
One universal smile it seem'd of all things;
Joy past compare; gladness unutterable;
Imperishable life of peace and love;
Exhaustless riches, and unmeasured bliss.

DANTE AND MYSTICISM.

BY E. INGRAM WATKIN.



EVERY poet is a mystic. Not every verse maker, even if a verse maker of genius. We hardly expect mysticism in the verse of Pope or Voltaire. But is it poetry? For poetry, like its sister arts, embodies an intuition of Spiritual or Ideal reality, existing in and through the forms of sense, and bestowing upon them their truth, their value, their being. Implicit, at least, in this intuition of spirit immanent in sensible phenomena, is an intuition of the Absolute Spirit, of Whose truth all ideas are aspects, from Whose goodness all values derive their worth, from Whose being all creatures exist. And intuition of the absolute Godhead is mystical experience, its expression a mystical document. But there are different types of mysticism. There is the mysticism which does not surpass the natural order, an indirect and obscure intuition of God, as immanent in His creation, that does not rise to His transcendent being above and beyond His creatures. Much poetry is confined to this lower immanent mysticism. Such is the mysticism of Keats. Another, in some respects a higher, form of this nature mysticism, is the polytheistic mysticism of Blake, whose end is union with natural forces manifested supremely in art. This mysticism is the experimental aspect of Eucken's universal religion, the religion that attains only the unity of a spirit life apprehended as penetrating, but not as transcending, the natural universe.

But, as there is a characteristic religion which escapes the limitations of nature and creatures by its apprehension of a world-transcendent Spirit, there is correspondingly a higher and supernatural mysticism which is the experience of transcendent Godhead. And this mysticism also has its poets. There are, indeed, poets who pass unconsciously from one mysticism to the other or present both in unreconciled conflict. Shelley, as the disciple of the humanist, Godwin, rises no higher in conscious intellectual theory than a pantheism whose supreme value is man. Hence, derives that humanist

apocalypse, *Prometheus Unbound*. A kingdom of spiritual values fulfilled and triumphant is expected from the conversion of man through his own rational enlightenment and good will. But throughout this very poem is heard the voice of the higher mysticism which finds the truth and value of life in a transcendent God, the Demogorgan who releases and enthrones Prometheus. For Shelley is also a disciple of Plato. And Plato looked beyond the realm of natural phenomena to a divine kingdom of ideas present in the mind of God. The immanent humanism of Godwin and the transcendent mysticism of Plato are the two philosophies that dominate Shelley's poetry. They are unreconciled to the end. But the latter, as the truer and the deeper understanding, gains upon the former. In his "Hellas," the poet abandons the phenomenal world to a cyclic interchange of good and evil, and looks for comfort above it to the unchanging Idea.

Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of War
Based on the chrystalline sea
Of thought and its Eternity.

But no human thought is eternal. Eternity is the divine Word.

Dante is the poet of the higher and supernatural mysticism. His *Commedia* depicts the ascent of the soul above the passing things of time and change: "The false images of good which pay no promise in full" to the Absolute Worth, "the essential Goodness, of every good thing the fruit and the root." The Platonism that in Shelley struggles against naturalism and its Pantheism which equals all values, reigns in the *Commedia* with the diadem and unction of divine revelation. From the dim and tangled forest of a natural life disordered and distracted by opposition to the supernatural world ensouled by the divine Life, the poet is raised by divine grace to immediate and unveiled vision of the Godhead with its integration and fulfillment of human life in the divine Life and Will. Dante is the poet of the Catholic religion. The Catholic religion is the revelation and dispensation of supernatural grace uniting human souls with God, above their natural life of time and death. But this union when manifest in conscious experience is the mystical union and intuition. The singer of Catholic religion must, therefore, hymn the supernatural mysticism of its Saints.

It does not, however, follow of necessity that Dante is himself a supernatural mystic. Conceivably, he might derive his poetry from the lower experience of implicit nature mysticism, and describe the higher mysticism from without on the authority of Catholic belief and the recorded experiences of mystical writers. It would, indeed, be almost inconceivable that he should not possess at least that inchoate mysticism which consists in the supernatural union with God through sanctifying grace and charity. But did that grace-union rise to the conscious experience of its divine Object present in the central depths of the soul in which mystical experience consists? The materials for an answer are scanty.

Of the poet's external life we know little, of his interior life directly *almost* nothing. He has left no spiritual autobiography or memoranda. We are almost entirely dependent on the indirect method of inference from his imagined journey in the next world to his real spiritual journey in this life. Obviously, such inference allows enormous scope to the personal factor of the student. Who dare discriminate with any certainty between the elements in the *Commedia* taken from external theology and those based on personal experience? Even the most apparently immediate experiences of a mystic who professes to describe his personal experience are necessarily molded, at least in their formal expressions, by his environment and education with their externally accepted theology and culture. His very vocabulary has been shaped by ideas independent and pre-existent of his experience. With a conscious artist like Dante, the subconscious mind was, no doubt, far less likely to frame an artistic embodiment of spiritual intuition without the interference of the conscious intelligence. The elaborate pageant seen in the earthly Paradise is preceded by an appeal to the Muses to enable the poet "to put into verse, things hard to conceive." This indicated conscious artistic construction.

But there is a mystical experience without images, and transcendent even of concepts, a contact with the incomprehensible, because infinite, Godhead present in the depths of the soul. The fountain-head of Catholic mystical theology, the Christian Neo-Platonist who wrote under the pseudonym of Dionysius, the Areopagite, and whose works had been carefully studied by Dante, to whom they came with the authority

of St. Paul's Athenian convert,¹ devoted a treatise to this "Negative" intuition of God.²

As the systematic study of mystical experience developed a special branch of theology, this formless and direct intuition-union was increasingly valued in contrast to intuitions mediated through concepts and images. The classical exponent of this mysticism is St. John of the Cross, relentless in his rejection of imaginary and even of conceptual visions. But we find the same attitude in the anonymous fourteenth century treatise, the *Cloud of Unknowing*. For it is a feature of the German School of mystics who derive from Eckhart, the great Dominican mystic of the later thirteenth century. Previously, however, præternormal experiences veiled in image and concept had been more highly prized with the natural result that the attainment of the direct and pure intuition was hindered. This may account for the surprising fact that many of the earlier mystics, St. Augustine, for instance, and later, St. Bernard, speak as if this transcendent contemplation were an experience of the rarest occurrence and apparently reached only towards the goal of the mystical way, whereas later mystical writers regard it, at least in its weakest form, as the normal experience of all souls called to mystical prayer.

This would indicate that the comparative freedom of later mystics from attachment to images and concepts, enabled their grace-union with God to become manifest as a pure intuition of His incomprehensible Presence at a far earlier stage than was possible to their predecessors with their higher valuation of sensible visions and conceptual contemplations. Dante, however, is attached to the older mystical tradition. No contact can be established between his work and the contemporary School of Eckhart. Therefore, the direct formless intuition, if it occurred at all, would be likely to occur very rarely, and to be regarded rather as the supreme form of Divine union possible in this life, than as a comparatively low degree of mystical experience, as indeed, in its beginning, the lowest form of experience in the strictest sense mystical (the Prayer

¹ *Paradiso* X., XXIX.

² Cf. *Mystical Theology* I. Translated by Rolt. It must, however, be admitted that whereas Dante's acquaintance with the Celestial Hierarchy and the Divine Names is indubitable, there is no evidence of direct knowledge of the Mystical Theology. But its substance, at least, will have reached him through later theologians.

of Quiet). Even if Dante did experience this mystical prayer-union, it would not be described directly in his poem. For poetry is the incarnation of spiritual truth in sensible imagery. Its presence could only be inferred indirectly, from what may be termed the tone and color of the poetical descriptions. Again, a test fails us. But there is a tone and a color in the *Commedia*, a personal emphasis, a fire and an unction which seem to betray a personal experience behind and beyond the pictures and the theological expositions. Moreover, the stress laid on the indescribable character of his experiences in Paradise and on his inevitable oblivion of their substantial nature and worth, points beyond poetic fiction to Dante's attainment of a mystical contact with God transcending the images and concepts which can be stored in the memory and communicated to others. This is particularly evident in the opening lines of the *Paradiso*, and in the account of the beatific vision at its close.

But the strongest argument for a personal experience underlying the imagined experiences of the *Commedia*, an experience extending to the immediate formless contact of mystical prayer, is the claim made by Dante for himself in the letter to Can Grande, which introduces and dedicates the *Paradiso*. It is true that many critics reject this letter as spurious. If that rejection be well grounded there is no hope of a certain solution of the question before us. But the detailed defence of its authenticity by so learned a Dantist as Dr. Moore^a is eminently convincing. Mr. Edmund Gardner, in his *Dante's Ten Heavens*, regards the letter as most probably genuine, and in practice makes full use of it. This was before the publication of Dr. Moore's defence. In a later work, *Dante and the Mystics*, Mr. Gardner seems to accept it without hesitation as an authentic source. Referring to himself in the third person, Dante, in his letter to Can Grande, says:

And after saying he was in that place of Paradise he proceeds to say that he saw things which he who descends thence cannot relate. And he states the cause of this, namely, that the intellect sinks so deeply into the object of its desire, that is into God, that the memory cannot follow. To understand this, we must know that the human understanding in virtue of its connatural relationship with dis-

^a *Studies in Dante*, third series.

embodied intellectual substance is raised so high that memory fails on its return, because it has transcended the human mode [of knowledge].

Dante then appeals to experiences recorded in Scripture, and continues:

If these instances are insufficient for my critics, let them read Richard of Saint Victor's book, *De Contemplatione*, Bernard's *De Consideratione*, also Augustine in his *De Quantitate Animæ*, and they will criticize no longer. But if they object to the claim of so lofty an elevation for a sinner, let them read Daniel where they will find that even Nabuchodonosor saw some divine visions against sinners. . . . For He Who maketh His sun to rise on the good and the evil, and raineth on the just and on the unjust, sometimes in mercy to effect conversion, at others, in severity to inflict punishment, manifests His glory in greater or lesser degree, as He wills, to those who live never so wickedly.

This passage is of central importance for the study of Dante's mysticism. Dante distinctly claims a personal experience of God exceeding human modes of knowledge, that is, above images and distinct concepts, and similar in character to the mystical union as described by mystical theologians. *Dante is evidently not merely a poet of mysticism, but himself a mystic, a mystic in the higher supernatural sense, as mysticism is understood, experienced and described by Catholic mystics.* But we can neither know the degree and manner of his experience, nor isolate it with its content. For every mystical experience, however transcendent and formless, contains implicitly a metaphysical doctrine of God and the soul.

We have seen that Dante's spiritual intuitions are necessarily embodied in imagery or theological formulæ derived from external sources. The final vision of the *Paradiso*, in its ultimate failure of all vision that leaves only the activity of the will and is remembered only by an abiding sweetness in the heart, resembles most the description of mystical contemplation given by the mystics, and among them by those to whom Dante has expressly referred.

The Catholic religion is a union of the world with God through humanity by the dispensation of supernatural grace in the God-Man and His Church body. But, as we have seen, mysticism is the conscious realization of that union, in so far

as it is possible in this life. Mysticism, therefore, and Catholic religion are as inseparable as the flower and the plant which bears it. If mysticism is found outside the pale of the visible Church, it is because Catholic religion, imperfectly and implicitly no doubt, also extends beyond it, the soul of the Church exceeding its body. Hence, the mysticism of Dante is inseparable from his theology and his metaphysic. How much of the theology of the *Divina Commedia* is actually the interpretation and elaboration of mystical experience is and must be unknown. For the Catholic theology, which is the framework of the poem, is a body whose soul is mystical experience, and, therefore, would interpret to the poet his private experience of God. And since Dante was steeped in mystical authors, as appears from his letter to Can Grande, their teaching also will interpret his experience. We must, therefore, be satisfied to affirm the existence of a genuine mystical experience as the stimulus of the *Commedia*, and, without attempting an impossible isolation of Dante's mystical doctrine, to outline his theology, as it unfolds and interprets what is implicit in mystical experience, that is in so far as it describes or interprets the union between the human soul and God.

This theology may be divided into two parts, the theology of the Object and the subject of the Divine union, God and the human creature and the theology or theological psychology of the way of union.

Theists who are not mystical are usually anthropomorphic. Milton, utterly lacking in supernatural mysticism, makes of the Deity an old man, and even as a man unattractive. His poetry, therefore, becomes least poetical when it enters Heaven. Mystics, on the other hand, whose experience lacks the interpretation of a sound theology are liable to Pantheism; if nature mystics, to the cosmic pantheism which confuses God with the creation in which He is immanent; if transcendental mystics, to the acosmic pantheism, which denies all reality to creatures. Dante's presentation of God-head is quite free from anthropomorphism. Unlike Milton, he never depicts God in human form, but employs symbols that are obviously no more than symbols. God is seen as the central point around which revolve the angelic circles,⁴ as a river of light,⁵ finally as three concentric circles of light and

⁴ *Paradiso* XXIX.

⁵ *Paradiso* XXXI.

flame. His incomprehensibility, hence his transcendence of all human understanding and expression, is a recurrent theme. And this is true not only of His Being, but of the decrees of his predestination. "Our vision . . . of its very nature cannot be so powerful that its ground [God] should not discern far beyond that which is visible to us."⁶ The Contemplatives in Saturn repeat the same lesson. With Platonic emphasis, Dante stresses the Divine Goodness and Unity. God is the Good of Whose worth all created values are more or less imperfect reflections, the One Who renders the manifold of creation a Universe, the Unit in and from which all multiplicity is grounded and derived.⁷ God, in His second Person, the Eternal Word, is the Idea Whose refracted rays are creature.⁸ He is Eternity, outside the flux of time,⁹ and He dwells beyond space.¹⁰ In the unchanging *now* of the Divine Eternity all the events of time are present, the future equally with the past. In a manner comprehensible only to God Himself, place and time are rooted in His Eternity and Omnipresence.¹¹ God is "the point to Whom all times are present," "where every when and where are focussed."¹² Thinkers who have penetrated the implications of the spiritual life have realized the need and the existence of an immutable and all-inclusive Value and Truth outside the flux and the exclusions of time and space. Mr. Bertrand Russell, who cannot believe the real existence of this absolute Value and Truth, insists on its spiritual necessity, though for him its existence is merely the subjective creation of the human mind, a self-contradictory conception since human knowledge, though able to participate in absolute truth and goodness, is itself subject to time and space. Shelley, at once Platonist and naturalist, ends with the same contradiction. Dante, Platonist and Catholic Christian, rises to the apprehension, indeed to the personal experience of the absolute Godhead Whose Unity writes the manifold of our experience, Whose Truth contains our partial forms of knowledge, Whose Value is the unity of all our values, and the satisfaction of all our desires.¹³

While Dante escapes anthropomorphism, he is equally free from the acosmic pantheism which has dominated the

⁶ *Paradiso* XIX.

⁷ *Purgatorio* XVII., 135; *Paradiso* V., 10; XXVI., 31-34; XIII., 58-61.

⁸ *Paradiso* XIII., 52-56. ⁹ *Paradiso* XXIX., 16.

¹⁰ *Paradiso* LII., 67.

¹¹ *Paradiso* XXVII., 106-121.

¹² *Paradiso* XVII., 18, 37-43; XXIX., 12.

¹³ *Paradiso* XXII., 63-67.

mysticism of the East and has even affected the formulations of the radically non-pantheist Neo-Platonists. For Dante admits degrees of reality. Everything that is, that truly exists, is a reflection of the Divine Idea,¹⁴ a ray of the Divine glory to which the will of God has given subsistence."¹⁵ Compared with the existence of God, creatures are non-existent, but this non-existence is merely comparative. The relation between God and creatures is often pictured by Dante as that between light and its reflection. But we must not press the image, for though reflected light is light, the reflection of God is not God. If, however, we think of a reflection as a participation of light by its absence, darkness, we may better seize his meaning.

Among creatures there are degrees of reality corresponding to the degrees of their participation of God. Spirits transcending time and space, possess more of God, and, therefore, more being than material objects. God created time together with the beings it measures "in His Eternity outside time," a conception first elaborated by St. Augustine. His motive was no gain for Himself, but that His reflected glory might exist outside Himself. The Divine glory is thus the end of creation and that glory consists in the due order of creation. Every creature, consciously or unconsciously, instinctively or rationally, fulfills its nature by becoming as godlike, as within the limits of its nature it may become.¹⁶

But matter from the limitation of its being is an imperfect receptacle of the Divine idea which is its form and fulfillment.¹⁷ Moreover, as in the philosophy of Plotinus, each degree of being is, in a sense, the matter whose form is the superior degree, and it may, by its imperfection, resist the full reception of that form. Below humanity this defect is necessary, and, therefore, only a physical evil arising from the essential limitation of created being. When, however, with humanity reason appears, it brings with it free will. Therefore, if man's animal nature resists reason, or his natural will resists supernatural love there is moral evil or sin. So the first man falls. There is, therefore, a real connection, an analogy founded in the nature of things between sin and physical evil. This Dante points out in the first canto of the *Paradiso*.¹⁸ But the evil consists only in the breach of order,

¹⁴ *Paradiso* XIII., 52, 53. ¹⁵ *Paradiso* XXIX., 15. ¹⁶ *Paradiso* I., 103 to end.

¹⁷ *Paradiso* XIII., 76-79.

¹⁸ *Paradiso* I., 127-135.

which prefers the lower and less real value to the higher, or in the case of man to the absolute Worth and Reality. There is nothing evil in the lower goods themselves. Dante's mysticism demands not the rejection of the inferior kinds of being, but their entire subordination to God, Who alone gives them what value they possess. The right ordering of loves, in subordination to the love of God, is the theme of the seventeenth and eighteenth cantos of the *Purgatorio*. But the lower loves and interests are not suppressed. The entire universe is radiant with Divine light. The forms of nature are vehicles and symbols of Divine truth, secular culture a stepping stone to Divine wisdom, profane history a revelation of Divine providence, the State the servant of the Kingdom of God.

For the mediæval mystics, particularly, perhaps, for the Victorines, understanding, the exercise of human reason, is the first stage of the road to Divine knowledge. Dante's reverence for reason and its search for truth appears on every page. To be sure he insists on its limitations, its need of supplement by Christian faith.¹⁹ But it is the indispensable presupposition and support of faith. The natural thirst of our reason for truth renders us dissatisfied until God has revealed His Absolute Truth,²⁰ that thirst "never satisfied save with the water whereof the Samaritan woman asked the grace:"²¹ "the enduring thirst for the deiform kingdom created with our life."²² Even Max Nordau, who attacks mysticism as the enemy of and substitute of reason dare not accuse Dante of hostility to reason. He prefers to claim that he was no mystic!

In itself Dante despises this world with its goods, "the threshing floor which makes men so fierce." But that same world and its affairs are from another point of view of eternal value. For this little world is a threshing floor where an eternal separation is effected between good and evil souls, a garden where grows the fruit garnered in heaven. Above all, it is the world where God became man, the world of the Incarnation.

Catholic mysticism turns around two poles. One is the incomprehensible and infinite Godhead, the other, the humanity of the God-Man Jesus Christ. Not only is the Divine Idea, the Eternal Logos, mirrored in the human mind and reflected even in the material body. It has assumed that mind and body

¹⁹ *Purgatorio* III., 34-45; *Paradiso* XIX., 40-64.

²⁰ *Paradiso* IV., 124-133. ²¹ *Purgatorio* XXI., 1-4. ²² *Paradiso* II., 19, 20.

into personal union with Itself. And because the soul and body of the Word incarnate are one in natural solidarity with human nature as a whole, and through humanity with the material environment of humanity, humanity and its environment are raised thereby to supernatural union with the God-head as the mystical body and clothing of the God-Man. Thus, through grace, nature returns to its Divine Source after a higher and closer fashion than by the mere fulfillment of its natural work and order. Nature is not only the symbol, but in a very real sense the sacrament of super-nature. The least natural creature, the most insignificant action of natural life, can become a channel of Divine grace, a means to the Divine union. Human love, the flower of natural life, is the sacrament of Divine charity. Angry, indeed, would Dante be with critics who argue that because Beatrice is the symbol of Divine faith she cannot have been an actual woman. It is precisely because she was a woman of flesh and blood, that she can reflect and symbolize a higher manifestation of God. It is this Church Bride of Christ, the dispensation of grace received in nature, wedding it with God in a supernatural Divine Kingdom that Beatrice, in her widest significance, represents. Since Dante is throughout concerned with a vision of Divine truth, the theoretical aspect of the grace life is predominant in his intention. Primarily, therefore, Beatrice is faith, the cognitive aspect of the life of grace, as rational understanding (Virgil) is the cognitive aspect of natural human life. But we must not forget her wider meaning which includes the entire economy of grace, the supreme reception and reflection of God in creation. Therefore, it is that her beauty increases at every stage of the celestial ascent.

The subject of the *Divina Commedia* is not primarily the way of Divine Union in this life. But since the condition of a soul in the next world is evidently the continuation and the consequence of its final condition in this, and since there is but one principle and one way of union with God, however diverse its exterior forms, we are justified in drawing from Dante's account of his ascent to God through Purgatory and Paradise a description of the soul's mystical ascent to Divine Union in this life. Only we must bear in mind that the primary purpose of the poem, the picture of souls in the hereafter, must inevitably modify and obscure this secondary

meaning. We must also remember that Dante is concerned not so much with the condition and progress of the individual, as with the spiritual condition of mankind as a whole, with the progress or failure of humanity in relation to its universal end of supernatural union with God and reception of His Godhead as the body of His Word and the temple of His Spirit. Hence, for example, the spheres of Paradise are not primarily stages of spiritual ascent, but final manifestations of God in various human groups, manifestations more or less glorious according to the special vocation of each group.

The ascent of the soul is its attainment of freedom,²³ its emancipation from the limitations of creatures by union with the unlimited Being of God. But this escape can only be effected by voluntary death to the limited desires that imprison the soul within earthly goods. The soul must wash away the stains of despairing thoughts (the stains of hell) with the dew of heavenly grace, and gird itself for the ascent with the smooth rush of a humility that yields to every wave of Divine vocation and inspiration.²⁴ In Dante's time, the threefold division of the mystical way into the Purgative, the Illuminative and the Unitive was already classical.²⁵ The Purgative way is represented by the mount of Purgatory. In this way natural reason (Virgil) can still guide, for reason can discover the moral evil of sinful dispositions. But reason cannot lead unaided; it requires the illumination of grace.

When human guidance fails, the sun shows the path which always turns to the right. When the sun sets, power to ascend fails automatically. At night the only possible motion is downward or in a circle at the same altitude. For the sun, Plato's child and image of the Good, is for Dante Divine grace without which no supernatural progress is possible. In the *Paradiso* when sanctifying grace has become the light of glory, the sun is superseded by "the light that renders the Creator visible to the creature." The theology of grace, as elaborated by St. Augustine in his controversy with the Pelagians, is summed up in Dante's picture of the failure of ascent at sunset. In the Purgative way when the dawn of conscious mystical experience is not yet risen, an anticipatory illumination reaches the soul through inspirations given in a prayer abstracted from earthly thoughts. These are the inspirations to

²³ *Purgatorio* I., 71-74; XXVIII., 132-140; *Paradiso* XXXI., 79.

²⁴ *Purgatorio* I.

²⁵ Gardner, *Dante and the Mystics*, p. 90.

which Father Baker in his *Holy Wisdom* ascribes the best advancement of the contemplative beginner. During one of these dreams the poet is carried up to the gate of Purgatory. The soul attains that definitive conversion, often reached in a moment of unwonted illumination, when the way of purification is entered in full earnest and deliberate affection for sin abandoned. Hence, the poet once admitted is forbidden to look behind him.²⁶

Seven radical perversions of love, seven manifestations of the natural life rebelling as self-love against charity are the seven capital vices whose purgation is effected on the seven terraces of Purgatory. Deepest rooted is the self-affirmation of the individual who finds his end in himself and his own glory, the sin of pride. This separation and self-affirmation of the utterly dependent individual from and against the Whole, God with the universe united to Himself, is the ground of sin. It was the first sin of the fallen angels. Pride, therefore, must be purged first of all by humble reception of the Divine Will. The supreme example of this humility is Mary's self-abandoning consent to the Incarnation, pictured in the pavement of this cornice. And the paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer which forms the devotion of the proud soul, centres on an absolute abandonment to God's will and utter need of His help. Here, as throughout Purgatory, the purifying penalty is the consequence of the sinful disposition to be purged. The soul that raised itself against its Source, is, in consequence, bowed beneath the weight of that very selfhood in which it gloried, and the soul that sought to display itself in a false light to the praise of others, is almost unrecognizable in the world of truth.²⁷

After pride must be purged envy in which the self-affirmation of the individual has become a positive hostility to others, a vice more hateful in its outer manifestations, but, because it is more external, easier to detect and eradicate, and therefore less difficult an obstacle to spiritual advance. The purging prayer is the Litany of the Saints, an appeal to that solidarity of souls in God from which envy had severed the envious, the pain, the sewing up of their eyes from the sunlight. After envious hate is purged the still more external vice of anger, whose smoke also blinds the eyes to the sun, but

²⁶ *Purgatorio* IX., 130-133.
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²⁷ *Purgatorio* X., 112-117.

not so inwardly as the tightly sewn wire thread of the envious. Here the soul (Dante) must keep close to reason (Virgil). The devotion of the angry souls is a meditation on the meek Lamb of God. During the night Dante fittingly waits on the cornice where spiritual sloth is purified. The punishment here is a ceaseless race around the cornice. For the spiritually slothful are often active in worldly affairs, though they make no supernatural progress. To this cornice alone no devotion is assigned. Spiritual sloth is neglect of prayer.

On the following day Dante passes through the purgation of misdirected forms of positive love extending indeed beyond the self and therefore less limited, but terminating in creatures of this natural life. Lowest of these is avarice, whose end is worldly possessions, accompanied by the prodigality that exchanges these possessions for immediate pleasures. Its consequence and penalty is prostration to the earth preferred before heaven, its devotion, the remorseful confession of this spiritual bondage. Of all positive self-transcending loves, avarice is the most limiting and the most exclusive of spiritual life. Hence its penalty is lowest and obviously the most hateful to Dante. After the purgation of avarice, the reason is in a state of habitual illumination by grace. Statius joins Virgil in the conduct of Dante. In gluttony the necessity of individual bodily sustenance is allowed to hinder the spiritual life. Less interior and, therefore, less binding in its effect than the previous vices, it is particularly degrading to human dignity. Its punishment therefore disfigures and renders unrecognizable the countenance which should reflect the spiritual activity and dignity of man. In so far as gluttony makes the soul desire excessively the lower food of the body, it prevents it from seeking its own Food. But the former can never satisfy, and the soul is thus left to pine in hunger and thirst. This is the penalty of this cornice. The last vice to be purged is sexual impurity in all its forms. Sexual love is the flower of the natural life, the most powerful manifestation of the *élan vital*, as it issues in the maintenance of the race, the supreme energy of libido, as Jung terms it, or concupiscence to employ Augustinian terminology. Since, however, the supernatural life does not destroy but fulfills the life of nature, the supreme manifestation of the former is preëminently matter to be informed by the latter.

Concupiscence in its most powerful urge is fittest for what the psycho-analyst would term sublimation, the Catholic calls it sanctification, into the charity that unites not with the natural life of humanity, but with the life of God in supernaturalized humanity. Hence marriage is sacramental of the grace-union between God and the Church. Dante's human love for Beatrice is sublimated in his love of God in the Church and her faith. Since human love is the best material of charity, and the lover most apt to be formed into a saint, souls guilty of abuse of sexual love are purified nearest to the earthly Paradise. Their punishment is to burn in the flames of unsatisfied love. For lust withdraws love from the charity which fulfills love. Dante himself must pass through this fire, as must every soul from Purgatory, even if unstained by impurity. For the soul could not have sinned except by following in some form the natural life-love in resistance to charity.

The earthly Paradise is the entrance of the Illuminative way. Here human reason (Virgil) vanishes before Divine Faith (Beatrice). As St. John of the Cross will insist, faith, described by St. Bernard as a veiled knowledge of the Divine truth which exceeds reason, is now the soul's guide to blind reception of the Divine self-revelation beyond human understanding. "Faith," St. Thomas defines, "is a habit of the mind whereby Eternal life begins in us, making the intellect assent to the things whose truth is not manifest to it." But before Virgil vanishes from Beatrice's presence, Matilda appears to guide Dante to Beatrice and to wait upon her. Her relationship to Virgil is that of St. Bernard to Beatrice. The celestial pageant which surrounds Beatrice in her coming, bears to the Illuminative way the same relation that the pageant of the Saints in the Stellar Heaven bears to the Unitive. Both are revelations of God as incarnate in Christ and His Church body. But in the former that revelation is veiled by its incarnation. Mother Cecilia, a Spanish Carmelite mystic, explains that the mysteries of Christ to be the channel of mystical union must be used in a Divine way, in which the soul does not rest in the contemplation of the humanity, but penetrates through it to the Godhead. This higher Divine way is symbolized by the apparition in the Stellar Heaven. The pageant of the earthly Paradise is a lower more human way in which the soul rests in the humanity and its mysteries with

their extension in the visible Church, Beatrice's chariot, as opposed to that invisible Church spirit seen among the stars. Hence the chariot can be broken and defiled; the heavenly Church is inviolate. In both visions the three theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity, are prominent. But here they are clothed in imaginative forms, there, discerned in themselves as naked spiritual powers. Moreover, Christian faith (Beatrice) must first appear to the soul in the garb of material symbols and physical events. Scripture reading, the white clad elders, and the institutional religion of the Church, the chariot, are here the predominant means of spiritual illumination. And spiritual guide books are accustomed after the warfare against faults in the Purgative way to place in the Illuminative the meditation of Gospel mysteries.

The effect of the new illumination is a renewed and keener realization of the sinfulness of the soul and of the comparative nothingness of the creatures which have led it astray. Dante is rebuked by Beatrice, forced to heart-felt confession, and in the shame of it swoons away. This swoon is the death to the old life of nature with its sin, in which the Purgative way is completed. For a death unto sin and the beginning of a new life unto supernatural justice, a death repeated ever more inwardly and more radically with every advance in the Divine union, with every accession of supernatural life, is the law of mystical progress. Finally, baptism in the two rivers of Lethe and Eunoe, the former to wash away all experimental knowledge of evil, the latter to revivify all the goodness possessed or exercised by the soul, renders it "pure and disposed to ascend to the stars," that heavenly realm of manifest supernatural life which is mystical experience on earth and a foretaste of the beatific vision hereafter. St. John of the Cross, in the *Spiritual Canticle of the Soul*, speaks of oblivion of sin as an effect of mystical union. But he places this oblivion towards the end of the mystic way.

Freed from the limits of sinful habit, the soul rises through the illumination of God, led on by faith which does not suffer it to rest in any gift of God which is not the Giver Himself. For "her eyes" are "fixed on the sun beyond our wont." The accession of light on entering Paradise, "as if He Who has the power had adorned heaven with another sun," is the light of supernatural contemplation superadded to the

light of reason. The ascent into Paradise is an unspeakable deification wherein human nature is in a very real sense rendered Divine by its union with God. The bold language of deification is employed by mystics, as it was used by many of the early Fathers. In particular, St. Bernard (*de Diligendo Deo*) speaks of the soul at the end of the way of love as deified by absorption in the love of God. As Glaucus was transformed in the sea to a demi-god, so Dante, the soul, entering the limitless sea of Godhead,²⁸ becomes by grace a deified man. The character of the spheres of Paradise is determined by two factors, the natural influence ascribed to its star, for the natural capacity of each soul conditions its reception of supernature, and a combination of Dionysius' arrangement of the angelic hierarchies with St. Bernard's description of their character and function in the *De Consideratione*.²⁹

But we may also see in the seven lower spheres the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit which perfect and adorn the soul for the Divine union. Fear of the Lord would have prevented the souls in the moon from breaking their vows through fear of men. On this Holy Fear rests the sanctity of the vow, and by its aid free will is able to overcome external compulsion. Moreover, it is the beginning of Divine wisdom (Psalm cx.). Piety renders human work the filial service of God. The ambitious spirits in Mercury are indeed instruments of Divine Providence, but their merit is diminished, because the motive of their work was not this piety of Divine service. The doctrine of redemption which centred in the pious obedience of Christ to his Father even unto the death of the Cross and involved pious submission to the Imperial jurisdiction of Pilate is here explained.³⁰ The soul grounded in the fear of the Lord, now lives and works by filial piety. To Venus the sphere of lovers it is harder to assign a gift. But the gift of counsel would have directed their love aright, and the teaching given in this sphere turns on human counsel as the prudent ordering of society, and the Divine counsel that utilizes for its providence natural forces, the Stellar influences. It is not enough for the soul to love, not even to possess a love of God in its affections. It needs also counsel to guide its choices.

To the Theologians in the Sun corresponds the gift of

²⁸ We may compare the end of Mother Cecilia's treatise on the Transformation of the soul in God and the Pacific Ocean of St. Catherine of Siena.

²⁹ Gardner, *Dante and the Mystics*, pp. 122-133.

³⁰ *Paradise* VII.

knowledge. The Knowledge of God acquired by the study of Revelation is the illumination of this ascent. But that study must be undertaken in disinterested freedom from earthly environment, and must be sweetened by the loving contemplation of Christ Crucified. Hence, simple friars mingle with learned doctors, the story of St. Francis is told beside the story of the theologian, Dominic, and in both lives their poverty is emphasized. To Mars, obviously, belongs fortitude. Active struggle against the forces of evil in the soul and in the world is a higher degree of union than theological study. The discourse in this sphere terminates with Dante's fortitude in speaking the truth at all personal cost and risk. Fittingly, also, does fortitude follow knowledge. For knowledge of divine truth gives strength to struggle against the falsehood and unreason of the world, and knowledge without consequent struggle avails only for condemnation. To Jupiter I would assign understanding. The incapacity of human understanding to fathom the decrees of divine predestination is here the theme, and the reward of each just monarch is a special understanding of Divine Providence, often in regard to some effect previously unintelligible.³¹ After brave struggle with the apparent irrationality of life and nature the soul receives intuitions of the Divine Providence at work behind and in spite of a seemingly godless world. To Saturn, the sphere of contemplatives, corresponds the gift of wisdom, the gift to which theologians ascribe mystical intuition.³² It is primarily a contact of the will exceeding its concomitant intuition. Dante, therefore, receives little teaching in this sphere. His question is declared unanswerable, his request deferred. But the ladder is seen up which souls mount to the highest Heaven. This ladder is the mystical way of union already mounted far, but now clearly seen reaching upward till it is lost in the Divine Darkness.

To the empyrean Heaven of "Intellectual light full of love," the light of glory which renders possible the vision of God, corresponds the union of the soul with God in Himself, in communion, however, with the saints and the angels. Entrance into this sphere blinds Dante a second time. The divine light dazzles the soul into the temporary darkness of another

³¹ *Paradiso* XX., 37-73. Note the repetition of "*Ora Cognosce*," "Now he knows," but with the sense of "understands."

³² See, for instance, Anthony of the Holy Ghost, *Directorium Mysticum*.

night. Further grace, the continued operation of the blinding light must strengthen its faculties for the final vision. The prefatory vision of the river of Light wherein plunge the angelic sparks and on whose banks the saints blossom, as flowers, may represent the vision of creatures immanent in God, a vision higher than the vision of God immanent in creatures. Beatrice is now replaced as guide by St. Bernard, the type of infused contemplation, the mystical intuition in which faith issues and is made perfect. Through the intercession of Mary, flower and type of a creation reunited to God and receptive of His Self-donation, the temple of Divine Incarnation, St. Bernard leads Dante to the beatific vision of the Triune Godhead. This vision which, theologians argue, had perhaps been granted after a transient fashion to a Paul or an Elias, represents the highest mystical intuition-union possible on earth. What its exact degree is we cannot tell. Distinctions later elaborated: the Prayer of Quiet, Full Union, Ecstasy, Spiritual Espousals, Spiritual Marriage, were unknown to Dante. But its conclusion, like the supreme act of the Spiritual Marriage for Mother Cecilia, and St. John of the Cross, and like the highest insight into God granted to Angela of Foligno, was an absorption of the understanding in the Divine Darkness of God's infinite Being above and beyond all human concepts and description, a Darkness, however, that left the will moved incomprehensibly by its divine Object, "the Love that moves the Sun and the other stars." For Dante, as for other mystics, however far they outstripped him on the road of Divine Union, "The rest is Silence." It is the silence that reigns on the summit of St. John's mystic Carmel, the half hour's silence in Heaven, the silence that is God's praise in Zion.²³ It is the silence of an experience beyond speech and thought. But love moves onward still to the Divine Centre of all loves, until death shall remove the last thin veil that hides the Divine Glory,²⁴ till the dark intuition brightens into clear vision, and "we shall be like unto" God, because "we shall see Him as He is."

²³ Old version of Psalm LXV., 1.

²⁴ St. John of the Cross, *Living Flame of Love*, I.

THE TIMES OF DANTE.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.



PERHAPS no more completely erroneous critical dictum has ever been expressed than the assertion of Carlyle, that "in Dante ten silent centuries found a voice." On the contrary, as the labors of thousands of scholars and critics continue to add to the already vast literature of research and criticism of Dante and his work, it becomes ever more apparent that "the central man of all the world" was, nevertheless, the typical man of genius of a particular epoch. If the *Divine Comedy*, according to Dean Church, is one of the landmarks of universal history, Dante and his work constitute as well a landmark of the history of the thirteenth century. The coincidence of the present world-wide interest in the supreme poet of Christianity with possibly even a greater interest in and study of the history, and the social ideas and customs, of his age, is a circumstance containing matter for the deepest, most earnest, and most hopeful study. Frederick Harrison in his *Survey of the Thirteenth Century* says: "Of all the epochs of effort after a new life that . . . is the most spiritual, the most really constructive and, indeed, the most truly philosophic. It had great thinkers, great rulers, great teachers, great poets, great artists, great moralists, and great workmen. It could not be called the material age, the devotional age, the political age, or the poetic age in any special degree. It was equally poetic, political, industrial, artistic, practical, intellectual and devotional. And these qualities acted on a uniform conception of life with a real symmetry of purpose." Our own distracted and inchoate age requires and seeks that same symmetry of purpose: the Catholic Faith.

Nor was the thirteenth century a separate and inexplicable efflorescence of individual genius and of social vitality and creativeness. Even as Dante was no "solitary phenomenon of his time, but a worthy culmination of the literary movement which, beginning shortly before 1200, produced down to 1300 such a mass of undying literature," so his age

brought into manifestation—in religion, art, philosophy, handicraft, and politics—ideas, aspirations, and tendencies that had been born or preserved in the less illuminated centuries preceding it. The thirteenth century (as Dr. James J. Walsh has stated), “is the century of the Gothic cathedrals, of the foundation of the university, of the signing of Magna Charta, and of the origin of representative government with something like constitutional guarantees throughout the west of Europe. The cathedrals represent a development in the arts that has probably never been equaled either before or since. The university was a definite creation of these generations that has lived and maintained its usefulness practically in the same form in which it was then cast for the seven centuries ever since. The foundation stones of modern liberties are to be found in the documents which for the first time declared the rights of man during this precious period.

“A little consideration of the men who, at this period, lived lives of undying influence on mankind, will still further attract the attention of those who have not usually grouped these great characters together. Just before the century opened, three great rulers died at the height of their influence. They are still, and will always be, the subject of men’s thoughts and of literature. They were Frederick Barbarossa, Saladin, and Richard Cœur de Lion. They formed but a suggestive prelude of what was to come in the following century, when such great monarchs as St. Louis of France, St. Ferdinand of Spain, Alfonso the Wise of Castile, Frederick II. of Germany, Edward I., the English Justinian, Rudolph of Hapsburg, . . . and Robert Bruce, occupied the thrones of Europe. Was it by chance or Providence that the same century saw the rise of and the beginning of the fall of that great Eastern monarchy which had been created by the genius for conquest of Jenghiz Khan, the Tartar warrior, who ruled over all the Eastern world from beyond what are now the western confines of Russia, Poland, and Hungary, into and including what we now call China.”¹ Of those times immediately preceding the advent of Dante, Dr. Ralph Adams Cram writes as follows: “The twelfth was the century of magnificent endeavors and all that was great in its successor is here in embryo not only in art, but in philosophy, religion and the conduct of

¹ *Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries*, p. 2.

life. The eleventh century is a time of aspiration and vision, of the enunciation of new principles and of the first shock of the contest between the old that was doomed, and the new that was destined to unprecedented victories.”²

Dante was born at Florence in 1265, shortly before the decisive battle of Benevento, which placed the Guelf Party in power in Florence, and marked an epoch in Italian history. And out of the struggles of Italy in this epoch emerged many of the influences which moved and molded the subsequent history of the world, particularly in regard to the democratic aspirations of the common people struggling for their human rights against the despotism of capricious tyrants and privileged aristocrats. “Benevento,” says Gardner, “ended for the time the struggle between the Roman Pontiffs and the German Cæsars; it initiated the new strife between the Papacy and the royal house of France. Henceforth, the old ideal significance of ‘Guelf’ and ‘Ghibelline,’ as denoting adherents of Church and Empire respectively, becomes lost in the local conflicts of each Italian province and city. The imperial power was at an end in Italy; but the Popes, by calling in this new foreign aid, had prepared the way for the humiliation of Pope Boniface at Anagni and the corruption of Avignon. The fall of the silver eagle from Manfredi’s helmet before the golden lilies on Charles’ standard may be taken as symbolical. The preponderance in Italian politics had passed back from Germany to France; the influence of the house of Capet was substituted for the overthrown authority of the Emperor.” Three weeks after the battle Charles entered Naples in triumph, King of Apulia and Sicily; an Angevin dynasty was established upon the throne of the most potent state of Italy.”

This great battle marked the accession of the first of the fourteen Popes who reigned during Dante’s life, from 1265 to 1321. This was Clement IV., the successful conduct of whose pontificate of three years and nine months left the Papacy in a much stronger condition than when the keys of Peter were first placed in his hands. John XXII. was the last of the Popes who were contemporary with Dante; and his insistent advancement on all possible occasions of ecclesiastical interests and of the supreme influence of the Papacy in political matters, involved him in grievous disputes throughout the greater

² *The Substance of Gothic*, p. 69.

³ *Purgatorio* XX., 43, 44.

portion of his pontificate, which, too, belongs to the sad history of the "Babylonian captivity" of the Popes at Avignon. No less than four of these Popes were elevated to the altars of the church: Blessed Gregory X., Blessed Innocent V., St. Celestine V., and Blessed Benedict XI. Many of them were men of the highest order of ability. Honorius IV. (1285-1287) comes down to us with the high title of Patron of Learning. John XXI. was famous as a scientist before he mounted the Papal throne.

Names that are stars in the firmament of the Faith, lights which still shine for us of the twentieth century, are numerous among the churchmen of the thirteenth century. St. Dominic and St. Francis are supremely eminent in that bright list; among the many other canonized saints of that wonderful era are St. Edmund of Canterbury, St. Clare of Assisi, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Louis, King of France, St. Ferdinand, King of Spain, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure. This great catalogue includes also Albertus Magnus, the master of St. Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, a foundation stone of modern experimental science, Duns Scotus, and Raymond Lully, Vincent Beauvais, Alexander of Hales, Robert of Sorbonne, and the founders of some twenty universities. Artists like Cimabue and Giotto were the precursors and the masters of the greatest school of painting so far known; and such giant literary artists as the authors of the Arthurian Legends and of the Nibelungen, and those masters of song in many moods, the Meistersingers, the Minnesingers, and the Troubadours, not merely prepared the way for Dante and helped to mold the soul of St. Francis and the Franciscan movement, but have also left a body of prose and poetry of which any age might be proud. Even Carlyle, whose dour spirit was so little attuned to the genius of Catholic civilization, and who could so falsely estimate the forces which found supreme expression in Dante as to lead him to make the monstrous statement already quoted, has written of the poetry of the thirteenth century in words that perfectly portray the lyric atmosphere of that thrilling time:

"We shall suppose that this Literary Period is partially known to all readers. Let each recall whatever he has learned or figured regarding it; represent to himself that brave young heyday of Chivalry and Minstrelsy when a stern Barbarossa,

a stern Lion-heart, sang *sirventese*, and with the hand that could wield the sword and sceptre twanged the melodious strings, when knights-errant tilted, and ladies' eyes rained bright influences; and, suddenly, as at sunrise, the whole earth had grown vocal and musical. Then truly was the time of singing come; for princes and prelates, emperors and squires, the wise and the simple, men, women and children, all sang and rhymed or delighted in hearing it done. It was a universal noise of Song; as if the Spring of Manhood had arrived, and warblings from every spray, not indeed, without infinite twitterings also, which, except their gladness, had no music, were bidding it welcome."

And while the voices of nature and of human love were finding beautiful expression in thousands of songs, and while the great human stories that have moved the hearts of men in all ages were being told by Walter Mapes, or whoever wrote the stories of the Holy Grail cycle, or the Nibelungen epic, there resounded, like the harmonious tones of organs from the cathedrals that everywhere were arising, the deep, solemn music of the marvelous Latin hymns, the *Dies Iræ*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Pange Lingua Gloriosi*, and the other triumphant chants of the Church.

Among the sovereigns contemporary with Dante were Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the line, the last of which to reign, Charles, of Austria-Hungary, is today a fugitive in Switzerland. Rudolph was one of the five emperors whose stormy fortunes and violent struggles with Popes and other rulers were part of the mighty drama of human government in which Dante was so vitally interested, and for part in which he paid such sad price in his long exile. The others were Adolph of Nassau, Albert of Hapsburg, Henry of Luxemburg, and Louis of Bavaria. Henry VII. it was whom Dante hailed when crowned at Aix, out of the gloom and depression of his exile, in his famous letter to the princes and people of Italy, as the new Moses who would lead the Italian people out of the darkness of their political misery, and in whom he saw the realization of the golden dream which he expressed in his *De Monarchia*, the dream of the union of Church and Empire in the supreme figures of Pope and King, ruling all the world from one centre.

Five kings ruled France during Dante's lifetime, from the

immortal St. Louis IX. (1226-1270), to Philip V. (1316-1322); and the three kings of England during that period were Henry III., Edward I. and Edward II.; while a host of monarchs came and went upon the throne of Naples and Sicily and of Aragon.

In the universal sweep of his interest in all things human, the struggles of dynasties, of emperors and Popes were just as important to Dante, though hardly more so, as the civic struggles of the merchants and nobles in his own city of Florence. The vitality of his pleadings for national unity have been such, that in our own time they have been quoted by Italian statesmen to justify their actions in the political struggles of modern Italy. And through all the medley of international and civic strife that filled Dante's age, there are clearly to be discerned the birth pangs of the democratic spirit, the beginnings of the age-long and still not-ended endeavor of humanity to achieve just individual and national liberty.

Among the great world events that marked Dante's times and left their impress upon succeeding ages, the signing of Magna Charta, the foundation of the liberty of English-speaking peoples, in 1215, was epochal, while the enfranchisement of the serfs at Bologna, in Italy, in 1256, nine years before Dante's birth, was another milestone on the path then opening on which the common people moved forward toward democracy. In 1261, Michael Palæologus, Emperor of Nice, captured Constantinople and brought to an end the Eastern Empire of the Latins. The year following Dante's birth, 1266, marked the admission of the Commons to the Parliament of England. In 1282 the King of England conquered Wales, and in 1283 the Teutonic order completed the conquest of Prussia, and laid deep the foundations of that Prussian militancy which has wrought such mighty havoc ever since. The year 1291 saw the taking of Ptolemais and Tyre by the Mamelukes, and the end of the Crusades, while six years later, in 1300, came the foundation of the modern Turkish Empire by Ottoman I. and the first Jubilee proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII.

The ending of the Crusades did not, however, bring to an end the mighty forces for good which, though accompanied by minor evils, were due to them. In his history of the Middle Ages, George Washington Green clearly sums up the verdict which unbiased history has pronounced upon the Crusades:

"Christendom had not spent in vain its treasures and its

blood in the holy wars. Its immense sacrifices were repaid by immense results, and the evils which these great expeditions necessarily brought with them were more than compensated for by the advantages which they procured for the whole of Europe.

"The Crusades saved Europe from the Mussulman invasion, and this was their immediate good. Their influence was felt, too, in a manner less direct, but not less useful. The Crusades had been preached by a religion of equality in a society divided by odious distinctions. All had taken part in them, the weak as well as the strong, the serf and the baron, man and woman, and it was by them that the equality of man and woman, which Christianity taught, was made a social fact. St. Louis declared that he could do nothing without the consent of that influence of woman which gave rise to chivalric courtesy, the first step towards refinement of manners and civilization. The poor, too, were the adopted children of the Christian chivalry of the Crusades. The celebrated orders of Palestine were instituted for the protection of poor pilgrims. The Knights of the hospitals called the poor their masters. Surely no lesson was more needed by these proud barons of the Middle Ages than that of charity and humility."

The common inspiration of life in the thirteenth century, not only for the Crusades, but for all its works and ways, is found by all students of that period to be the Catholic Faith. Indeed, it was the golden age of Faith. "Everywhere the Cross, the symbol of salvation, met the eye. It was the age when men lived in one faith, used one ritual, professed one creed, accepted a common doctrine and moral standard, and breathed a common religious atmosphere. Heresy was not wholly absent, but it was the exception. Religion, regarded then not as an accident or an incident of life, but as a benign influence permeating the whole social fabric, not only cared for the widow and orphan and provided for the poor, but it shaped men's thoughts, quickened their sentiments, inspired their work, and directed their wills. These men believed in a world beyond the grave as an ever-present reality. Hell, Purgatory, Heaven were so near to them that they, so to speak, could touch the invisible world with their hands. To them, as to Dante, 'this life was but a shadowy appearance through which the eternal realities of another world were constantly be-

traying themselves.' Of the intensity and universality of faith in that life beyond death, Dante is not the exception, but the embodiment. As the voice of his age he begins with faith, continues with faith, and leads us to the unveiled vision of God." *

The faith of the age shines forth in the great names and mighty works of the saints, the philosophers, the theologians, and hardly less evident is the spirit of Faith of the masses of the people. Again to quote Dr. Ralph Adams Cram:

"It is hard for us to think back into such an alien spirit and time as this, and so understand how with one-tenth of its present population England could support so vast and varied a religious establishment, used as we are to an age where religion is only a detail for many and for most a negligible factor. We are only too familiar with the community that could barely support one parish church, boasting its one-half dozen religious organizations, all together claiming the adherence of only a minority of the population, but in the Middle Ages, religion was not only the most important and pervasive thing, it was a moral obligation on every man, woman and child, and rejection or even indifference was unthinkable. If once we grasp this fact," continues Cram, "we can understand how in the eleventh century, the whole world should cover itself with 'its white robe of churches.'"

But it was not simply in the building of the cathedrals and churches and civic buildings that faith clothed itself in the imperishable beauty of great architecture, which arose for the most part, and as it were spontaneously, out of the common genius of the people; that same faith was the principle of the beauty which was wrought by the craftsmen and humble workers of the period into all, even the most humble, utensils of their daily lives. The workers were not merely subservient tenders of machines, "factory hands" and severely specialized instruments of the wills of others. They were individualists with the training and the opportunity to exercise the creative faculty. Even the most lowly might be an artist. His work was not drudgery, nor industrial slavery mechanical repetition: his work was a duty made beautiful, thrilled with the joy of self expression and creation.

Around the innumerable cathedrals clustered the technical schools, many of them in small towns, some of them

* *Dante and His Time*, pp. 15, 16.

hardly to be considered more than villages. Education in our modern sense of teaching everybody to read and write was confined to the universities. At these there were more students to the number of the population than there are today, but the education of the craft schools was almost purely technical and artistic; an education which trained the faculties so that the individual might express whatever was in him in the mode which his taste and gift dictated. To anyone whose vocation tended toward the life of letters or of the Church, the way was open for its manifestation. No fact is more striking in reading the history of the thirteenth century than the multiplicity of self-made men to be found among the leaders in literature and the Church. But for the most part the workman was trained to work, and his work was made a thing of beauty.

Out of the rich ore of the virile human life of his age, which he shared in all its fullness and all its varied forms as no mere observer but as one who bore the heat and burden of the day—out of the learning of the universities, and the philosophy of his great masters and immediate teachers, Dante gave us poetry that is philosophy and history and life and religion combined in the alembic of his genius, the transmuting and preservative element of which has fixed in immortal verse his message for all the ages: because that supreme element is the immortal Catholic Faith. Dante learned his philosophy and theology from the great writer that came before him: St. Thomas; he drew his mystic lore from the Victorines of the preceding century: from St. Francis and St. Dominic he gained his love of nature and his fellowmen. Out of the politics of his age he drew the inspiration of his dream of human liberty and universal peace under the rule of Church and State. Ten centuries not silent, but vocal with a chorus of song and philosophizing, spoke to him, and through him to us of today, and those who shall follow us, and to us and to our children he bears aloft a torch by which men and nations may see.

DANTE THE MONARCHIST.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

"When Heaven was minded that o'er all the world
His own deep calm should brood, to Cæsar's hand
Did Rome consign it."—*Paradiso* VI., 55.



HOSE lines are applied to the Incarnation. They apply also to the universal monarchy into the temporal frame of which Our Lord was born. Such a government of men, supreme, personal, yet unalterable, offered too close a parallel with the Divine Order to be neglected. The whole universe, dependent on its Creator, is so governed. A Head, supreme, personal, yet unalterable, is its Ruler. Its laws, almost inflexible, are wise because there lies behind them an active and beneficent Will. They are coördinate because that Will is one. They are obeyed under pain of terrible penalties by every subject of their Author. There results a harmony which is constant in mode and yet continually supervised; and the whole is alive with authority. It would seem imperative that men should, within their powers, mirror such a perfection in their own constitution of a State. Such are the reflection, the mood and the arguments which together have inclined all Christendom towards the monarchical institution, from the first liberty of the Church, in the opinion of the fourth century, to our own time and beyond. For so long as the fact endures, reflection, mood and argument of this kind will affect its members in their temporal schemes of government. This reflection, this mood, this argument mastered the mind of Dante. It was not private misfortune or the provincial quarrel of factions which moved him. It was the very temper of his mind; and his fixed conclusion, informing the judgments of the *Divine Comedy*, is explicit and defined in the Latin of the *De Monarchia*.

Monarchy for Dante is the pure and normal government of men—authority expressed through one person, united, and, once gathered in that centre, acting downward throughout the State with simple will. Its opposite in his eyes was chaos. The argument against this idea of a necessary monarchy in

the State; the effect of that argument upon the Middle Ages and modern times, we may consider in a moment. Let us first exemplify Dante's own pronouncement. The most lucid and definite remaining to us, is contained in his famous little Latin treatise, the *De Monarchia*, a pamphlet rather than a book. This work is divided into three nearly equal divisions, or books, of thirteen to sixteen chapters each, and the argument for our purpose is discovered in the first of these books. For this first book discusses the main and general question which still moves us—whether monarchy be a temporal necessity for the world; while the second and third books are peculiar to the politics of Dante's time, and argue for that particular universal monarchy over all Christendom, which even in that early fourteenth century seemed possible in practice, and was everywhere accepted in theory.

Now if we turn to this little book we find in its central chapter, the seventh, the core of the whole affair. The concluding words of its few short lines are the pivot of Dante's thesis: "*Ergo et ipse scilicet humana universitas ad ipsum universum sive ad ejus principem qui deus est et monarchia simpliciter bene respondit per unum principium tantum, scilicet, unicum principem ex qua sequitur monarchiam necessariam mundo ut bene sit,*" which may be translated: "Therefore (Dante is resuming a previous argument), the body corporate of humanity properly answers to its own informing Source, Who is its God and Monarch through one principle alone, to wit, that of having one sole chief; whence it follows that monarchy is necessary to the world if the world is to go well." The diction is antique, but the passage might be put into current terms thus: "We have seen that humanity only properly corresponds to its own nature and origin and therefore only works smoothly and well inasmuch as it obeys God, its Source and Author; but God is thus a monarch. Whence we conclude that a mundane parallel monarchy in temporal affairs is necessary to the well-being of mankind."

This is not, of course, a mere statement. It has been led up to in the previous pages. Dante notes how all regimen is in necessary practice that of one commander—in a family, its head; in a village, its executive officer or lord. Indeed, we all know how the moment action is at stake, as distinguished from deliberation, the preparative to action, we meet at once and

necessarily appoint executive individuals. The football team must have its captain; the regiment its commander; the whole army its general, as Napoleon had; two good generals are worse than one bad one. Dante quotes "a house divided against itself," and the proverbial curse on "an equal in one's own house." He marshals the abstract arguments that man exists for the free exercise of his faculties; that this requires peace; that peace is only possible under a united executive; that a united executive can only ultimately mean one man. He supports himself on Aristotle, the tutor of the human race. He emphasizes the metaphysical truth that unity in variety is only achieved through the dominance of a single consciousness. He brings forward the practical truth, the truth derived from experience, that where one man can do a thing as well as many, it is better to leave it to one. Thus many are required to lift a heavy weight which one could not move. But if you want a *précis* of a book, one good secretary will do the job far better for you than three. He advances the weighty consideration that efficiency demands concentration; and that, therefore, the directing force of any operation is best found in one place, one brain.

But while Dante is studious to marshal with marvelous concentration the converging and various arguments in support of his contention, the underlying idea runs through all, and emerges in this central chapter. To the atheist the world is but chaos, and he may mop up, as he chooses, a philosophical mess of his own making. But to the Christian the universe is an ordered scheme, monarchic, under one Creator and directing Power. Therefore our temporal constitution should be its parallel. This profound thought, the unceasing tendency of Europe, he expands through the remainder of that first book. "*Entia nolunt male disponi; malum autem pluralitas principatum; unus ergo princeps*," quotes he from the ancients. "Beings reject their ill-ordering, but their ordering by diverse directors is ill; therefore one director." Justice needs a justiciar, a person through whom to act. Again, without justice there is nothing but ill ease.

But the exposition which will most vividly strike the modern reader, I think, is that to which Dante turns in the next chapter, the twelfth. It is the point most forgotten today, and, therefore, to many most paradoxical. Humanity to do well

must be free; but it cannot be free under many divergent and separate masters. One superior to all alone can secure and continue the freedom of all. Bayard, centuries later, said the same thing spontaneously; a soldier, blurting it out as a thing vividly seen and known, says: "A country without a king is a land of brigands." We today, with all the parliamentary countries of our world subject to a few despicable rich, the paymasters of our politicians, may well echo that phrase. Indeed, Dante here hit the strongest practical point in favor of monarchy—the passion in men for freedom, and he found the word for those politicians in the non-monarchical State who ruin men's liberties for a theory or for private gain. "*Politizantes*," he calls them—a good term "politicasters," men who make a trade of politics—the bane of their kind, they overrun and are the increasing irritant of the modern State.

Men are hardly to be moved to monarchy by any general argument, nor even by the desire for greater justice, but after an experience of what loss of liberty follows on putting power in the hands of the many, or of a few, then they cry out for monarchy. "*Existens sub monarchia*," says Dante, "*potissime liberum est*." "He that lives under a monarch is the most free." Such being the cogency of Dante's argument and its exposition, we must examine the other side. Men have throughout history reacted against monarchy over and over again. Nations and cities have thrown it over at vast effort, risk and pain. They have grown to hate its name. They have created traditions so opposed to kingship that even when kingship was virtually restored, as in Rome, the word "king" was forbidden. Why was this if monarchy were really the necessarily right form of government, the only form under which men at once felt at home? Consonant with their being, it would not so repeatedly have raised such anger against itself. It would not so often have failed in its task. States would not have been found to proceed for centuries without a trace of it. What are the counter arguments? What has the opponent of Dante to say? In the first place, let us note certain facts apart from this general fact in history of repeated disgust with monarchy. The first fact we note is this, that monarchy in the purest form has very rarely existed or at least for any length of time. Over-large bodies of men, nations of millions, towns of many thousands have been governed monarchically; but not

tribes of hundreds, nor villages, nor mountain valleys, nor separate small islands. And this absence of monarchy in small units is a sign of something wrong in the argument. Next we observe that a group of men left entirely to themselves invariably adopt a non-monarchical form of government. They always meet in concourse to decide affairs. A shipwrecked crew, a small body of colonists in a new land, a band of rebels, any original body beginning its experience, may, indeed, choose a head; but it always acts in fundamentals as a community of equals. Man left to himself, before tradition or complexity grow up, behaves as a democrat. Later he may discover that the idea of a community governing a community, as a free man governing himself, is unworkable; but at the outset it is what he attempts as a matter of course. And this second historical fact is a second sign that monarchy is not obvious or native to mankind as its sole instinctive constitution.

Moreover, Dante's argument from the Divine parallel is not complete. Upon examining the argument, we discover that it has a double flaw. In the first place, the regimen of the universe involves the word "Creator," and that makes a vast difference between the two limbs of Dante's parallel. The limb of the universe is general; but the limb of a State constitution is particular. Could we point to the king, or emperor, or president (the title does not matter) of a monarchical State as being also the State's creator, his claim to universally independent rulership would, indeed, be strong; but he is nothing of the sort. He is only one of its units, a man like any other man, raised to the exercise of a particular function. The creator of a thing knows all about that thing. It is in a sense a part of himself. He will, further, especially love that thing which he has created. The creator, acting as monarch, will presumably act both with wisdom, born of knowing his subject, and with love for it; therefore, for its good, just as a parent will presumably show the same qualities in the government of a child. But a human monarch is in no way connected with such ideas. His knowledge of what he has to govern may vary from a very good working acquaintance to a complete ignorance; and his affection for what he has to govern may vary from very great love to indifference and from indifference to hatred.

Further, that mysterious mutual sentiment, upon which all human order and all corporate life depend, I mean the sentiment of authority, as felt at once by those who exercise it and those who are subject to it, is essentially a function of creative power. God has supreme authority because He has made all. The parent has a lesser but real authority as the producer of the child. And the State has, in its own sphere, a due authority which we all recognize because but for the State we should not be what we are. In a sense the State is our maker "*auctoritas ex auctoritate*." Now, in this character, authority to human instruments other than a creative one, can be no more than a delegated authority. The king or president, the parliamentary oligarchy in a modern European State, the judge and the magistrate, all these are, indeed, clothed with authority, and it is necessary that their authority should be recognized; but it is not an authority of their own; it is lent by the State. In the same way schoolmasters or guardians have authority; but it is authority delegated by the parent and has no other source. When, therefore, the claim to monarchical government is advanced as though it were necessary to the good of man, when it is advanced on the parallel of the monarchical government of the universe by God, a full analysis at once discloses an error in the parallel. The government of the universe is that of the Creator; but a monarch is not the creator of the State.

The second flaw in the Dante argument, and in the argument of all those who react towards monarchy in troubled periods, is the contrast between will and the absence of will. The universe is governed by God as a monarchy; and receives from that form its unity and harmony. But the unity and harmony are marred or increased by the presence of free wills which act against or with the Divine purpose. Inanimate things lend themselves perfectly to the absolute monarchy; animated things perhaps less perfectly. But all are directed by one regular plan. Fully intelligent beings can, and do, rebel. They also can, and do, further the Creator's power according as their will is evil or good. The completeness of the monarchical argument, even where a Creator is concerned, is interrupted by the existence of will in the universe created by Him to be free. Now in this complete, universal viewpoint, will is but a part of the business. In the matter of the State, will is

not part of the business, but the whole of the business. The constitution of the State means first, an instrument for the ordering of a very large number of separate wills whether by persuasion or control or both. And second, the settlement of declared limits within which private individual wills may be ordered, but outside which private and individual wills act independently. It is clear that such a state of things is far from being parallel with the government of the universe.

Any form of government which proposed to order the will of the citizens in all details would be an odious tyranny and, on the face of it, inhuman. Nor could anyone pretend that the conforming of one's own will to that of the government is a necessarily good act, as is the conforming of the will of the creature to the will of the Creator. This, then, is the second flaw in the parallel—that the monarchic government of men is so different from the monarchic government of the universe that any human form of government must be very limited if it is to be just. Dante really admits this indirectly, as do all monarchists, when he says, what they all say, that monarchy gives more freedom than any other form of government. The statement might be expanded into this: "Precisely because monarchy is the natural and instinctive government of man, individual liberty, that great normal human condition, is better preserved under it than under any other form of government." But in saying that, Dante and his successors are at once weakening their great main argument of the parallel between God's government of the world and a human constitution.

Apart from these negative considerations of the weakness of Dante's argument, there is an all important positive consideration which destroys the universal application of the statement, that monarchy is necessary to the good government of men. It is a positive consideration which does not prevent us from supporting monarchy under the conditions where we find it good. But it is a positive consideration which does prevent our saying that monarchy is everywhere and necessarily good. This positive consideration is the undeniable definition of sovereignty, a definition common to all the great philosophers, and, indeed, unavoidable by common sense. Sovereignty, the principle of ultimate authority, the source whence all political authority is derived, resides in the com-

munity, and every executive officer, no matter how exalted, no matter how much surrounded and supported by tradition, habit or impressive symbols, is nothing more than the delegate of the community. He is, in the technical language of political science, a "Prince," and over him in the last resort is the complete organization of the nation or city for whom he acts. A monarch can never be a full sovereign in the exact sense of that term. The thing would be a contradiction in terms. The tradition of human thought from Aristotle to Suarez agrees. And each one of us agrees in practice as may be seen by all our phrases when we discuss the just limits of authority in the State, and when we protest against tyranny.

When St. Thomas, by far the greatest of all thinkers, speaks of government, he always speaks of the action of the "Prince," by which he means not only an hereditary monarch, or even an elected monarch, but any form of supreme authority. Thus in a small republic like Andorra, which has worked successfully and to the eminent good of its citizens for centuries as a complete democracy, the "Prince" is the assembly of the whole people. When the people are not assembled, sovereignty still resides in their general body. When they are specially convened in an assembly, they form an executive organ which is the "Prince." The great Jesuit put the truth in its simplest form when he said: "If the community be not sovereign, what is?" It is manifestly absurd for one man or several men or many men, being but a part of the whole State, to say: "I or we have the moral right to govern all the rest whether they admit that right or not." It is manifestly absurd, because if John Jones can say that, there is no reason why Thomas Smith should not say it also, and Bill Brown or anyone else. The one has just as much claim as the other. And since these claims are contradictory, they make nonsense.

We often hear it said loosely in conversation and discussion that such and such a person or body has the constitutional right to govern, and that any contradiction of that right is immoral, being an act of rebellion or sedition. But if we do not imply in the statement the truth, that the right to govern ultimately proceeds from the community, we are talking nonsense. It is nonsense which has cropped up over and over again in history, and which is particularly rife today. But nonsense it remains. And it is due to that prime cause of all

nonsense—the refusal or inability to state first principles. Dante, in his famous pamphlet, did not carry the argument down to these fundamentals. What he is really doing there is pleading for the excellence of a particular kind of prince, to wit, a monarch; but his affection for this device of government, monarchy, so colored his thought that he writes almost as though it were not one device of government, but something in the very nature of all government.

At this stage I think the modern reader may well complain that I have wasted a good deal of his time in examining a curious political phase of the later Middle Ages, which may indeed have high historical interest, but is of no practical value in modern debate. The first impression conveyed by the constitutions in which the modern men of our race conduct their public affairs, is a complete negation of monarchy. Arguments for, or against, monarchy little concern our immediate and vital interest, since modern men are in a habit which rejects, for the moment at least, the whole conception of direction by one will. But I will maintain, on the contrary, that if we look ever so little below the surface, we shall discover the debate to be of a very high immediate interest. I will maintain that the argument is deeply concerned with changes which are passing before our eyes today. And I would even add that, within the lifetime of most of those who may read these words, the appetite for monarchy, already implicit in so much that we do, will begin to express itself explicitly in writing and in speech. The greatest political issue it involves will once more form a subject of violent political debate. The world has fallen into very great groups; ease of communications; vast areas of common speech; mechanical and concentrated production due to physical discovery, have done this, and, precisely because these areas are so great, common action becomes difficult in them save through the expressed will of one man. Government, nominally democratic, has fallen into the hands of oligarchies, parliaments which are much more clubs and cliques than representative assemblies; small cabals of great capitalists, etc. Men do not tolerate indefinitely the arbitrary assumption of power, and inevitably, by the mere force of things, the remedy will impress itself not only upon attention, but right into actual instructions.

Consider, for instance, the actual working of government

in the United States. It is a commonplace with us in Europe that the government of the whole community of the Republic and of its great cities is, in the main, monarchic. We often envy over here the consistency and directness which that monarchic principle procures. The President of the United States has far more power than any individual in an European State, though even with us the beginning of the process is apparent. The mayor of a great American city has indefinitely more direct personal power than any individual in London or Paris. And this political development in a country where public opinion is so lively, where the will of the community is so directly felt, and where such vast numbers are involved, has given great matter for thought to all of us in Europe. It is worth following.

Again, we have observed that in the Great War and its aftermath, individuals, whether worthy or unworthy, merely because they could act as individuals, exercised enormous powers. It was supreme and personal command which suddenly and finally won the War. It was the breakdown of a corresponding unity of direction on the other side that lost the War. And since the cessation of hostilities the fate of the world has been directed by figures often comic in their incompetence. Men were mere politicians, yet men possessing enormous power because great masses fall naturally under simplicity of direction. The process will continue to expand and that, I imagine, very rapidly. The Hague quarrel between the modern wage-earner, dispossessed and increasingly unwilling, and his unworthy capitalist master, will breed leaders. Now a leader is a monarch. In the end of the process you may return to this strangely distant, but also strangely applicable and convinced and intensive, mood which filled Dante's mind which shines through all the *Divine Comedy* and which is distilled into the Latin of the *De Monarchia*. It is high time that little book was studied again.

**ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS,
POPE BENEDICT XV.**

To Our beloved sons the professors and students of all the Catholic institutions for instruction in literature and higher culture on the sixth centenary of the death of Dante Alighieri.

BENEDICT XV., POPE.

Beloved sons, Health and the Apostolic Benediction. Amongst the many famous geniuses who are glories of the Catholic Faith, and who, besides leaving in other fields of knowledge, have left especially in literature and art immortal fruit of their ability, deserving greatly of religion and civilization, a special position has been attained by Dante Alighieri, the sixth centenary of whose death will soon be celebrated. But perhaps his singular greatness has never been set forth in such strong light as today, when not only is Italy, which is justly proud of having been his birthplace, exerting herself to honor his memory, but all civilized nations through fitting committees of the learned are preparing to celebrate his memory in order that this exalted figure, the pride and ornament of humanity, may be honored by the whole world. Now, in this wonderful chorus of all good men it is fitting that Our voice should not be wanting but that We should in a certain sense take the lead, inasmuch as, first and foremost, the Church has a parental right to call Alighieri her own. As, then, at the beginning of Our Pontificate, in a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Ravenna, We promoted the restoration of the church where the ashes of the poet repose, so now, at the beginning of the centennial festivities, it has seemed right to address you all, beloved sons, who cultivate letters under the maternal vigilance of the Church, in order to show more clearly the intimate union of Dante with this Chair of Peter and how the praise bestowed on such an exalted name necessarily redounds in no small measure to the honor of the Catholic Church.

And, first of all, since the divine poet during his entire life professed the Catholic religion in an exemplary manner, it can be regarded as in harmony with his wishes that this solemn commemoration should take place, as it will, under the auspices of religion and that, if it is completed at St. Francis', Ravenna, its beginning is at Florence, in his beautiful Church of St. John, to which his thoughts were turned with intense longing in the later years of his life when he was an exile,

desiring to be crowned there as a poet at his baptismal font. Born in an age which received as an inheritance from the past the splendid fruits of doctrine and philosophical and theological speculation, and transmitted them to future ages with the stamp of the rigorous Scholastic method, Dante, amidst the various currents of thought which were then diffused amongst the learned, became a disciple of that prince of the Schools, whose teaching was so clear owing to the angelic character of his intellect, St. Thomas Aquinas, and from him derived almost all of his philosophical and theological science; though he did not neglect any branch of human knowledge and drank largely at the fountains of the Holy Scripture and the Fathers. Having thus become acquainted with almost all the knowledge that could be attained in his day and having been specially nourished with Christian wisdom, when he prepared to write it was from the sphere of religion that he undertook to treat a subject which was immense and of the greatest importance. Wherefore, if the wonderful vastness and force of his genius is to be admired, we must also recognize the powerful impulse of inspiration which he derived from Divine Faith and which enabled him to embellish his immortal poem with the multiform lights of revealed truths no less than with all the splendor of art. In fact, his *Commedia*, which has deservedly received the title of "*Divine*," even in the different symbolical stories and in the records of the life of men on earth, aims at nothing else than to glorify the justice and providence of God, Who governs the world in time and in eternity and punishes or rewards the actions of individuals and of human society.

Therefore, in accordance with Divine Revelation, shine forth in this poem the majesty of the one Triune God, the Redemption of the human race effected by the Word of God made Man, the great mercy and goodness of Mary, Virgin and Mother, Queen of Heaven, and finally the heavenly happiness of the Saints, the Angels and men, to which indeed in the opposite region, in Hell, are set the punishments ordained for the guilty; between both being fixed the seat of souls destined, after expiation, to heavenly bliss. It is truly marvelous how wisely these and other Catholic dogmas are interwoven in the whole of the work. And, if the progress of astronomical science showed that there was no basis for this conception of the world and that the spheres supposed by the ancients do not exist, seeing that the nature, number, and course of the stars and the planets are altogether different from what they thought them to be, the fundamental principle was not the less true that the universe, whatever be the order that sustains it in its parts, is governed by the will—by which it was established—of Almighty God, Who moves and rules all things and Whose glory shines more in one part and less in another, and that this earth which we inhabit, although it be not the centre of the universe, as was believed at one time, was the abode of our first parents and, therefore, the witness of their unhappy fall and of man's redemption by the death of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Wherefore the divine poet explained the triple life of the souls that he had arranged in his mind, so that in declaring before the last judgment the damnation of the wicked, the purgation of the good spirits, and the eternal happiness of the blessed, he appears to seek clear light in his close knowledge of the Faith.

Now, amongst the truths prominently brought out by Alighieri in his threefold poem, and also in his other works, we believe that these especially may prove instructive to people of the present time. That Christians owe supreme reverence to the Holy Scriptures and ought to receive with perfect docility what they contain, he loudly proclaims when he says that though there are many copyists of the Divine Word, one alone is Dictator: God Who has deigned to indicate to us His will through the pens of many,¹ a splendid expression of a great truth. So also, when he states that the Old and the New Testament, which are prescribed for eternity, as the Prophet says, contain spiritual teachings which transcend human reason, imparted by the Holy Spirit, Who, through the Prophets and the sacred writers, through Jesus Christ, co-eternal Son of God, and His disciples, revealed the supernatural truth necessary for us.² Most correctly, therefore, does he say concerning the future life; "We have the certainty of it in the most truthful doctrine of Christ, which is the way, the truth and the light; the way, because through it, without obstruction, we proceed to the happiness of immortality; the truth, because it is free from all error; the light, because it illumines us in the darkness of worldly ignorance."³ Nor does he show less reverence for those venerable chief Councils at which none of the Faithful doubts that Christ was present; and in great esteem with him were also the writings of the Doctors, St. Augustine and the others, as to whom he says that anyone who doubts that they were aided by the Holy Spirit, has never seen their fruits, or, if he has seen them, has never tasted them.⁴

Astonishing is the high opinion Alighieri held of the authority of the Catholic Church and the power of the Roman Pontiff as that on which is based every law and institution of the Church itself. Wherefore, this energetic admonition to Christians: "You have the Old and the New Testament and the Pastor of the Church who guides you: this is sufficient for your salvation." He felt the evils from which the Church suffered as if they were his own, and, deploring and execrating every rebellion against the supreme head, he thus wrote to the Italian Cardinals during the stay of the Popes at Avignon:

"We, then, who confess the same Father and Son, the same God and Man, and the same Mother and Virgin; we, for whom and for whose salvation was said to him who out of love was interrogated three times: 'Peter, feed the sheep of My holy fold;' we of Rome (of that Rome for which, after the pomp of so many triumphs, Christ in word and work confirmed the empire of the world, and which Peter, and

¹ *De Monarchia* III., 4.

² *De Monarchia* III., 3, 16.

³ *Convivio* II., 9.

⁴ *De Monarchia* III., 3.

Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, consecrated as the Apostolic See with their own blood), are constrained with Jeremiah, lamenting not for the future, but for the present, to grieve for as widowed and deserted; we are oppressed by sorrow at seeing her thus suffering and also at seeing the lamentable plague of heresy.”¹

For him the Roman Church is the pious mother or Spouse of the Crucified; and to Peter, infallible judge of revealed truth, is due perfect submission in matters of faith and morals. Hence, though it was his opinion that the dignity of the Emperor proceeded immediately from God, still he asserts that this truth is not to be so strictly understood that the Roman prince is subject in nothing to the Roman Pontiff; since this mortal happiness is in some manner ordained for immortal happiness.² In truth an excellent and wise principle, which, if it were observed, as it should be today, would bring to States the rich fruit of civil prosperity.

But it will be said that he attacked the Sovereign Pontiffs of his time so bitterly and contumeliously. Yes, but these were Popes who disagreed with him in politics and who, he believed, belonged to the party that had banished him from his country. But we must extend pardon to a man so tossed about by fortune's terrible waves, if with a mind full of irritation he sometimes bursts into invectives which seem without measure; all the more because, to inflame his anger, there were not wanting evil reports, propagated, as is customary, by political adversaries, always inclined to put a bad interpretation on everything. Moreover, such is the weakness of mortals that even religious hearts must become stained with the grime of the world's dust; and who will deny that there were at that time amongst the clergy things to be re-proved, at which a soul so devoted to the Church as that of Dante must have been quite disgusted, and we know that men distinguished for eminent sanctity then emphatically re-proved them. But however vehemently he rightly or rashly attacked ecclesiastical persons, not a whit less, however, was the respect which he felt due to the Church and the reverence for the supreme keys; wherefore, in politics he knew how to defend his own opinion with “that homage which a pious son should employ towards his own father—pious towards his mother, pious towards Christ, pious towards the Church, pious towards the Pastor, pious towards all who profess the Christian religion for the protection of truth.”³

Accordingly, having based the whole structure of his poem on such solid religious principles, it is not surprising that it should be found a treasure of Catholic doctrine: not only the juice of Christian philosophy and theology but also a compendium of the Divine Laws which should regulate the order and administration of States; for Alighieri was not the man to maintain that, in order to enlarge one's country or to gratify rulers, justice and the laws of God could be neglected by the State, in the observance of which he well knew the welfare of the State chiefly depended.

¹ Epist. viii.² *De Monarchia* III., 16.³ *De Monarchia* III., 3.

Wonderful, then, is the intellectual enjoyment which the study of this great poet affords; and not less is the profit which the studious derive from him, perfecting their artistic taste and inflaming their zeal for virtue; only let those who approach him be free from prejudices and open to the influence of truth. It may also be said that, whilst the number of great Catholic poets who combine the useful with the delectable are not few, this is singular in Dante that, fascinating the reader with the marvelous variety of his images, the beauty of his colors, and the grandeur of his words and sentences, he entices him to the love of Christian wisdom; and let no one forget that he openly confessed that he had composed his poem to provide "vital nourishment" for all. As a matter of fact we know that some, even recently, far from Christ, but not opposed to Him, studying the *Divina Commedia* with love, by Divine grace first commenced to admire the truth of the Catholic Faith and finished by casting themselves enthusiastically into the arms of the Church.

What we have said so far suffices to prove how opportune it is that on the occasion of this world-centenary each one should intensify his zeal for the preservation of the Faith, which revealed itself so luminously, if ever in others, certainly in Alighieri as a promoter of culture and art, since in him not only is the loftiness of his genius admired, but also the grandeur of the theme that our holy religion offered him as a subject for song. If the acumen of his great genius brought him near, after long meditation and study, to the classical masterpieces of the ancients, it was still more vigorously tempered, as We have already said, by the writings of the Doctors and Fathers, which gave him a wing to lift himself in the horizon far above those who are enclosed in the brief ambit of nature. Wherefore, although separated from us by an interval of centuries, he still betrays the freshness of a poet of our age; and certainly he is much more modern than certain recent poets, exhumers of that paganism which was banished forever by Christ triumphant on the Cross. Alighieri breathes the same piety as we do, the same sentiments, the same faith, and is clothed in the same garment, come to us from Heaven, "the truth by which we are lifted so high."

This is his chief praise, to be a Christian poet: that is to say, to have sung in Divine accents those Christian ideals which he passionately admired in all the vigor of their beauty, being profoundly attached to them and living in them. And those who venture to deny such merit to Dante and reduce all the religious substructure of the *Divina Commedia* to a vague ideology that has no foundation of truth, overlook in Dante what is characteristic and the foundation of all his other merits.

If, then, Dante owed such a large share of his fame and grandeur to the Catholic Faith, this single example, not to mention others, is enough to prove how false it is to say that the offering of the homage of the mind and heart to God clips the wings of genius, whilst, on the

contrary, genius is spurred and exalted by it; and how wretchedly they provide for the progress of culture and civilization who wish to banish every idea of religion from public instruction. Very deplorable in truth is the system adopted today of educating studious youth in such a way as if God did not exist and without the slightest allusion to the supernatural, for if in some places the "sacred poem" is not kept out of the school and is even numbered amongst the books that ought to be most earnestly studied, it cannot for the most part supply the young with that "vital nourishment" which it is destined to produce, inasmuch as, owing to disciplinary directions, it is not, as it should be, fittingly disposed with regard to the truths of the Faith. God grant that this celebration may have the result that wherever literary studies are cultivated, Dante may be held in due honor and may become himself the teacher of Christian doctrine, he who professed that his poem had no other object than to lift up mortals from the state of misery, that is, from sin and to lead them to the state of happiness, that is, of Divine grace. And you, beloved sons, who are called to follow the paths of literature under the guidance of the Church, love and hold dear the poet whom We do not hesitate to proclaim the most eloquent singer of Christian wisdom. The more you study him, the higher will be your culture, irradiated by the splendors of truth, and the stronger and more spontaneous will be your homage to the Catholic Faith.

As a pledge of heavenly favors, and in testimony of Our paternal benevolence, We heartily grant to you all, beloved sons, the Apostolic Benediction.

BENEDICT XV., *Pope.*

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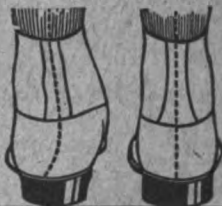
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